

Bound by W. Kenzie, 63, Dame St.

Ingenio magnaeque spei

ADOLESCENT

Jacobo M. C. Clarendon

Magistronum communis

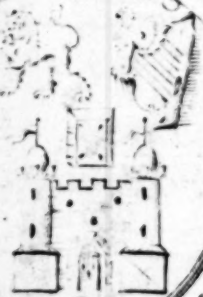
Propter iniques in ARTIBUS progre-

bus in CLASSE, *secunda* Peritum

hoc literarium dederunt Praefectus

et SOCI SENIORES Collegii sacrosancti

et individuae Trinitatis juxta DUBLIN.



Examinatione habita initio

termini *St. Michaelis* A.D. 1703

Quod Testor

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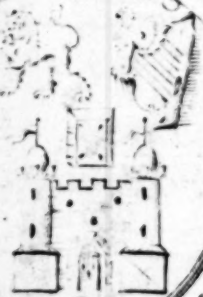
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Quod Testor



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The PLAYS *of*
SHAKESPEARE,

From the TEXT *of*
Dr. S. JOHNSON.

With the Prefaces, Notes, &c. *of*
ROWE, POPE, THEOBALD, HANMER,
WARBURTON, JOHNSON,

And select Notes *from many other*
CRITICS.

Also, the Introduction *of the last Editor*
MR. CAPELL;

And a Table, shewing his Various Readings.

VOL. III PART. I.

THOMAS EWING
DUBLIN, 1771.



[illegible]

THE

L I F E

O F

H E N R Y V.

VOL. IV.

B

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King HENRY the fifth.

Dukes of Gloucester, Bedford, and Clarence, brothers to the king.

Dukes of York and Exeter, uncles to the king.

Earls of Salisbury, Westmorland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Bishop of ELY.

Earl of Cambridge, lord Scroop, sir Thomas Grey, conspirators against the king.

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, officers in king Henry's army.

Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, boy, formerly servants to Falstaff, - now soldiers in the king's army.

Bates, Court, Williams, soldiers.

CHARLES, king of France.

The DAUPHIN.

Duke of BURGUNDY.

Constable, Orleans, Rambures, Bourbon, Grandprece, French lords.

Governor of Harfleur.

MOUNTJOY, a herald.

Ambassadors to the king of England.

ISABEL, queen of France.

CATHARINE, daughter to the king of France.

ALICE, a lady attending on the princess Catharine.

QUICKLY, Pistol's wife, an hostess.

CHORUS.

Lords, messengers, French and English soldiers, with other attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.

P R O L O G U E.

O For a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention !
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
 Leasht in, like hounds, should famind, sword and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
 The vassy field of France ? or may we cram,
 Within this wooden O, the very caskes
 That did affright the air, at Agincourt ?
 O, pardon ; since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million ;
 And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies ;
 Whose high up-reared and abutting fronts,
 The perillous narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts,
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance.
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth,

PROLOGUE.

For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years,
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.



THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antechamber in the English court, at Kenilworth.

Enter the archbishop of Canterbury, and bishop of Ely.

Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

MY lord, I'll tell you—That self bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o' th' last king's reign,
Was like, and had, indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now ?

CANT. It must be thought on ; if it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession ;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us ; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alm-houses, right well supply'd ;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANT. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY. But what prevention ?

CANT. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CANT. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him ;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made,
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady current, scow'ring faults ;
Nor ever Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,

As in this king.

ELY. We're blessed in the change.

CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.
So that the art, and practis part of life,
Must be the mistress to this theoricque.
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night.
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

CANT. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd.

*

B 4

And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

ELY. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the commons? doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

CANT. He seems indifferent;
Or rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us.
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand
Which I have open'd to his grace at large
As touching France, to give a greater sum,
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

CANT. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear
As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done,
The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward his great grandfather.

ELY. What was th' impediment, that broke this off?

CANT. The French Ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

ELY. It is.

CANT. Then go we in to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speaks a word of it.

KING HENRY V.

ELY. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Opens to the presence.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick,
Westmorland, and Exeter.

K. HEN. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

EXE. Not here in presence.

K. HEN. Send for him, good uncle.

WEST. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

K. HEN. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and bishop of Ely.

CANT. God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. HEN. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law salike that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And, God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suites not in native colours with the truth.
For, God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed, how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two such kingdoms did contend

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,
 'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords,
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
 That what you speak is in your conscience washt,
 As pure as sin with baptism.

CANT. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you
 That owe your lives, your faith, and services, [peers,
 To this imperial throne. There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this which they produce from Pharamond;
 'In terram' Salicam 'Mulieres nē succedant';
 'No woman shall succeed in Salike land:'
 Which Salike land the French unjustly gloss
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
 That the land Salike lies in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elve,
 Where Charles the great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French,
 Who, holding in disdain the German women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salike land,
 Which Salike, as I said, 'twixt Elve and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
 Thus doth it well appear, the Salike law
 Was not devised for the realm of France,
 Nor did the French possess the Salike land,

KING HENRY V.

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Until four hundred one and twenty years
 After defunction of king Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great,
 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Sala in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which depos'd Childerick,
 Did as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the Duke of Lorain, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,
 To fine his title with some shews of truth,
 Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as heir to th' lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
 Of Lewis th' emperor, which was the son
 Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the ninth,
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, 'till satisfy'd
 That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengere,
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
 By the which match the line of Charles the great
 Was re-united to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis' satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female;

So do the kings of France until this day,
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salike law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
 And rather chuse to hide them in a net.
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles,
 Usurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. HEN. May I with right and conscience make this
 claim?

CANT. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
 For in the book of Numbers it is writ,
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors;
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle Edward the black prince,
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full pow'r of France,
 While his most mighty father, on a hill,
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pow'r of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action!

ELY. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
 The blood, and courage, that renowned them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice puissant liege
 Is in the very may-morn of his youth,

Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXE. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

WEST. They know, your grace hath cause; and means
and might

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of France.

CANT. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword, and fire, to win your right.
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. HEN. We must not only arm t'invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

CANT. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. HEN. We do not mean the courting snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnisht kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,

Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.

CANT. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my liege ;

For hear her but exampl'd by herself,
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray
The king of Scots, whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouzy bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

EXE. But there's a saying very old and true.

' If that you will France win, then with Scotland first
begin.'

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weazel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To taint, and havock, more than she can eat.

ELY. It follows then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity ;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home ;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreering in a full and natural close,

Like musick.

CANT. Therefore heav'n doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion,
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience. For so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sort;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor,
Who busy'd in his majesty, surveys
The singing mason building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I thus infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariouly.
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions once a-foot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege;

Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake,
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. HEN. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
Now are we well resolv'd; and by Gods help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth;
Nor worshipt with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III. Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

AMB. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. HEN. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

AMB. Thus then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward the third;
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd. There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. HEN. What treasure, uncle?

EXE. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. HEN. We're glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, h'ath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not measuring, what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness

When I do rouse me in my throne of France.
 For that I have laid by my majesty
 And plodded like a man for working days ;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
 Shall stand fore charged for the wasteful vengeance,
 That shall fly with them. Many thousand widows
 Shall this his mock, mock out of their dear husbands,
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on
 To 'venge me as I may ; and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,
 His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
 —Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare ye well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors

EXE. This was a merry message.

K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
 That may give furth'rance to our expedition ;
 For we have now no thoughts in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,

That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings ; for, God before.
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's doore
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought. [Exeunt.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter C H O R U S.

CHOR. **N**OW all the youth of England are on fire,
 And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man ;
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits expectation in the air,
 And hides a sword from hilt unto the point
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England ! model of thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart ;
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out ;
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treach'rous crowns ; and three corrupted men,
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
 Have for the guilt of France (O guilt indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France,
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 'Ere he take ship for France; e'en in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and well digest
 Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
 The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
 The king is set from London, and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the play-house now, there must you sit;
 And then to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pafs; for if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

SCENE II. Before Quickly's house in Eastcheap.

Enter Corporal Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

BAR. Well met, corporal Nim.

NIM. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

BAR. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NIM. For my part, I care not. I say little; but when
 time shall serve, there shall be—[smiles.] But that shall be
 as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out
 mine iron; it is a simple one; but what tho? it will toast
 cheefe, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will;
 and there's an end.

BAR. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and

we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, good corporal Nim.

NIM. Faith I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

BAR. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

NIM. I cannot tell, things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may. Tho' patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell,——

Enter Pistol and Quickly.

BAR. Here comes ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol?

PIST. Base tyke, call'st thou me host?
Now by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

QUICK. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewoman, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. O welliday lady, if he be not drawn! Now we shall see wilful adultery, and murder committed.

BAR. Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

NIM. Pish!——

PIST. Pish, for thee, Island dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of Island.

QUICK. Good corporal Nim, shew thy valour and put up thy sword.

NIM. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

PIST. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The solus in thy most marvellous face,
The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy
And, which is worfe, within thy nasty mouth,
I do retort the solus in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

NIM. I am not Barbasen, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

PIST. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

BAR. Hear me, hear me, what I say. He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a soldier.

PIST. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

NIM. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

PIST. "Coupe à gorge," that is the word. I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spital go,

And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Dol Tear-sheet, she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold the Quondam Quickly.
For th' only she. And pauca,—there's enough—Go to.

Enter Boy.

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,
and your hostess; he is very sick, and would to bed. Good
Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the of-
fice of a warming pan; faith, he's very ill.

BAR. Away, you rogue.

QUICK. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding
one of these days; the king has kill'd his heart. Good
husband, come home presently. [Exit Quickly.]

BAR. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to
France together; why the devil should we keep knives to
cut one another's throats?

PIST. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl
on!—

NIM. You'll pay me the eight shillings, I won of you at
betting?

PIST. Base is the slave, that pays.

NIM. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

PIST. As manhood shall compound, push home. [Draws.]

BAR. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust,
I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

PIST. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

BAR. Corporal Nim, an' thou wilt be friends, be friends;
an' thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too.
Pry'thee, put up.

PIST. A noble shalt thou have and present pay,

And liquor likewise will I give to thee ;
 And friendship shall combine and brotherhood.
 I'll live by Nim, and Nim shall live by me,
 Is not this just ? for I shall fatter be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
 Give me thy hand.

NIM. I shall have my noble ?

PIST. In cash most justly paid.

NIM. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

QUICK. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John : ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

NIM. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

PIST. Nim, thou hast spoken the right, his heart is fractured and corroborate.

NIM. The king is a good king, but it must be as it may ; he passes some humours and careers.

PIST. Let us condole the knight ; for, lambkins ! we will live. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Changes to SOUTHAMPTON.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

BED. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors,

EXE. They shall be apprehended by and by.

WEST. How smooth and even they do bear themselves.
 As if allegiance in their bosoms sate,
 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty !

BED. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

EXE. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours ;
That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

[Trumpets sound.

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and attendants.

K. HEN. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge, and my lord of Massham,
And you my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not that the pow'rs, we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France ;
Doing the execution and the act.
For which we have in head assembled them ?

SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. HEN. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAM. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY. True ; those that were your father's enemies
Have steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you,
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. HEN. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

SCROOP. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope
To do your grace incessant services.

K. HEN. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person. We consider,
It was excess of wipe that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

SCROOP. That's mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his suff'rance, more of such a kind.

K. HEN. O, let us yet be merciful.

CAM. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. HEN. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. Now to our French causes——
Who are the late commissioners?

CAM, I one, my lord.
Your highness bad me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.

GREY. And I, my sovereign.

K. HEN. Then Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is
yours;
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham; and sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this fame is yours.
Read them, and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmorland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, 'what read you there,
That hath so cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

CAM. I confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY. SCROOP. To which we all appeal.

K. HEN. The mercy, that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd.
You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord Cambridge here,
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use;
 May it be possible, that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stand off as gross
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly in a natural cause,
 That admiration did not whoop at them.
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder;
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
 And other devils that suggest by-treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up damnation,
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetcht
 From glist'ring semblances of piety,
 But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up;
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion-gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the leg'ons, I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou. Or seem they grave and learn'd?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?

Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
'To mark the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.——Their faults are open;
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

EXE. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death,
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAM. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in suff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,

Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. HEN. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death,
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence. [Exeunt.
—Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is smoothed in our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver,
Our puissance into the hand of God.
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea. The signs of war advance;
No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Changes to Quickly's house in Eastcheap.

• Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, boy and Quickly.

QUIC. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PIST. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith. Nim, rouze thy vaunting vein.
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yern therefore.

BAR. Would I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

QUIC. Nay, sure, he is not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end, and went away, an' it had been any chrifom child. A' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o'th'tide. For after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babled of green fields. How now, Sir JOHN? quoth I; what, man? be o' good cheer. So a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' should not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bid me lay more cloathes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

NIM. They say, he cried out of sack.

QUIC. Ay, and that a' did.

BAR. And of women.

QUIC. Nay, that a' did not.

BOY. Yes, that he did ; and said, they were devils incarnate.

QUIC. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

BOY. He said once, the deule would have him about women.

QUIC. He did in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

BOY. Do you not remember, he saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and said, it was a black soul burning in hell ?

BAR. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

NIM. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from Southampton.

PIST. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels, and my moveables:——

Let senses rule.—The word is PITCH AND PAY ;
Trust none, for oaths are straws ; men's faiths are wafer-
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck : [cakes.
Therefore Caveto be thy counsellor;

Go, clear thy crystals.——Yoke-fellows in arms;
Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

BOY. And that is but unwholsome food, they say.

PIST. Touch her soft mouth and march.

BAR. Farewel, hostels.

NIM. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it ; but adieu.

PIST. Let housewifery appear : keep close, I thee command.

QUIC. Farewel ; adieu.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to the French king's palace.

Enter French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy,
and the constable.

FR. KING. Thus come the English with full power
upon us,

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Britain,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line, and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

DAU. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France;
And let us do it with no shew of fear,
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance,
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd

VEL. IV.

D

Her scepter so fantastically borne;
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CON. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy;
How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots,
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

DAU. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But tho' we think it so, it is no matter.
In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd,
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

F. KING. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy-battle fatally was struck:
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;

While that his mounting fire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns, that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a messenger.

MESS. Ambassadors from Harry, king of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

F. KING. We'll give them present audience. Go, and
bring them.

—You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAU. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when, what they seem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good, my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

SCENE VI. Enter Exeter.

F. KING. From our brother England?

EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the wide-stretch'd honours, that pertain

By custom and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 In every branch truly demonstrative,
 [Gives the French king a paper.

Willing you overlook this pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
 Edward the third; he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

F. KING. Or else what follows?

EXE. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
 That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
 He bids you, in the bowels of the lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; upon your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatning, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

F. KING. For us, we will consider of this further.

To-morrow shall you hear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

DAU. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him ; what to him from England ?

EXE. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sencer, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king ; and if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty ;
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and wormby vaultages of France
Shall hide your trespasss, and return your mock
In second accent to his ordinance.

DAU. Say, if my father render fair reply
It is against my will, for I desire
Nothing but odds with England ; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

EXE. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now ; now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

F. KING. To-morrow you shall know our mind at full.

[Flourish.]

EXE. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

F. KING. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditi-
 A night is but small breath, and little pause, [tions.
 To answer matters of this consequence. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

CHO. **T**HUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton peer
 Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
 Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
 Breast'ing the lofty surge. O, do but think,
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow,
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy.
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandfires, babies and old women,
 Or past, or not arriv'd, to pith and puissance;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These culi'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;

Behold the ordnance on their carriages
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur,
 Suppose, th' ambassador from France comes back;
 Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him
 Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
 With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE II. Before Harfleur.

[Alarm and cannon go off.]

Enter king Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester; soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. HENRY.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with the English dead.
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tyger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
 O'er-hang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetcht from fathers of war proof,
 Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till night even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture, let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start; the game's a-foot,
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
 Cry, God for Harry! England! and St. George!

[Exeunt king, and train.

[Alarm and cannon go off.

SCENE III. Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and boy.

BARD. On, on, on, on, on. To the breach, to the breach.

NIM. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot, and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

PIST. The plain song is most just, for humours do abound, Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Wou'd I were in an ale-house in London, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I;

If wishes could prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, 'bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck.

Nim. These be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [Exeunt.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nim, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halp-pence. Nim and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel; I knew, by that

piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers, which makes much against my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain pocketting up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit Boy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

FLU. To the mines? tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines; by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irish man, a very valliant gentleman, i'faith.

FLU. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

FLU. By Cheshu he is an afs, as is in the world; I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and capt. Jamy.

Gow. Here he comes, and the Scots captain, captain Jamy with him.

FLU. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the antient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by Chessu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

JAMY. I say, gudday, captain Fluellen.

FLU. Godden to your worship, good captain James.

GOWER. How now, captain Macmorris, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MAC. By Chrish law, tish ill done; the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done t it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me law, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand; tish ill done.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion; and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

JAMY. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

MAC. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the king and the duke; it is not time to discourse, the town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and

we talk, and by Chrish do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God sa'me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa'me law.

JAMY. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, aile do gud service, or aile ligge i'th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard some question, 'tween you tway.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

MAC. Of my nation? what ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? what ish my nation? who talks of my nation?

FLU. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MAC. I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

COWER. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY. Au! that's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.

COWER. The town sounds a parley.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I'll be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end. [Exeunt.

KING HENRY V.

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SCENE IV. Before the gates of Harfleur.

Enter king Henry and his train.

K. HEN. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?
 This is the latest parley we will admit ;
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst. As I'm a soldier,
 A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best,
 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half atchiev'd Harfleur
 'Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass]
 Your fresh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants,
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
 Do with his smircht complexion all fell feats,
 Enlinkt to waste and desolation ?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation ?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
 We may, as bootless, spend our vain command
 Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send our precepts to th' Leviathan
 To come a-shoar. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people,
 While yet my soldiers are in my command ;

While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil and villainy.
 If not; why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds; as did the wives of Jewry,
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughter men.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter governor upon the walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end;
 The dauphin, of whom succours we entreated,
 Returns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy,
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. HEN. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
 To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest,
 To-morrow for the march we are address'd.

[Flourish, and enter the town.

SCENE V. The French court.

Enter Catharine, and an old gentlewoman.

CATH. ' Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parles
" bien le language."

" ALICE. Un peu, madame."

" CATH. Je te prie de m'enseigner; il faut, que j' ap-
" prenne a parler. Comment appelez vous la main en
" Anglois?"

" ALICE. 'La main? ell' est appelée, de hand."

" CATH. De hand. Et le doyt?"

" ALICE. Le doyt? ma foy je oublie le doyt; mais je
" me souviendrai le doyt; je pense, qu'ils ont appelé des
" fingres; ouy, de fingres."

" CATH. Le main, de hand; le doyt, le fingres. Je
" pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J' ay gagnée deux
" mots d' Anglois viftement; comment appelez vous les
" ongles?"

" ALICE. Les ongles, les appellons de nayles."

" CATH. De nayles. Escoutes: dites moy, si je parle
" bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles."

" ALICE. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois."

" CATH. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras."

" ALICE. De arme, madame."

" CATH. Et le coude."

" ALICE. D' elbow."

" CATH. D' elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous
" les mots, que vous m'aves appris dès a present."

" ALICE. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je
" pense."

" CATH. Excuse moy, Alice; escoutez; d' hand, de
" fingre, de nayles, d'arme, de bilbow."

" ALICE. D' elbow, madame."

" CATH. O Seigneur dieu ! je m'en oublie d' elbow ;
" comment appelez vous le col ?"

" ALICE. De neck, madame."

" CATH. De neck ; & le menton ?"

" ALICE. De chin."

" CATH. De fin : le col, de neck : le menton, de fin,"

" ALICE. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en verité, vous
" prononcez les mots aussi droict, que les natifs d' Angle-
" terre."

" CATH. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de
" dieu, & en peu de temps."

" ALICE. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous
" ay enseignee ?"

" CATH. Non, je reciteray a vous promptement ; d'
" hand, de fingre, de mayles, de arme."

" ALICE. De nayles, madame."

" CATH. De nayles, de arme, de ilbow."

" ALICE. Sauf vostre honneur, d'elbow."

" CATH. Ainfi, dis je d' elbow, de neck, de fin : com-
" ment appelez vous les pieds, & de robe."

" ALICE. Le foot, madame, & le coun."

" CATH. Le foot, & le coun ! O seigneur Dieu ! ces
" sont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, &
" non pour les dames d'honneur d'user ; je ne voudrois
" prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour
" tout le monde ! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins.
" Je reciteray une autrefois ma leçon ensemble ; d' hand,
" de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, d'elbow, de neck, de fin,
" de foot, de coun."

" ALICE. Excellent, madame."

CATH. "C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en dispenser."
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Presence-chamber in the French court.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

FR. KING. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Some.

CON. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France ; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

DAU. "O Dieu vivant !" shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our father's luxury,
Our syens, put in wild and savage stock,
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters ?

BOUR. Normans, but bastard Normans ; Norman bastards.
"Mort de ma vie !" if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CON. "Dieu de batailles !" why, whence have they
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull ? [this mettle ?]
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns ? can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoast their cold blood to such valiant heat ?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine ;
Seem frosty ? Oh ! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen icicles
Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields ;
Poor, we may call them, in their native lords.

DAU. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out ; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France wiith bastard warriors.

BOUR. They bid us to the English dancing-schools;
And teach La volta's high, and swift Corantos ;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels ;
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

FR. KING. Where is Mountjoy, the herald ? speed him
hence ;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd,
Yet sharper than our swords, hie to the field.
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alanfon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy,
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpree, Rouffie, and Faulconbridge,
Loys, Lestraile, Bouciqualt, and Charaloys,
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great feats now quit you of great shames,
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With penons painted in the blood of Harfleur ;
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the vallies ; whose low vassal feat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
And in a captive chariot into Roan,
Bring him our prisoner.

CON. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few ;

His soldiers sick, and famisht in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ransom.

FR. KING. Therefore, lord Constable, hast on Mountjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

DAU. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

FR. KING. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord Constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. The English camp.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

FLU. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

FLU. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and plessed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an antient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

FLU. He is call'd ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

FLU. Here is the man.

PIST. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours :
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLU. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at
his hands.

PIST. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind that stands upon the rolling restless
stone——

FLU. By your patience, ancient Pistol : Fortune is painted
ed blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you
that fortune is blind ; and she is painted also with a wheel,
to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turn-
ing and inconstant and mutabilities and variations ; and her
foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which
rowles, and rowles, and rowles ; in good truth, the poet
makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an ex-
cellent moral.

PIST. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,
For he hath stol'n a Pix, and hanged must a' be,
Damned death !

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate ;
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For Pix of little price. Therefore, go speak,
The duke will hear thy voice ;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reprobach.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLU. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PIST. Why then rejoice therefore.

FLU. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at ; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions ; for disciplines ought to be used.

PIST. Die and be damn'd, and Figo for thy friendship.

FLU. It is well.

PIST. The fig of Spain————

[Exit Pist.

FLU. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, I remember him now ; a bawd, a cut-purse.

FLU. I'll assure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day : but it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. Such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done ; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-turn'd oaths ; and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suite of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on ! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

FLU. I tell you what, captain Gower ; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the world he is ; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

SCENE VIII. Drum and colours. Enter the king, and his poor soldiers.

FLU. God pless your majesty.

K. HEN. How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the pridge ?

FLU. I, so please your majesty : the duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge ; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages ; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. HEN. What men have you lost, Fluellen ?

FLU. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonably great ; marry, for my part, I think the duke has lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man ; his face is all bubukles and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire : and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire ; sometimes plue, and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. HEN. We would have such offenders so cut off ; And give exprefs charge, that in all our march There shall be nothing taken from the villages, But shall be paid for ; and no French upbraided, Or yet abused in disdainful language ;

When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

MOUNT. You know me by my habit.

K. HEN. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know
of thee?

MOUNT. My master's mind.

K. HEN. Unfold it.

[land,

MOUNT. Thus says my king. Say thou to Harry Eng-
Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep;
Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
Tell him we could at Harfleur have rebuk'd him,
But that we thought not good to bruise an injury,
Till it were ripe. Now, speak we in our cue,
With voice imperial. England shall repent
His folly, see his weakness, and admire
Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider,
What must the ransom be, which must proportion
The losses we have borne, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested,
To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.
First for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
Ev'n his own person kneeling at our feet
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
Tell him he hath betrayed his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My king and master; and so much my office.

K. HEN. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mount. Mountjoy.

K. HEN. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
 And tell thy king, I do not seek him now ;
 But could be willing to march on to Calais
 Without impeachment ; for to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many French ;
 Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought, upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me God,
 That I do brag thus ; this your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am,
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard,
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mountjoy,
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself :
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour ; and so, Mountjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this ;
 We would not seek a battle as we are,
 Yet, as we are, we say, we will not shun it :
 So tell your master.

Mount. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit

Glow. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. HEN. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws towards night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. The French camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the lord Rambures, Orleans,
Dauphin, with others.

CON. Tut, I have the best armour in the world.
Would it were day!

ORL. You have an excellent armour, but let my horse
have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL. Will it never be morning?

DAU. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high Constable,
you talk of horse and armour.——

ORL. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in
the world.

DAU. What a long night is this! I will not change my
horse with any that treads but on four pasterns; “*ca ha ?*
“*le Cheval volant,*” the Pegasus, “*avec les Narines de*
“*feu !*” he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were
hairs; when I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk, he trots
the air, the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn
of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORL. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAU. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for
Perseus; he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of
earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient
stillness while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horse;
and all other jades you may call beasts.

CON. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

DAU. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORL. No more, cousin.

DAU. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfry; it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all; 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world familiar to us and unknown to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus, "Wonder of nature.—"

ORL. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAU. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my couiser; for my horse is my mistress.

ORL. Your mistress bears well.

DAU. Me, well;—which is the prescript praise, and perfection, of a good and particular mistress.

CON. Methought, yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAU. So, perhaps did yours.

CON. Mine was not bridled.

DAU. O, then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.

CON. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAU. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CON. I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.

DAU. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

CON. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAU. "Le chien est retourné à son proper vomissement, & la truie lavée au boubier;" thou mak'st use of any thing.

CON. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

RAM. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns upon it?

CON. Stars, my lord.

DAU. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CON. And yet my sky shall not want.

DAU. That may be, for you bear many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

CON. Ev'n as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

DAU. Would I were able to load him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CON. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAM. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners.

CON. You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

DAU. 'Tis mid-night, I'll go arm myself.

[Exit.

ORL. The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAM. He longs to eat the English.

CON. I think, he will eat all he kills.

ORL. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

CON. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORL. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CON. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

ORL. He never did harm, that I heard of.

CON. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

ORL. I know him to be valiant.

CON. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

ORL. What's he?

CON. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

ORL. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

CON. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

ORL. Ill-will never said well.

CON. I will cap that proverb with, "There is flattery in friendship."

ORL. And I will take up that with, "Give the devil his due."

CON. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with. "A pox on the devil!"

ORL. You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

CON. You have shot over.

ORL. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

KING HENRY V.

41

SCENE X. Enter a messenger.

MESS. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CON. Who hath measur'd the ground?

MESS. The lord Grandpree.

CON. A valiant and most expert gentleman——'Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

ORL. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge?

CON. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

ORL. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

RAM. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORL. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea, that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CON. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

ORL. Ay; but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

ORL. 'Tis two o'clock; but (let me see) by ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

CHO. **N**OW entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds;
 That the fixt centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.
 Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
 The armourers accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
 And (the third hour of drousy morning nam'd)
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger: and their gesture sad,
 Invest in lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. Who now beholds

The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him:
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night,
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
 With chearful semblance and sweet majesty;
 That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal like the sun,
 His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly,
 Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd; in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries be. [Exit.

SCENE II. The English court at Agincourt.

Enter king Henry and Gloucester.

K. HENRY.

GLOSTER, 'tis true, that we are in great danger:
 The greater therefore shall our courage be.

Enter Bedford.

—Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God almighty!
 There is some foul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.¹
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham,
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERP. No so, my liege; this lodging likes me better:
 Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. HEN. 'Tis good for men to love their present pain
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased,
 And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly mov^c
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas. Brothers both;
 Commend me to the princes in our camp,
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLOU. We shall, my liege.

ERP. Shall I attend your grace?

K. HEN. No, my good knight,
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England.

I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

ERP. The lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

K. HEN. God a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st cheer-
fully. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Enter Pistol.

PIST. "Qui va là?"

K. HEN. A friend.

PIST. Discuss unto me, art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. HEN. I am a gentleman of a company.

PIST. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. HEN. Even so. What art you?

PIST. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. HEN. Then you are a better than the king.

PIST. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant;
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. HEN. Harry le Roy.

PIST. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman.

PIST. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. HEN. Yes.

PIST. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. David's day.

K. HEN. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
day, lest he knock that about yours.

PIST. Art thou his friend?

K. HEN. And his kinsman too.

PIST. The figo for thee then!

K. HEN. I thank you. God be with you.

PIST. My name is Pistol call'd.

[Exit.

K. HEN. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[Manet King Henry.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen—

FLU. So; in the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer; it is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle, nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobrieties of it, and the modesty of it to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

FLU. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

FLU. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt.

K. HEN. Though it appear a little out of fashion. There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

SCENE IV. Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

COURT. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder.

BATES. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILL. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. HEN. A friend.

WILL. Under what captain serve you?

K. HEN. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILL. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you what thinks he of our estate?

K. HEN. Even as men wrack'd upon a sand, that, look to be wash'd off the next tide.

BATES. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. HEN. No; nor is it meet, he should; for tho' I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and tho' his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES. He may shew what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold as 'tis, he could wish himself

in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. HEN. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

BATES. Then 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and many poor men's lives saved.

K. HEN. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

WILL. That's more than we know.

BATES. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILL. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chop'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, "We dy'd at such a place," some swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. HEN. So, if a son, that is sent by his father about

merchandize, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities; you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers; some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and out-run native punishment; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in the king's quarrel now: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it

were not fin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

WIL. 'Tis certain, that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

BATES. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determined to fight lustily for him.

K. HEN. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

WIL. Ay, he said so, to make us fight chearfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. HEN. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WIL. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather; you'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. HEN. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

WIL. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. HEN. I embrace it.

WIL. How shall I know thee again?

K. HEN. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet, then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WIL. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. HEN. There.

WIL. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou

come to me and say, after to-morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. HEN. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WIL. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. HEN. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

WIL. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. HEN. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[Exeunt soldiers.]

SCENE V. Manet king Henry.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our sins, lay on the king; he must bear all.

O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.

What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have kings,
That private have not too, save ceremony?

Save gen'ral ceremony? ———

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth,

What is thy soul, O adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O be sick great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee? and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the scepter and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The entier-tissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
The farfed title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave;

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the forehand and 'vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace;
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

SCENE VI. Enter Erpingham.

ERP. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. HEN. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent :
I'll be before thee.

ERP. I shall do't, my lord.

[Exit.

K. HEN. O god of battles ! steel my soldiers hearts;
Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reck'ning ; lest th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heav'n to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Tho' all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploping pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

GLO. My liege.

K. HEN. My brother Glo'ster's voice ?

I know thy errand, I will go with thee,

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Changes to the French camp,

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures and Beaumont.

ORL. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my lords.

DAU. "Montez Cheval : " my horse, "valet, lacquay : "
ha !

ORL. O brave spirit !

DAU. "Via !——les eaux & la terre."——

ORL. "Rien puis ! l'air & feu"——

DAU. "Ciel !" cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable !

CON. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

DAU. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And daunt them with superfluous courage : ha !

RAM. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood ?
How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a messenger.

MES. The English are embattel'd, you French peers.

CON. To horse ! you gallant princes, strait to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls ;
Leaving them but the shales and hulks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins

To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of Sport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them,
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;
Tho' we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation ;
But that our honour's must not. What's to say ?
A very little, little, let us do ;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets found
The tucket sonance, and the note to mount,
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

GRAND. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?
Yon island carrions, desp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips :
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes ;
And in their pale dull mouths the grimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass still and motionless :
And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour,
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a batt'e,
In life so liveless as it shews itself.

CON. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAU. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And, after, fight with them?

CON. I stay but for my guard: on, to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII. The English camp.

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the
host; Salisbury and Westmorland.

GLOU. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXE. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arms strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet, 'till we meet in heav'n,

Then joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,

My dear lord Glo'ster, and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

BED. Farewel, good Salisbury, and good luck go with
thee!

EXE. to SAL. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [Exit Sal.

BED. He is as full of valour, as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

WEST. O, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day !

K. HEN. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmorland ? No, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow,
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost,
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear,
Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my lord, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Don't wish one more.
Rather proclaim it (Westmorland) through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart : his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian ;

He that shall live his day, and see old age,
 Will yearly, on the vigil, feast his neighbours,
 And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian ;
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.
 Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury, and Glo'ster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son,
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile.
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

Enter Salisbury.

SAT.. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
 The French are bravely in their battle set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. HEN. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WEST. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now !

K. HEN. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
 cousin ?

WEST. God's will, my liege. Would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!

K. HEN. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
men,

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

—You know your places. God be with you all!

SCENE IX. A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

MOUNT. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured over-throw;
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee. Thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance, that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. HEN. Who hath sent thee now?

MOUNT. The Constable of France.

K. HEN. I pray thee, bear my former answer back.

Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, tho' buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n,

Leaving their earthly parts to choak your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valour in our English:
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing, in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly; tell the Constable,
 We are but warriors for the working day:
 Our gayness, and our gilt, are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads;
 And turn them out of service. If they do this,
 As, if please God, they shall, my ransom then
 Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour,
 Come thou no more, for ransom, gentle herald;
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:
 Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them
 Shall yield them little. Tell the Constable.

MOUNT. I shall, king Harry, and so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.

K. HEN. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom,

Enter York.

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

K. HEN. Take it, brave York; now, soldiers, march
away;
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! Exeunt.

SCENE X. The Field of Battle.

Alarm, Excursions. Enter Pistol, French soldier and Boy.

PIST. Yield, cur.

FR. SOL. "Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de
"bonne qualité."

PIST. Quality, cality, custure me, art thou a gentleman?
what is thy name? discufs.

FR. SOL. "O seigneur Dieu!"

PIST. O Signieur Dewe should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

FR. SOL. "O, prenez misericorde, ayez pitié de moy."

PIST. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rym out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

FR. SOL. "Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton
"bras?"

PIST. Bräfs, cur?

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'ft me bräfs?

FR. SOL. "O pardonnez moy."

PIST. Say'ft thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, Boy, ask me this slave in French,
What is his name?

Boy. "Escoutez, comment estes vous appelle?"

FR. SOL. "Monsieur le Fer."

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Boy. He says his name is Mr. Fer.

Pist. Mr. Fer; I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for FER. and FERRET, and FERK.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FR. SOL. "Que dit-il, monsieur?"

Boy. "Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge."

Pist. Owy, cuppelle gorge, paramasoy, pesant, Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns, Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FR. SOL. "O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus."

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

FR. SOL. "Petit monsieur, que dit-il?"

Boy. "Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier, neantmoins pour les escus que vous l'avez promettes, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement."

FR. SOL. "Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens, & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimé Seigneur d'Angleterre."

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks and esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.
Follow me, cur.

Boy. "Suivez le grand capitain." [Ex. Pist. and Fr. Sol.
I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys; with the luggage of our camp; the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it: for there is none to guard it but boys. [Exit.

SCENE XI. Another part of the field of battle.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

CON. "O Diable!"

ORL. "O signeur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu."

DAU. "Mort de ma vie!" all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

[A short alarm.

"O meschante fortune!"——do not run away.

CON. Why all our ranks are broke.

DAU. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches, that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die, instant—Once more back again;

The man, that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base pander hold the chamber door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than a dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

CON. Disorder that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORL. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs ;
If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR. The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;
Let life be short, else shame would be too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII. Alarm. Enter the king and his train,
with prisoners.

K. HEN. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all's not done ; the French yet keep the field.

EXE. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. HEN. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting,
Prom helmet to the spur all bleeding o'er.

EXE. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain ; and by his bloody side,
Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first dy'd, and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, " tarry, my cousin Suffolk,
" My soul shall thine keep company to heav'n :
" Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast :
" As in this glorious and well-foughten field

"We kept together in our chivalry."

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up ;

He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,

And with a feeble gripe, says, dear my lord,

"Commend my service to my sovereign."

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kist his lips,

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd ;

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. HEN. I blame you not ;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[Alarm.

But, hark, what new alarm is this same ?

The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men :

Then every soldier kill his prisoners.

Give the word through.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XIII. Alarms continued ; after which, Enter
Fluellen and Gower.

FLU. Kill the poys and the luggage ; 'tis expressly against
the law of arms ; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark
you now, as can be desir'd in your conscience now, is it
not ?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive ; and the
cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, have done
this slaughter. Besides, they have burn'd or carried away
all that was in the king's tent ; wherefore the king most

worthily has caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.
O 'tis a gallant king !

FLU. I, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower ;
what call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig,
was born ?

Gow. Alexander the great.

FLU. Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? the pig, or the
great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous,
are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon ; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLU. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born :
I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I
warrant, that you shall find, in the comparisons between
Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is
both alike. There is a river in Macedon, there is also
moreover a river at Monmouth ; it is call'd Wye at Monmouth,
but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the
other river ; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to
my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark
Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come
after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things.
Alexander, God knows and you know, in his rages, and
his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods,
and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a
little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and in his
angers, look you, kill his best friend Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that, he never kill'd
any of his friends.

FLU. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the
tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finish'd. I speak
but in figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd

his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups ; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet. He was full of jests and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks ; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

FLU. That is he. I tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

SCENE XIV. Alarm. Enter King Henry, with Bourbon and other prisoners ; lords and attendants. Flourish.

K. HEN. I was not angry since I came to France,
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill :
If they will fight with us bid them come down,
Or void the field, they do offend our sight :
If they'll do neither, we will come to them ;
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings :
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have ;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go, and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

EXE. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOU. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. HEN. How now, what means their herald ? Know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?

Com'st thou again for ransom ?

MOUNT. No, great king :

I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them ;
To sort our nobles from our common men ;
For many of our princes, wee the while !
Lie drown'd, and soak'd in mercenary blood ;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, while their wounded steeds
Pret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. HEN. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours or no ;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

MOUNT. The day is yours.

K. HEN. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by ?

MOUNT. They call it Agincourt.

K. HEN. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLU. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the plack
prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a
most prave pattle here in France.

K. HEN. They did, Fluellen.

FLU. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties
is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did good service in a
garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Mon-
mouth caps, which your majesty knows to this hour is an

honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavee's day.

K. HEN. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLU. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that; God ples and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace and his majesty too.

K. HEN. Thanks, good my countryman.

FLU. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confess it to all the orld; I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. HEN. God keep me so!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him. [Exeunt heralds, with Mountjoy.
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts——Call yonder fellow hither.

S C E N E XV.

EXE. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. HEN. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

WILL. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. HEN. An Englishman?

WILL. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore as

he was a soldier he would wear, if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. HEN. What think you, captain Fluellen, is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLU. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. HEN. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort quite from the answer of his degree.

FLU. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackfawce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience law.

K. HEN. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WILL. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. HEN. Who serv'st thou under.

WILL. Under captain Gower, my liege.

FLU. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. HEN. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILL. I will, my liege.

[Exit.

K. HEN. Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alanson and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alanson and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him if thou dost love me.

FLU. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriev'd

at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an' please God of his grace that I might see.

K. HEN. Know'st thou Gower?

FLU. He is my dear friend, an' please you.

K. HEN. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLU. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick and my brother Glo'ster, Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

May, haply, purchase him a box o'th' ear.

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word;

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;

And quickly he'll return an injury.

Follow; and see, there be no harm between them.

Come you with us, uncle of Exeter.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XVI. Before king Henry's pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

WILL. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

FLU. God's will and his pleasure.—Captain, I beseech you now come apace to the king; there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILL. Sir, know you this glove?

FLU. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

WILL. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

FLU. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal
orld, in France or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

WILL. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLU. Stand away, captain Gower, I will give treason
his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILL. I am no traitor.

FLU. That's a lye in thy throat. I charge you in his
majesty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the duke of
Alanfon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

WAR. How now, how now, what's the matter?

FLU. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for
it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you
shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter king Henry and Exeter.

K. HEN. How now, what's the matter.

FLU. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look
your grace, has struck the glove, which your majesty is take
out of the helmet of Alanfon.

WILL. My liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow
of it, and he, that I gave it to in charge, promis'd to wear
it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did; I met this
man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as
my word.

FLU. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's man-
hood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowly, knave it is,
I hope your majesty is pear me tettimonies, and witneses,

and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alançon that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. HEN. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas me, indeed, thou promised'st to strike, and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU. An' please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. HEN. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILL. All offences, my lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. HEN. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILL. Your majesty came not like yourself; you appear'd to me, but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. HEN. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns. And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLU. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

WILL. I will none of your money.

FLU. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be

so passful; your shoes are not so good. 'Tis a good filling;
I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE XVII. Enter Herald.

K. HEN. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

HER. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. HEN. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXE. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouchiquart:
Of other lords and barons, knights and 'quires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. HEN. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
Slain in the field; of princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six; added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'quires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles, that lie dead;
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France:
Jaques Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great master of France, the brave sir Guichard Dauphin;
John duke of Alanfon, Anthony duke of Brabant
The brother to the duke of Burgundy,
And Edward duke of Bar: Of lusty earls,
Grandpree and Rouffie, Faulconbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

EXE. Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. HEN. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great, and little loss,
On one part, and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine.

EXE. 'Tis wonderful!

K. HEN. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

FLU. Is it not lawful, an' please your majesty, to tell
how many is kill'd?

K. HEN. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. HEN. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung "Non nobis," and "Te Deum:"
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt:

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

CHO. **V**OUCHSAFE, to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them; and to such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Tow'rd Calais: grant him there; and there being seen,
 Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea;
 Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Black-heath;
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
 Before him through the city; he forbids it;
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens;
 The mayor and all his brethern in best sort,
 Like to the senators of antique Rome,
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heels;

Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in.
 As by a lower but by loving likelihood,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress
 (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword;
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
 (As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home:
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them) and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 'Till Harry's back return again to France;
 There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
 The int'rim, by remembering you, 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

SCENE II. The English camp in France.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

GOWER.

NAY, that's right.—But why wear you your leek to day? St. David's day is past.

FLU. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you as a friend, captain Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lowly, praggling knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold

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as to wear it in my cap, 'till I see him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes swelling like a Turkey-cock,

FLU. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his Turkey-cocks. God plesse you, aunchient Pistol: you scurvy lowfy knave, God plesse you.

PIST. Ha! art thou beldam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence!—I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLU. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowfy knave, at my desires, and my requests and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, and your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PIST. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLU. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him. Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

PIST. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLU. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is. I desire you to live in the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it— [Strikes him.] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire, but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

FLU. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

PIST. Must I bite?

FLU. Yes, out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

P1ST. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat and eat I swear——

FLU. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

P1ST. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

FLU. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em. That's all.

P1ST. Good.

FLU. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

P1ST. Me a groat!

FLU. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

P1ST. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLU. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

P1ST. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel; you find 'tis otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare you well. [Exit.

P1ST. Doth fortune play the hufwife with me now?

News have I, that my Dol is dead i'th'pittle
 Of malady of France,
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off;
 Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs,
 Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand,
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
 And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scars,
 And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE III. The French court, at Trois in Champagne.

Enter at one door king Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick,
 and other lords; at another, the French King, Queen
 Isabel, princess Catharine, the duke of Burgundy, and o-
 ther French.

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
 Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
 Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes,
 To our most fair and princely cousin Catharine;
 And as a branch and member of this royalty,
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
 We do salute you, duke of Burgundy.
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

FR. KING. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England, fairly met!
 So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. ISA. So happy be the issue, brother England,
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
 Against the French that met them in their bent;

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks;
The venom of such looks we fairly hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. HEN. To cry AMEN to that, thus we appear.

Q. ISA. You English princes all, I do salute you.

BURG. My duty to you both on equal love,
Great kings of France and England. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightinesses on both parts can witness.
Since then my office has so far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even pleach'd,
Like prisoners, wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savag'ry:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility;
 And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences, that should become our country;
 But grow like savages, as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour,
 You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences;
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. HEN. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord: so all our just demands,
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BURG. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet
 There is no answer made

K. HEN. Well, then the peace
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

FR. KING. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaseth your grace
 T'appoint some of your council presently

To sit with us, once more with better heed
To re-survey them we will suddenly

Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. HEN. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glo'ster,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king;
And take with you free pow'r to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. ISA. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. HEN. Yet leave our cousin Catherine here with us. !
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. ISA. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Manent King Henry, Catherine, and a
lady.

K. HEN. Fair Catharine, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

CATH. Your majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak
your England.

K. HEN. O fair Catharine, if you will love me soundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it
brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me,
Kate?

CATH. "Pardonez moy," I cannot tell what is "like me."

K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

CATH. "Que dit-il, que je suis semblable a les Anges?"

LADY. "Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit il."

K. HEN. I said so, dear Catherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

CATH. "O bon Dieu! le langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies."

K. HEN. What says she, fair one? that tongues of men are full of deceits?

LADY. Ouy dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits. Dat is de princefs.

K. HEN. The princefs is the better English woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding; I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you;" then if you urge me further than to say, "do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady?

CATH. "Sauf votre honneur," me understand well.

K. HEN. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me; for the one I have neither words nor measure; and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her

favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and fit like a jack-a-napes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I use 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning; that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I speak plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me; take a soldier; take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

CATH. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. HEN. No, it is not possible that you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and,

Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

CATH. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off, "quand 'j' ay le possession de France, & quand vous aves le possession de moi (let me see, what then? St. Dennis be my speed)! "donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne." It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

CATH. "Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, est meilleur que l' Anglois le quel je parle."

K. HEN. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue and I thine, most truly falsly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? canst thou love me?

CATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, (as I have saving faith within me, tells me, thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk

by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-luce.

CATH. I do not know dat.

K. HEN. No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise, Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, "La plus belle Catherine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse?"

CATH. Your majestee ave fause French enough to deceive the most sage damoisel dat is en France.

K. HEN. Now, sy upon my false French; by mine honour, in true English I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lov'st me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he 'got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Catharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, tho' I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king

of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

CATH. Dat is, as it shall please "le roy mon pere."

K. HEN. Nay, it will please him well, Kate? it shall please him, Kate.

CATH. Den it shall also content me.

K. HEN. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

CATH. "Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant siegneur."

K. HEN. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

CATH. "Les dames & damoiselles pour estre baisees devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France."

K. HEN. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

LADY. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France; I cannot tell, what is *BAISER* en English.

K. HEN. To kiss.

LADY. Your majesty "entendre" better "que moy."

K. HEN. Is it not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

LADY. "Ouy, vrayement."

K. HEN. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss. Therefore——patiently and yielding——[Kissing her.]

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE V. Enter the French king and queen, with French and English lords.

BURG. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

BURG. Is she apt?

K. HEN. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

BURG. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked seeing self? it were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. HEN. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

BURG. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. HEN. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

BURG. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well sum-

mer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes : and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. HEN. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer ; and so I shall catch the fly your cousin in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

BURG. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. HEN. It is so : and you may some of you thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

FR. KING. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively ; the cities turn'd into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. HEN. Shall Kate be my wife ?

FR. KING. So please you.

K. HEN. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her ; so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

FR. KING. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. HEN. Is't so, my lords of England ?

WEST. The king hath granted every article : His daughter first ; and then in sequel all. According to their firm propos'd nature.

EXE. Only he hath not yet subscribed this : Where your majesty demands, that the king of France, having occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition in French : " nostre tres cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, heretier de " France : " and thus in Latin ; " Præclarissimus, filius nostrer Henricus Rex Angliæ & hæres Franciæ."

F. KING. Yet this I have not (brother) so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. HEN. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

FR. KING. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise
Issue to me ; that these contending kingdoms, [up
England and France, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet breasts, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

LORDS. Amen !

K. HEN. Now welcome, Kate ; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish.

Q. ISA. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one :
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;
That English may as French, French, Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen !

ALL. Amen !

K. HEN. Prepare we for our marriage ; on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept, and prosp'rous be ! [Exeunt.

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far with rough, and all unable, pen
Our blending author hath pursu'd the story ;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory ;
Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
This star of England ; fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed,
Whose state so many had i' th' managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE
FIRST PART
OF
HENRY VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King HENRY the Sixth.

Duke of GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

Duke of BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

Cardinal BEAUFORD, Bishop of WINCHESTER, and great
Uncle to the King.

Dukes of EXETER and SOMERSET.

Earls of WARWICK, SALISBURY, and SUFFOLK,
Lord TALBOT.

Young TALBOT, his Son.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards Duke of YORK,
MORTIMER, Earl of MARCH.

Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the
Tower. Lord Mayor of LONDON. Sir THOMAS GAR-
GRAVE. Sir WILL. GLANSDALE. Sir WILL. LUCY.

VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples.

Dukes of BURGUNDY and ALANSON.

Bastard of ORLEANS.

Governor of PARIS.

Master Gunner of ORLEANS. BOY, his Son.

An Old SHEPHERD, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen
to King Henry.

Countess of AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, a Maid pretending to be inspired from
Heav'n, and setting up for the Championess of France.

Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several At-
tendants both on the English and French.

The Scene is partly in England, and partly in France.

THE FIRST PART OF
K I N G H E N R Y VI.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Westminster-abbey.

Dead march. Enter the funeral of king Henry the fifth,
attended on by the duke of Bedford, regent of France;
the duke of Gloucester, protector; the duke of Exeter,
and the earl of Warwick, the bishop of Winchester, and
the duke of Somerset.

BEDFORD.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Harry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLou. England ne'er had a king until his time;
Virtue he had, deserving to command.
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams,
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings,
His sparkling eyes, replete with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He never lifted up his hand but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive :
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend :
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What ? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conj'ners and forc'ers, that, afraid of him,
 By magick verse have thus contriv'd his end ?

WIN. He was a king, blest of the king of kings.
 Unto the French, the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought ;
 The church's pray'rs made him so prosperous.

GLOV. The church ? where is it ? had not churchmen
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd. [pray'd.
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

WIN. Glo'ster, whate'er we like, thou art protector.
 And look'st to command the prince and realm ;
 Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God, or religious churchmen may.

GLOV. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh ;
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BED. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace.
 Let's to the altar. Heralds, wait on us.
 Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
 Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
 Posterity await for wretched years,
 When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck ;

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to 'wail the dead.
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens;
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

S C E N E II. Enter Messenger.

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, Champaign, and Rheims, and Orleans,
Paris, Guyfors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

BED. What say'st thou, man?—Before dead Henry's
coarse?——

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

GLOU. Is Paris lost, and Roan yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

EXE. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

MESS. No treachery, but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain'd sev'ral factions,
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!

118 THE FIRST PART OF

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Crop'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms,
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

BED. Me they concern. Regent I am of France,
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

SCENE III. Enter to them another Messenger.

2 MESS. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance,
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import.
The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims,
The bastard Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The duke of Alanfon flies to his side. [Exit.

EXE. The dauphin crowned king? all fly to him?
O, whether shall we fly from this reproach?

GLOU. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BED. Glo'ster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

SCENE IV. Enter a third Messenger.

3 MESS. My gracious lords, to add to your laments
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

WIN. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 MESS. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown.

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,

Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,

By three and twenty thousand of the French

Was round encompassed and set upon.

No leisure had he to enrank his men,

He wanted pikes to set before his archers,

Instead whereof sharp stakes pluckt out of hedges

They pitched in the ground confusedly

To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued :

Where valiant Talbot above human thought

Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him,

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew,

The French exclaim'd, " The devil was in arms ! "

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.

His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,

A Talbot ! Talbot ! cried out amain,

And rush'd into the bowels of the battle :

Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,

If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward ;

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,

With purpose to relieve and follow them)

Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and massacre ;

Enclosed were they with their enemies ;

A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,

Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;

Whom all France with her chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

BED. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease;
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 MESS. O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

BED. His ransom there is none but I shall pay;
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend.
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel, my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 MESS. So you had need, for Orleans is besieg'd,
The English army is grown weak and faint,
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they so few watch such a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit Bed.]

GLOU. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

EXE. To Eltam will I, where the young king is,

Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best advise. [Exit.

WIN. Each hath his place and function to attend,
I am left out, for me nothing remains
But long I will not be thus out of office;
The king from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [Exit.

SCENE V. Before Orleans in France.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier, marching with a
drum and soldiers.

CHAR. Mars his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns,
So in the earth to this day is not known;
Late, did he shine upon the English side,
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles;
What towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans,
Tho' still the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALAN. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-
Either they must be dieted, like mules, [beeves;
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

REIG. Let's raise the siege, why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear,
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor mony, hath he to make war.

CHAR. Sound, sound alarum: we will rush on them,
Now for the honour of the forlorn French,
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,

When he sees me go back one foot or fly, [Exeunt.
 [Here alarm, they are beaten back by the English
 with great loss.]

Re-enter Charles, Alanfon and Reignier.

CHAR. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?
 Dogs, cowards, dastards! I wou'd ne'er have fled,
 But that they left me midst my enemies.

REIG. Salisbury is a desp'rate homicide,
 He fighteth as one weary of his life,
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

ALAN. Froyfard, a countryman of ours, records,
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
 During the time Edward the third did reign;
 More truly now may this be verified,
 For none but Sampsons and Goliasses
 It sendeth forth to skirmish, one to ten.
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose,
 They had such courage and audacity!

CHAR. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd
 And hunger will enforce them be more eager; [slaves,
 Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
 The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

REIG. I think, by some odd gimmals or device
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
 Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.
 By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

ALAN. Be it so.

Enter the bastard of Orleans.

BAST. Where's the prince dauphin? I have news for him.

DAU. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BAST. Methinks, your looks are sad, your chear appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand.
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision, sent to her from heav'n,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege;
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome,
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

DAU. Go, call her in. But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place,
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;
By this means shall we found what skill she hath.

SCENE VI. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous feats?

PUC. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the dauphin? Come, from behind,
I know thee well, tho' never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heav'n, and our lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 God's mother deigned to appear to me;
 And, in a vision full of majesty,
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity.
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success.
 In compleat glory she reveal'd herself;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated.
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

DAU. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
 Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

PUC. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with fine flow'r de luces on each side;
 The which, at Tourain in St. Catharine's church,
 Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

DAU. Then come o'God's name, for I fear no woman.

PUC. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.

DAU. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon;
 And fightest with the sword of Debora.

PUC. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

DAU. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire.
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd;
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be,
'Tis the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above;
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

DAU. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

REIG. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALAN. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIG. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

ALAN. He may mean more than we poor men do know;
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIG. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say; distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp, for I'll be your guard.

DAU. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise,
Expect saint Martin's summer, Halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bore at once.

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DAU Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?

ALAN. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REIG. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

DAU. Present'y try. Come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I trust, if she proves false. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Tower-gates in London.

Enter Gloucester with his serving-men.

GLOU. I am this day come to survey the Tower;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis Gloucester that calls.

1 WARD. Who's there that knocketh so imperiously?

1 MAN. It is the noble duke of Gloucester.

2 WARD. Who'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 MAN. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 WARD. The Lord protect him! so we answer him;
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

GLOU. Who will'd you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warranty.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloucester's men rush at the Tower-gates, and Woodville
the lieutenant speaks within.

WOOD. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

GLOU. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Glo'ster, that would enter.

WOOD. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open
The cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

GLOU. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook!
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king;
Open the gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

SERV. Open the gates there to the lord protector!
We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter to the protector at the Tower-gates, Winchester and
his men in tawny coats.

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphrey, what means this?

GLOU. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me be shut out?

WIN. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

GLOU. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'd'st to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin;
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

WIN. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot.
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

GLOU. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

WIN. Do, what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face?

GLOU. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
 Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
 Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard;
 I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
 Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;
 In spite of pope or dignities of church,
 Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WIN. Glo'ster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

GLOU. Winchester goose! I cry a rope, a rope.
 Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
 Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
 Out tawny coats; out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter
 in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his officers.

MAYOR. Fy, lords; that you, being supreme magistrates,
 Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLO. Peace, mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs;
 Here's Beauford, that regards not God nor king,
 Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

WIN. Here's Glo'ster too, a foe to citizens,
 One that still motions war, and never peace,
 O'er-charging your free purses with large fines,
 That seeks to overthrow religion,
 Because he is protector of the realm,
 And would have armour here out of the Tower,
 To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

GLOU. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

MAYOR. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
 But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou can'st.

"All manner of men assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you in his Highness's name, to repair to your several dwelling places, and not wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward upon pain of death."

GLOU. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law,
But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.

WIN. Glo'ster, we'll meet to thy dear cost, be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAYOR. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away,
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

GLOU. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st

WIN. Abominable Glo'ster, guard thy head,

For I intend to have it, ere be long, [Exeunt.

MAYOR. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart,
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Changes to Orleans in France.

Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, and his boy.

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

BOY. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim,

M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me.
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's 'spials have informed me,
The English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Went thro' a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city:

And thence discover how, with most advantage,
 They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
 And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd,
 If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch.
 For I can stay no longer,——

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.

BOY. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

SCENE IX. Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, and others.

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
 Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called the brave lord Ponton de Santraile.
 For him was I exchang'd, and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far,
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me,
 Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death
 Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.
 In fine, redeem'd I was, as I desir'd.
 But, oh! the treach'rous Fastolfe wounds my heart;
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

SAL. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

TAL. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
 In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a publick spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the French;
The scare-crow, that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel;
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, on the other side, with a Linstock.

SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd.
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here thro' this grate I can count every one;
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanfdale,
Let me have your exprefs opinions,
Where is best place to make our batt'ry next?

GAR. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

GLAN. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

TAL. For aught I see, this city must be furnish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls down.

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched finners.

GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man.

TAL. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us ?

Speak, Salisbury, at least if thou canst speak,

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off !

Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame :

Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars.

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

—Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? tho' thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heav'n for grace.

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

—Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands !

—Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life ?

Speak unto Talbot ; nay, look up to him.

—O Salisb'ry, cheer thy spirit with this comfort,

Thou shalt not die, while——

——He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,

As who should say, “ When I am dead and gone,

“ Remember to avenge me on the French.”

Plantagenet, I will ; and, Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn ;

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.

What stir is this ? what tumult's in the heav'ns ?

Whence cometh this alarum and this noise ?

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head.
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up, and groans.

TAL. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.
Pucelle or Pussel, Dauphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Alarm. Exeunt bearing Salisbury and
Sir Thomas Gargrave out.

SCENE X. Here an alarm again; and Talbot pursueth
the Dauphin, and driveth him; then enter Joan la Pucelle,
driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

TAL. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them.
A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee.
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch;
And straitway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I, that must disgrace thee.

[They fight:

TAL. Heav'ns, can you suffer hell so to prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders' crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

PU C. Talbot, farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual Orleans, forthwith.

[A short alarm. Then enters the town with soldiers.
O'er take me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men.
Help Salisbury to make his testament.
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit Pucelle.

TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel,
I know not what I am, nor what I do,
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists,
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driv'n away.
'They call'd us for our fierceness, English dogs.
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarm.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lion's stead.
Sheep run not half so tim'rous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarm. Here another skirmish.

It will not be. Retire into your trenches;
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans.
In spite of us, or aught that we could do,
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Exit Talbot.

Alarm, Retreat, Flourish.

SCENE XI. Enter on the wall, Pucelle, Dauphin,
Reignier, Alanfon, and soldiers,

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves;
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

DAU. Divineft creature, bright Aftrea's daughter,
How fhall I honour thee for this fuccefs!
Thy promifes are like Adonis' garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next,
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetefs;
Recover'd is the town of Orleans;
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our ftate.

REIG. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town:
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaft and banquet in the open ftreets,
To celebrate the joy, that God hath giv'n us.

ALAN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they fhall hear how we have play'd the men.

DAU. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won.
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in proceffion fing her endless praife.
A ftatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis' ever was!
In memory of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her afhes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported ſhall be at high feſtivals,
Before the kings and queen's of France.

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No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I

Before ORLEANS.

Enter a Serjeant of a band, with two Centinels.

SERGEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant,
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

CEN. Serjeant, you shall. [Exit Serjeant.] Thus are
poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling ladders.
Their drums beating a dead march.

TAL. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy are friends to us;
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

BED. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,

To join with witches and the help of hell !

BUR. Traitors have never other company.

But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure ?

TAL. A maid ? they say.

BED. A maid ? and be so martial ?

BUR. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long !

If underneath the standard of the French

She carry armour as she hath begun.

TAL. Well, let them practice and converse with spirits ;

God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

BED. Ascend, brave Talbot, we will follow thee.

TAL. Not all together ; better far I guess,

That we do make our entrance several ways,

That if it chance the one of us do fail,

The other yet may rise against their force.

BED. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

BUR. And I to this.

TAL. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear

How much in duty I am bound to both.

CENT. [within] Arm, arm ; the enemy doth make
assault.

[The English, scaling the walls, cry, St. George !

A Talbot !

SCENE II. The French leap o'er the walls in their
shirts. Enter several ways, Bastard, Alanfon, Reignier,
half ready and half unready.

ALAN. How now, my lords ? what, all unready so ?

BAST. Unready ? ay, and glad we scap'd so well.

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REIG. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds;
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

ALAN. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

BAST. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIG. If not of hell, the heav'ns sure favour him.

ALAN. Here cometh Charles, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

BAST. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

CHAR. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain;
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHAR. Duke of Alanfon, this was your default,
That being captain of the watch to night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALAN. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

BAST. Mine was secure.

REIG. And so was mine, my lord.

CHAR. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels,

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pu c. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Within the walls of Orleans.

Alarm. Enter a soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! they
fly, leaving their cloaths behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat.

TAL. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul,
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps shall be interr'd,
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

The treach'rous manner of this mournful death,
 And what a terror he had been to France.
 But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
 I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
 His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
 Nor any of his false confederates.

BED. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
 Rous'd on a sudden from their drowsy beds,
 They did amongst the troops of armed men
 Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

BUR. Myself, as far I could well discern
 For smok and dusky vapours of the night,
 Am sure, I scar'd the dauphin and his trull,
 When, arm in arm, they both came swiftly running,
 Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
 That could not live asunder day or night.
 After that things are set in order here,
 We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. All hail, my lords. Which of this princely
 train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
 So much applauded through the realm of France?

TAL. Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?

MESS. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
 With modesty, admiring thy renown,
 By me intreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
 To visit her poor castle where she lies;
 That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
 Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it ev'n so? nay, then, I see, our wars

Will turn into a peaceful comick sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TAL. Ne'er trust me then ; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd :
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks ;
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company ?

BED. No, truly, that is more than manners will ;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TAL. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [whispers.]—You perceive my
mind.

CAP. I do my lord, and mean accordingly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. The countess of Auvergne's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

COUN. Porter, remember what I gave in charge !
And, when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

POR. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

COUN. The plot is laid. If all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account.
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

MESS. Madam, according as your ladyship

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By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

COUN. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESS. Madam, it is.

COUN. [as musing] Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot so much fear'd abroad

That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see, report is fabulous and false;

I thought, I should have seen some Hercules;

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf.

It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp

Should strike such terror in his enemies.

TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;

But since your ladyship is not at leisure,

I'll sort some other time to visit you.

COUN. What means he now? Go ask him, whither
he goes.

MESS. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

TAL. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Enter Porter with keys.

COUN. If thou be he, then thou art prisoner.

TAL. Pris'ner? to whom?

COUN. To me, blood-thirsty lord,
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs,
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

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That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

TAL. Ha, ha, ha.

COUN. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to
moan.

TAL. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

COUN. Why? art not thou the man?

TAL. I am, indeed.

COUN. Then have I substance too.

TAL. No, no, I am but shadow of myself,
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

COUN. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here;
How can these contrarieties agree?

TAL. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his horn; drums strike up; a peal of ordnance.

Enter soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoaaketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

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COUN. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse;
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For, I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

TAL. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me,
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

COUN. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Changes to London, in the Temple garden.

PLAN. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this
silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUF. Within the temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

PLAN. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
And was not wrangling Somerset in th' error?

SUF. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between
us.

WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment ;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance.
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOM. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer thro' a blind man's eye.

PLAN. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to
speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

SOM. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours ; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUF. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say, withal, I think, he held the right.

VER. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropt from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOM. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLAN. And I,

VER. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red;
And fall on my side so against your will.

VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt;
And keep me on the side, where still I am.

SOM. Well, well, come on; who else?

LAW. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument, you held, was wrong in you;

[To Somerset.

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

PLAN. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

SOM. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red.

PLAN. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

SOM. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks,
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLAN. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLAN. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth ;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falshood.

SOM. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLAN. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

SUF. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLAN. Proud Pool, I will ; and scorn both him and
thee.

SUF. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOM. Away, away, good William de la Pool !

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somers-
set,

His grandfather was Lyonel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England ;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

PLAN. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not for his craven heart, say thus.

SOM. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
For treason headed in our late king's days ?

And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted.

Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry ?

His trespasses yet lives guilty in thy blood ;

And, till thou be restor'd thou art a yeoman.

PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted ;

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
 For your partaker Pool, and you yourself,
 I'll note you in my book of memory,
 To scourge you for this apprehension;
 Look to it well and say, you are well warn'd.

SOM. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
 And know us by these colours for thy foes;
 For these my friends, in spite of thee shall wear.

PLAN. And by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever and my faction wear;
 Until it wither with me to my grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUF. Go forward and be choak'd with thy ambition:
 And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

SOM. Have with thee, Pool: farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

PLAN. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

WAR. This blot, that they object against your house,
 Shall be wip'd out in the next Parliament,
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Glo'ster,
 And if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
 Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Pool,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
 And here I prophecy; this brawl to day,
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
 Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLAN. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you;
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.

VER. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

LAWYER. And so will I.

PLAN. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come let us four to dinner ; I dare say,

This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. A PRISON.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and jailors,

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.

Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,

So fare my limbs with long imprisonment :

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,

Nestor-like aged in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.

Weak shoulders over-born with burd'ning grief,

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless branches to the ground.

Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave ;

As witting, I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

KEEP. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come ;

We sent unto the temple, to his chamber,

And answer was return'd that he will come.

MOR. Enough ; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.

Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.

Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,

Before whose glory I was great in arms,

This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
 And ev'n since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance ;
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

KEEP. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend ? Is he come ?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
 Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.
 Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
 Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd ?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
 And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me,
 Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
 And did upbraid me with my father's death,
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue
 Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
 In honour of a true Plantagenet,
 And for alliance sake, declare the cause
 My father Earl of Cambridge lost his head.

MOR. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon there to pine,
Was curst instrument of his decease.

PLAN. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

MOR. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not, ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his cousin Richard, Edward's son
The first begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent.

During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.

The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,

I was the next by birth and parentage,

For by my mother I derived am

From Lyonel duke of Clarence, the third son

To the third Edward; whereas Bolingbroke

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,

Being but the fourth of that heroick line.

But mark; as in this haughty great attempt

They laboured to plant the rightful heir;

I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the fifth

After his father Bolingbroke did reign;

Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd

From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,

Marrying my sister, that thy mother was;

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Again in pity of my hard distress,
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 And re-entfall me in the diadem :
 But as the rest so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

PLAN. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

MOR. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
 And that my fainting words do warrant death.
 Thou art my heir. The rest I wish thee gather;
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLAN. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MOR. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence,
 As princes do their courts when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

PLAN. O uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!

MOR. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaught'rer doth;
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only give order for my funeral.
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
 And prosp'rous be thy life, in peace and war! [Dies.

PLAN. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And, like a hermit, over-past thy days.
 —Well; I will lock his counsel in my breast;

And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress,
And therefore haste I to the parliament ;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th'advantage of my good. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Parliament.

Flourish. Enter king Henry, Exeter, Gloucester, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloucester offers to put up a bill : Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

WINCHESTER.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Glo'ster ? if thou can'st accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly ;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

GLOU. Presumptuous priest, this place commands my
patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
 Think not altho' in writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
 VERBATIM to rehearse the method of my pen.
 No, prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestif'rous, and dissentious pranks,
 The very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree.
 And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London-bridge, as at the tower.
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king thy sovereign is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of the swelling heart.

WIN. Glo'ster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
 As he will have me, how am I so poor?
 How haps it then, I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
 And for dissention, who preferreth peace
 More than I do except I be provok'd?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that which hath incens'd the duke;
 It is, because no one should sway but he,
 No one, but he, should be about the king;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,

And makes him roar these accusations forth.

But he shall know, I am as good——

GLOU. As good ?

Thou bastard of my grandfather !

WIN. Ay, lordly, sir ? for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne ?

GLOU. Am not I then protector, saucy priest ?

WIN. And am not I a prelate of the church ?

GLOU. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And uses it to patronage his theft.

WIN. Unrev'rend Glo'ster !

GLOU. Thou art reverend
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. This Rome shall remedy.

WAR. Roam thither then.

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.

SOM. Methinks, my lord should be religious ;
And know the office that belongs to such.

WAR. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler then ;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOM. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near,

WAR. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that ?
Is not his grace protector to the king ?

RICH. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue ;
Lest it be said, " Speak, firrah, when you should,
" Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?"
Else would I have a sling at Winchester.

K. HEN. Uncles of Glo'ster and of Winchester ;
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,

To join your hearts in love and amity.
 Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,
 That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
 Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
 Civil dissension is a vip'rous worm,
 That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.

[A noise within; Down with the tawny coats.

K. HEN. What tumult's this?

WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
 Begun thro' malice of the bishop's men.

[A noise again; Stones, stones.

SCENE II. Enter Mayor.

MAY. Oh, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
 Pity the city of London, pity us,
 The bishop and the duke of Glo'ster's men,
 Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
 Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
 And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
 Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out;
 Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
 And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter men in skirmish with bloody pates.

K. HEN. We charge you on allegiance to ourselves,
 To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
 —Pray, uncle Glo'ster, mitigate this strife.

1 SER. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it
 with our teeth.

2. SER. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.

GLOU. You of my household, leave this peevish broil;

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright, and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that he will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 SER. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead. [Begin again.

GLOU. Stay, stay, I say;
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. HEN. O how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR. My lord protector, yield; yield, Winchester,
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
Ye see, what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity,
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WIN. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLOU. Compassion on the king commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

WAR. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,

As by his smoothed brows it doth appear.

Why look you still so stern and tragical?

GLOU. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. HEN. Fy, uncle Beaufort; I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin,
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

WAR. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird!
—For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

WIN. Well, duke of Glo'ster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.

GLOU. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

WIN. [Aside.] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. HEN. O loving uncle, kind, kind duke of Glo'ster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!

—Away, my masters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendship as your lords have done.

1 SERV. Content, I'll to the surgeon's.

2 SERV. So will I.

3 SERV. And I'll see what physick the tavern affords.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

WAR. Accept this scrowl, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLOU. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick; for, sweet
An' if your grace mark ev'ry circumstance, [prince,

You have great reason to do Richard right :

Especially, for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. HEN. And those occasions, uncle, were of force :

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,

That Richard be restored to his blood.

WAR. Let Richard be restored to his blood,

So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

WIN. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. HEN. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the house of York ;

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

RICH. Thy humble servant vows obedience,

And faithful service, till the point of death.

K. HEN. Stoop, then, and set your knee against my foot.

And in requerdon of that duty done,

I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,

And rise created princely duke of York.

RICH. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall !

And as my duty springs, so perish they,

That grudge one thought against your majesty !

ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York !

SOM. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York !

[Aside.

GLOU. Now will it best avail your majesty

To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France :

The presence of a king engenders love

Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,

As it disanimates his enemies.

K. HEN. When Glo'ster says the word, king Henry goes ;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLOU. Your ships already are in readiness. [Exeunt.

Manent Exeter.

EXE. Ay, we may march in England or in France,]
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love;
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones and flesh, and sinews, fall away;
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth, should win all:
And Henry born at Windsor, should lose all;
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish,
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

SCENE IV. Changes to Roan in France.

Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and four soldiers with sacks
upon their backs.

PUC. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Thro' which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance (as I hope we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

SOL. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Roan ;

Therefore we'll knock.

[Knocks.

WATCH. " Qui va là ? "

PU C. " Paisans, pauvres gens de France. "

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

WATCH. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

PU C. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exeunt.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanson.

DAU. St. Dennis blest this happy stratagem !

And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants :

Now she is there, how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in ?

REIG. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r

Which, once discern'd, shews that her meaning is,

No way to that for weakness which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch
burning.

PU C. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,

That joineth Roan unto her countrymen ;

But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

BAST. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,

The burning torch, in yonder turret stands.

DAU. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

REIG. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends ;

Enter and cry, the Dauphin ! presently,

And then do execution on the watch.

[An alarm ; Talbot in an excursion.

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
 Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,
 Hath wrought this bellish mischief unawares.
 That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [Exit,

SCENE V. An alarm : Excursions. Bedford brought in, sick, in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy, without ; within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanfon, on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread ?
 I think, the duke of Burgundy will faft,
 Before he'll buy again at fuch a rate.
 'Twas full of darnal ; do you like the tafte ?

BURG. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shamelefs courtezan !
 I trust, ere long, to choak thee with thine own,
 And make thee curfe the harveft of that corn.

DAU. Your grace may ftarve, perhaps, before that time.

BED. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

Puc. What wilt you do, good grey-beard ? break a lance,
 And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

TAL. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all defpight,
 Incompafs'd with thy luftful paramours,
 Becomes it thee to taunt this valiant age,
 And twit with cowardife a man half dead ?
 Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
 Or elfe let Talbot perifh with his fhame.

Puc. Are you fo hot ? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace ;
 If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[Talbot and the reft whisper together in council.
 God fpeed the parliament ! who fhall be the fpeaker ?

TAL. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field ?

PUL. Belike, your lordfhip takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours, or no.

TAL. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alançon, and the rest.

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

ALAN. Seignior, no.

TAL. Seignior, hang.—Base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

PUR. Captains, away, let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [Exeunt from the walls.]

TAL. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest shame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again, or die,
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great COERDELION's heart was buried,
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

BURG. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TAL. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place:
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

BED. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me;
Here I will sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

BURG. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

BED. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter sick,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
 Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts;
 Because I ever found them as myself.

TAL. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
 Then be it so. Heav'n's keep old Bedford safe!
 And now no more ado; brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand,
 And set upon our boasting enemy. [Exit.

An alarm: excursions. Enter sir John Fastolfe, and a captain.

CAP. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

FAST. Whither away? to save myself by flight.
 We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAP. What! will you fly; and leave Lord Talbot?

FAST, Ay, all the Talbots in the world to save my life. [Exit.

CAP. Cowardly knight, ill fortune follow thee! [Exit.

Retreat: excursions. Pucelle, Alançon, and Dauphin fly.

BED. Now, quiet soul, depart, when heav'n shall please,
 For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
 Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.

SCENE VI. Within the walls of Roan.

An alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

TAL. Lost and recover'd in a day again!
 This is a double honour, Burgundy;

Yet heav'ns have glory for this victory!

BURG. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Inshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.

TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think, her old familiar is asleep.
Now where's the bastard's braves, and Charles his glikes?
What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief;
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.

BURG. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

TAL. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd;
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alanfon, and
Joan la Pucelle.

PUC. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick Talbot triumph for a while:
And, like a Peacock, sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,

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If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

DAU. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

BAST. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALAN. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint.
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUC. Then thus it must be, this doth Joan devise
By fair persuasions mixt with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

DAU. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor shall that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

ALAN. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

PUC. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [Drum beats afar off.
Hark, by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[Here beat an English march.
There goes the Talbot with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. [French march.
Now, in the rereward, comes the duke and his,
Fortune in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.

SCENE VIII. Enter the duke of Burgundy marching.

DAU. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.—

BURG. Who craves a parley with Burgundy ?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BURG. What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am marching hence.

DAV. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France !

Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

BURG. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile France ;
And see the cities, and the towns defac'd,

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,

When death doth close his tender dying eyes ;

See, see the pining malady of France.

Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,

Which thou thyself hast giv'n her woeful breast.

Oh, turn thy edged sword another way ;

Strike those that hurt ; and hurt not those that help :

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore ;

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots.

BURG. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUC. Besides, all French and France exclaim on thee ;
Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.

Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake ?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill ;

Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive ?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof ?
 Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe ?
 And was not he in England prisoner ?
 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free without his ransom paid ;
 In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
 See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen ;
 And join'st with them, will be thy slaughter-men.
 Come, come, return ; return, thou wand'ring lord ;
 Charles, and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BURG. I'm vanquish'd. These haughty words of hers.
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen ;
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
 My forces and my pow'r are yours.
 So farewell, Talbot, I'll no longer trust thee.

PUC. Done like a Frenchman : turn, and turn again !

DAU. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship makes us
 fresh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALAN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
 And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

DAU. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers :
 And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Changes to PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk,
 Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, &c. To them Talbot, with
 his soldiers.

TAL. My gracious prince and honourable peers,
 Hearing of your arrival in this realm,

I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign.
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and sev'n walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem;
Lets fall the sword before your highness' feet:
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. HEN. Is this the fam'd lord Talbot, uncle Glo'ter,
That hath been so long resident in France?

GLOU. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. HEN. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted your reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face;
Therefore stand up, and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury,
And in our coronation take your place. [Exeunt.

Manent Vernon and Bassett.

VER. Now, sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York;
Durst thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

BAS. Yes, sir, as well as you dare patronage

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The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VER. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take you that.

[Strikes him.

BAS. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VER. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

P A R I S.

Enter king Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk,
Somerfet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and governor of
Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

L O R D bishop, set the crown upon his head,
W I N. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

GLOU. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state.
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Fastolfe.

F A S T. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation ;
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from th' duke of Burgundy.

TAL. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee !
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done ; because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon, my princely Henry, and the rest ;
This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away.
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no ?

GLOU. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill befeeming any common man ;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

TAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage ;
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order ;

And should, If I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. HEN. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. [Ex. Fast.
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy. [File?

GLOU. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
No more but plain and bluntly, "To the king." [Reading.
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here; "I have upon especial cause, [Reads.
"Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
"Together with the pitiful complaints
"Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
"Forfaken your pernicious faction,
"And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France."
O monstrous treachery! can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. HEN. What doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLOU. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

K. HEN. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLOU. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. HEN. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with
And give him chastisement for this abuse. [him,
My lord, how say you, are you not content?

TAL. Content, my liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. HEN. Then gather strength and march unto him strait:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TAL. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit Talbot.]

SCENE II. Enter Vernon and Bassett.

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

BAS. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too.

YORK. This is my servant; hear him, noble prince.

SOM. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him.

K. HEN. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak
—Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? and with whom?

VER. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.

BAS. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. HEN. What is the wrong whereon you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BAS. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VER. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

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Yet, know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

SOM. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. HEN. Good lord! what madness rules in brainsick
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause, [men!
Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

YORK. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

VER. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BAS. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

GLOU. Confirm it so?—Confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate;
Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXE. It grieves his highness. Good my lords, be friends.

K. HEN. Come hither you, that would be combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
 —And you, my lords, remember where we are,
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation;
 If they perceive dissention in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
 O, think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forego
 That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife:
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [Putting on a red rose.
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset, than York.
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
 As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach,
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France:
 And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together, and digest

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Your angry choler on your enemies:
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite, will return to Calais;
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long
 To be presented by your victories,
 With Charles, Alanfon, and that trait'rous rout.
 [Flourish. Exeunt.

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

WAR. My lord of York, I promise you the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WAR. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK. And, if I wis, he did.—But let it rest;
 Other affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

EXE. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
 For had the passion of thy heart burst out,
 I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
 More ranc'rous spight, more furious raging broils;
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This should'ring of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites;
 But that he doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much, when scepters are in children's hands;
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE III. Before the walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot with trumpets and drum.

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall. [Sounds.

Enter general aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth;
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would—Open your city-gates,
Be humbled to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r,
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forsake the offer of our love.

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd;
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the dauphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,

To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit :
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I thy enemy due thee withal ;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of this sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[Drum afar off.

Hark ! hark ! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy musick to thy tim'rous soul ;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exit from the walls.

TAL. He fables not, I hear the enemy.
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O, negligent and heedless discipline !
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale ?
 A little herd of England's tim'rous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs.
 If we be English deer, be then in blood ;
 Not rascal like to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody, mad, and desp'rate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God and St. George, Talbot, and England's right,
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight ! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Another part of France.

Enter a messenger, that meets York. Enter York, with trumpet, and many soldiers.

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin?

MESS. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his pow'r,
To fight with Talbot; as he march'd along,
By your espyals were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somersfet,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in his necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter sir William Lucy.

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waste of iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke; to Bourdeaux, York!
Else farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK. O God! that Somersfet, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,

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By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,

That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O send some succour to the distress'd lord!

YORK. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;

All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,

And on his son young John! whom, two hours since,

I met in travel towards his warlike father;

This sev'n years did not Talbot see his son,

And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

YORK. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,

To bid his young son welcome to his grave!

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,

That sundred friends greet in the hour of death.

Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,

But curse the cause; I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours are won away,

'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[Exit.

LUCY. Thus while the vulture of sedition

Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,

Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss,

The conquests of our scarce cold conqueror;

That ever-living man of memory,

Henry the fifth!—While they each other cross,

Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[Exit.

SCENE V. Another part of France.

Enter Somerset with his army.

SOM. It is too late; I cannot send them now.

This expedition was by York and Talbot

Too rashly plotted; all our gen'ral force
Might with a fall of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desp'rate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

CAPT. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter sir William Lucy.

SOM. How now, sir William, whether were you sent.

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity, [Ta bot,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue;
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alanfon, Reignier, compass him about;
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOM. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

LUCY. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

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SOM. York lies; he might have sent, and had the horse;
I owe him little duty and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot;
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOM. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen strait;
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. A field of battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot and his son.

TAL. O young John Talbot, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come, dally not; begone.

JOHN. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,

To make a bastard and a slave of me.
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

TAL. If we both stay, we are both sure to die.

JOHN. Then let me stay, and, father, do you fly;
Your loss is great, so your regard should be,
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done;
You fled for 'vantage, ev'ry one will swear,
But if I bow, they'll say, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

TAL. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

JOHN. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
 No more can I be sever'd from your side,
 Than can yourself yourself in twain divide;
 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I,
 For live I will not, if my father die.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
 Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
 Come, side by side, together live and die;
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Excursions; wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about,
 and Talbot rescues him.

TAL. St. George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
 The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
 And left us to the rage of France's sword.
 Where is John Talbot? pause, and take thy breath;
 I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

JOHN. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son;
 The life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,
 'Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
 To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

TAL. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck
 It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire [fire,
 Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
 Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
 Beat down Alanfon, Orleans, Burgundy,
 And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee:
 The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
 From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
 Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
 Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace

Bespoke him thus; Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy—
Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age;
By me they nothing gain; and, if I stay,
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day;
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame,
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay,
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
Oh what advantage bought with such a shame,
To save a paultry life, and slay bright fame?
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An' if I fly, I am not Talbot's son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot

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If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TAL. Then follow thou thy desp'rate fire of Crete,
Thou Icarus! thy life to me is sweet :
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side ;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Alarm. Excursions. Enter old Talbot,
led by the French.

TAL. Where is my other life ? mine own is gone.
O! where's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity !
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience ;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start,
Into the clustring battle of the French,
And, in that sea of blood, my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit ; and there dy'd
My Icarus ! my blossom in his pride !

Enter John Talbot, borne.

SERV. O my dear lord ! lo ! where your son is borne.

TAL. Thou antick death, which laught'st us here to
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny, [scorn,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots winged through the lither sky,
In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality,

O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath.
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no,
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
" Had death been French, then death had died to day : "
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu. I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [Dies.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Burgundy, Bastard and Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HAD York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

BAS. How the young whelp of Talbot's raging brood
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said :

" Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid."

But with a proud, majestic, high scorn

He answer'd thus : " Young Talbot was not born

" To be the pillage of a giglot wench."

So rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BUR. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight :

See where he lies interred in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

BAST. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder ;

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

CHAR. Oh, no. Forbear. For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

LUCY. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

CHAR. On what submissive message art thou sent?

LUCY. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer French word,
We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

CHAR. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

LUCY. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy St. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marshal to our King Henry the sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France.

PUCE. Here is a silly, stately, stile, indeed.
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.

Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

LUCY. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmens' only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces !
Oh that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of France !
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost ;
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrify the air.

CHAR. Go, take the bodies hence.

LUCY. I'll bear them hence ;
But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phoenix that shall make all France afear'd.

CHAR. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.
—And now to Paris, in this conqu'ring vein ;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. RIN. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac ?

GLOU. I have, my lord ; and their intent is this ;
They humbly sue unto their excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. HEN. How doth your grace affect this motion ?

GLOU. Well, my good lord ; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. HEN. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLOV. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. HEN. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers ev'ry one.
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

EXE. What is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verif'd,
Henry the Fifth did sometimes prophesy;
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
"He'll make his cap coequal with the crown."

K. HEN. My lords ambassadors, your sev'ral suits
Have been considered and debated on;
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore we are certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

GLOU. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large ;
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. HEN. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And, so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover ; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea,

[Exeunt king and train.

WIN. Stay, my lord Legate, you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

LEG. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

WIN. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphry of Glo'ster, thou shalt well perceive,
That not in birth, or for authority.
The bishop will be over-borne by thee :
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Changes to France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alançon, Bastard, Reignier, and
Joan la Pucelle.

DAU. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt, [spirits :
And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALAN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your pow'rs in dalliance,

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Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else ruin combat with their Palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

DAU. What tidings send our scouts? I pry'thee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

DAU. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

BURG. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine:
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

DAU. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate.

[Exeunt.

Alarm: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents;
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

[Thunder.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,

Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk, and speak not.

Oh, hold me not with silence over long,
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress ? my body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance ?
Then, take my soul ! my body, soul and all ;
Before that England give the French the foil. [They depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me too buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. Pucelle
is taken. The French fly.

YORK. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast.
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

PUC. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YORK. Oh, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man ;

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No shape but his, can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

YORK. Fell, banning hag! inchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a-while.

YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Alarm. Enter Suffolk, with lady
Margaret in his hand.

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on her.

Oh, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

MAR. Margaret, my name; and daughter to a king;
The king of Naples; whoso'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;

So doth the swan her downy cignets save,

Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.

Yet if this servile usage once offend,

Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [She is going.

Oh, stay!—I have no pow'r to let her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says, no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak ;
 I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
 Fy, "De la Pole," disable not thyself :
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy pris'ner ?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

MAR. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
 What ransom must I pay before I pass ?
 For, I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUF. How can'st thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love ? [Aside.

MAR. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom must I pay ?

SUF. She's beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd ;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won. [Aside.

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no ?

SUF. Fond man ! remember that thou hast a wife ;
 Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ? [Aside.

MAR. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUF. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.

MAR. He talks at random ; sure the man is mad.

SUF. And yet a dispensation may be had.

MAR. And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUF. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom ?
 Why, for my king. Tush, that's a wooden thing.

MAR. He talks of wood ; it is some carpenter.

SUF. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
 And peace established between these realms.
 But there remains a scruple in that too,
 For though her father be the king of Naples,
 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor ;
 And our nobility will scorn the match. [Aside.

MAR. Hear ye me, captain? Are ye not at leisure?

SUF. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

MAR. What tho' I be enthrall'd, he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside.

SUF. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MAR. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside.

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause.

MAR. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
[Aside.

SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

MAR. I cry you mercy, 'tis but "quid pro quo."

SUF. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

MAR. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

SUF. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUF. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

MAR. What?

SUF. His love.

MAR. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife;
And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam, are you so content ?

MAR. An' if my father please, I am content ?

SUF. Then call our captains and our colours forth.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls,

We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

SCENE V. Sound. Enter Reignier on the walls.

SUF. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.

REIG. To whom ?

SUF. To me.

REIG. Suffolk, what remedy ?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord.

Consent, and for thy honour give consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king ;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto ;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks ?

SUF. Fair Margaret knows,

That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIG. Upon thy princely warrant I descend ;

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

REIG. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories ;

Command in Anjou, what your honour pleases.

SUF. Thanks, Reignier, happy in so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion of a king.

What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

REIG. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord !

Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

SUF. That is her ransom, I deliver her ;
And those two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

REIG. And I again in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

SUF. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a king.
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So farewell, Reignier ; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince king Henry, were he here.

MAR. Farewel, my lord. Good wishes, praise and
pray'rs
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [She is going.

SUF. Farewel, sweet madam ; hark you, Margaret ;
No princely commendations to my king ?

MAR. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

SUF. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again ;
No loving token to his majesty ?

MAR. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

SUF. And this withal.

[Kisses her.]

MAR. That for thyself.—I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

SUF. O, wert thou for myself!—but, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise,
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas;
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Enter York, Warwick, a shepherd, and
Pucelle.

YORK. Bring forth that forcerefs, condemn'd to burn.

SHEP. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I fought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timelefs, cruel, death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter, I will die with thee.

PUC. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

SHEP. Out, out!—my lords, an' please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows,
Her mother, living yet, can testify,
She was the first-fruit of my batch'lorship.

WAR. Gracelefs, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

SHEP. Fy, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

PUC. Peasant, avaunt! you have suborn'd this man
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEP. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now, cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [Exit.

YORK. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

PUC. First, let me tell you, whom you have condemn'd.
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth:
I never had to do with wicked spirits.
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace, that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived Joan of Ark hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in every thought;
Whose maiden blood thus rig'rously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay, away with her to execution.

WAR. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow;
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

PU C. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides,
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child!

WAR. The greatest miracle that ere you wrought.
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK. She and the dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

PU C. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his;
It was Alançon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alançon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an' if it had a thousand lives.

PU C. O, give me leave; I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But, Reignier king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR. A married man! that's most intolerable.

YORK. Why, here's a girl.—I think, she knows not well,
There were so many whom she may accuse.

WAR. It's a sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee;
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

PUC. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, 'till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[Exit guarded.]

YORK. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

SCENE VII. Enter cardinal of Winchester.

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a gen'ral peace
Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring French;
And see at hand the dauphin, and his train,
Approaching to confer about some matters.

YORK. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WAR. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Bastard, and Reignier.

CHAR. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France;
We come to be informed by yourselves,
What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

WIN. Charles and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace;
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him;
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALAN. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet in substance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHAR. 'Tis known, already that I am possess
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein rev'rence for their lawful king.
Shall I, for lucre of the rest un-vanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK. Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Standst thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIG. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALAN. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility.
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves.

[Aside, to the dauphin.

WAR. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

CHAR. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

YORK. Then swear allegiance to his majesty.
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[Charles, and the rest give tokens of fealty.
—So now dismiss your army, when you please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Changes to England.

Enter Suffolk, in conference with king Henry; Gloucester
and Exeter.

K. HEN. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Marg'ret hath astonish'd me;
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart.
And, like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise.
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command,
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intent,

To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. HEN. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Marg'ret may be England's royal queen.

GLOU. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem.

How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUF. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds;
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds;
And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLOU. Why, what, I pray, is Marg'ret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUF. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
That his alliance will confirm our peace;
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLOU. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXE. Beside, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral dow'r,
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

SUF. A dow'r my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen;
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorney-ship,
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Marg'ret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king;
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
More than in woman commonly is seen,
Answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors;
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Marg'ret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
That Marg'ret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. HEN. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,

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Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to France;
 Agree to any covenants; and procure,
 That lady Marg'ret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England; and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say; for 'till you do return,
 I am perplexed with a thousand cares.
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
 If you do censure me, by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where, from company,
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

GLOU. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exit Gloucester.

SUR. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
 We hope to find the like event in love;
 But prosper better than the Trojan did:
 Marg'ret shall now be queen, and rule the king:
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

THE
SECOND PART
OF
HENRY VI.

Vol. IV.

P

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

King HENRY the Sixth.

HUMPHRY duke of GLOUCESTER, Uncle to the King.

Cardinal BEAUFORD, Bishop of WINCHESTER, great
Uncle to the King.

Duke of YORK pretending to the crown.

Duke of BUCKINGHAM, duke of SOMERSET, duke of
SUFFOLK, of the king's party.

Earls of SALISBURY and WARWICK, of the York faction.

Lord CLIFFORD, of the king's party.

Lord SAY. Lord SCALES, governor of the Tower.

Sir HUMPHRY STAFFORD. Young STAFFORD, his
brother. ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

Young CLIFFORD, Son to the lord CLIFFORD.

EDWARD PLANTAGENET, } Sons to the duke of York.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, }

VAUX, a sea captain, and WALTER WHITMORE, pirates.

A Herald. HUME and SOUTHWEL, two priests.

BOLINGBROOK, an astrologer. A Spirit attending on
JORDAN the witch. THOMAS HORNER, an armourer.

PETER, his man. Clerk of CHATHAM. Mayor of
St. ALBAN'S. SIMPCOX, an impostor.

JACK CADE, BEVIS, MICHAEL, JOHN HOLLAND,
DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver, and several o-
thers, rebels.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in love
with the duke of SUFFOLK.

Dame ELEANOR, wife to the duke of GLOUCESTER.

Mother JORDAN, a witch employed by the dutchess of
GLOUCESTER. Wife to SIMPCOX.

Petitioners, A'dermep, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, Citi-
zens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other
Attendants. The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in
several parts of England.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Flourish of trumpets : then, hautboys. Enter king Henry, duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beauford on the one side : The queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

SUFFOLK.

AS by your high imperial majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your excellence,
To marry princess Marg'ret for your grace ;
So in the famous antient city, Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alanfon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd :
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers
Deliver up my title in the queen

[Presenting the queen to the king.]

To your most gracious hand ; that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent ;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. HEN. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, queen Margaret,
I can express no kinder sign of love,

*

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Than this kind kiss. O lord, that lend'st me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness !
For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul ;
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. MAR. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-lieft sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. HEN. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one chearful voice, welcome my love. [nefs !]

[All kneel.] Long live queen Marg'ret, England's happi-

Q. MAR. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

SUF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king, Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLOU. [reads.] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the
" French king, Charles, and William de la Pole, marqués
" of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that
" the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter
" unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem,
" and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May
" next ensuing.

" Item. That the dutchy of Anjou and the county of

"Maine, shall be releas'd and deliver'd to the king her
"father." [Lets fall the paper.

K. HEN. Uncle, how now?

GLOU. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. HEN. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

WIN. "Item. That the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
"shall be releas'd and deliver'd to the king her father, and
"she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and
"charges, without having any dowry."

K. HEN. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk, [you down;
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I'th' parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Glo'ster, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick;
We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd

[Exeunt king, queen, and Suffolk.

SCENE II. Manent the rest.

GLOU. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
 To keep by policy what Henry got?
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 Or hath mine uncle Beauford, and myself,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council house,
 Early and late, debating to and fro,
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
 And was his highness in his infancy
 Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die!
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory;
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 This peroration with such circumstances?
 For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

GLOU. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should.
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 Hath giv'n the dutchy of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large stile
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse,

SAL. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.

—But wherefore weeps Warwick my valiant son?

WAR. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both,
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of our warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read, but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no 'vantages.

GLOU. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For cost and charges in transporting her.
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

CAR. My lord of Glo'ster, now ye grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLOU. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,

I prophesy'd, France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage,
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy,
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown.
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him Humphrey the good duke of Glo'ster,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With, "God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCK. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoist duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR. This weighty business will not brook delay.
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside.
If Glo'ster be displac'd, he'll be protector,

Buck. Or Somerset, or I, will be protector.
Delpight duke Humphry, or the cardinal.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.]

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw, but Humphry duke of Glo'ter
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal
More like a foldier, than a man o' th' church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphry.
And brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphry's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

YORK. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

[Aside.]

SAL. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

WAR. Unto the main? O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.]

SCENE III. Manet York.

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worth's of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone,
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue.
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both giv'n unto the French!

Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Ev'n as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevills' parts,
And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphry,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, till time do serve;
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphry with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit York.]

SCENE IV. Changes to the duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter duke Humphry, and his wife Eleanor.

ELE. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head with Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke of Humphry knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,

Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight ?
 What see'st thou there ? king Henry's diadem,
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world ?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same,
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.——
 What ! is't too short ! I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And having both together heav'd it up
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

GLO. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts ;
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
 —My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

ELE. What dream'd my lord : tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet rehearse of my morning's dream.

GLO. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
 Was broke in twain, by whom I have forgot ;
 But, as I think, it was by th' cardinal ;
 And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Pole first duke of Suffolk,
 This was the dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

ELE. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he, that breaks a stick of Glo'ster's grove,
 Shall lose his head for his pre'umption.
 But list to me, my Humphry, my sweet duke ;
 Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,

And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd,
Where Henry and Marg'ret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

GEO. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ;
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

ELE. What, what, my lord ! are you so cholerick
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

GLO. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

MES. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereat the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLO. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us ?

ELE. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exit Gloucester,

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks ;
And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
And being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in fortune's pageant.

—Where are you there, sir John? Nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

ELE. What say'st thou? majesty? I am but Grace.

HUME. But by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

ELE. What say'st thou, man? hast thou yet conferr'd
With Margery Jordan, the cunning witch;
And Roger Bolinbrook the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME. This they have promised, to shew your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

ELE. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions.
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward. Make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit Eleanor.]

HUME. Hume must make merry with the dutchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words, but MUM!
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch,
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast,
I dare not say from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the dutcheſs;
And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.

They ſay, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's, and the cardinal's broker.

—Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

—Well, ſo it ſtands; and thus I fear at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the dutcheſs' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphry's fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold from all. [Exit.

SCENE V. Changes to an apartment in the palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter the Armourer's man
being one.

1 PET. My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord protector
will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our
ſupplikations in quill.

2 PET. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man,
Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 PET. Here a'comes, methinks, and the queen with
him. I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 PET. Come back, fool, this is the duke of Suffolk,
and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow, wouldſt any thing with me?

1 PET. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my
lord protector.

Q. MAR. "To my Lord Protector." [reading.] Are your
ſupplikations to his lordſhip? Let me ſee them; what is
thine?

1 PET. Mine is, an't pleaſe your grace, againſt John

Goodman, my lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife, and all from me.

SUF. Thy wife too? that's some wrong, indeed. What's yours? what's here? [reads] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the commons of Long Melford." How now, sir knave?

2 PET. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

SUF. [reads] "Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown."

Q. MAR. What! did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER. That my master was? no, forsooth; my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

SUF. Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the king. [Exit Peter guarded.]

Q. MAR. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[Tears the supplications, Away, base cullions.—Suffolk; let them go,

ALL. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt Petitioners.]

Q. MAR. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise?

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle?

And this the royalty of Albion's king!

What! shall king Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Glo'ster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a-tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
I thought, king Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave Marias on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would chuse him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness!

SUF. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. MAR. Beside the proud protector, have we Beauford
Th' imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England, than the king.

SUF. And he of these, that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevills;
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. MAR. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife;
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphry's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen;
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?
 Contemptuous, base-born, callat as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands ;
 Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter !

SUR. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will light to listen to their lays ?
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So, let her rest ; and, madam, list to me ;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this ;
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
 Till we have brought duke Humphry in disgrace.
 As for the duke of York, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy realm.

SCENE VI. To them enter king Henry, duke
 Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Salisbury,
 Warwick, and the dutchess of Gloucester.

K. HEN. For my part, noble lords, I care not which.
 Or Somerset, or York. All's one to me.

YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that ; York is the worthier.

CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCK. All in this presence are thy better's, Warwick.

WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

SAL. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. MAR. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLO. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no woman's matters.

Q. MAR. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

GLO. Madam, am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

SUF. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king as who is king, but thou?

The common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.

The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,

And all the peers, and nobles of the realm,

Have been as bond-men to thy sov'reignty.

CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

BUCK. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law;
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. MAR. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit Glo'ster. The queen drops her fan.
Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[Gives the dutchess a box on the ear.
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

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ELE. Was it I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. HEN. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

ELE. Against her will?—Good king, look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[Exit Eleanor.

BUCK. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphry, how he proceeds.
She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs;
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit Buckingham.

SCENE VII. Re-enter Duke Humphry.

GLO. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law.
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
—But to the matter that we have in hand.
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUF. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My lord of Somersets will keep me here
Without discharge, money or furniture,
'Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till Paris was besieg'd, furnish'd and lost.

WAR. That I can witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUF. Peace, head-strong Warwick.

WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?
Enter Horner the armourer, and his man Peter, guarded.

SUF. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. HEN. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me what
are these?

SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man,
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words are these, "that Richard duke of York
"Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
"And that your majesty was an usurper."

K. HEN. Say, man; were these thy words?

ARM. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely
accus'd by the villain.

PETER. By these ten bones, my lord, [holding up his
hands.] he did speak them to me in the garret one night,
as we were scow'ring my lord of York's armour.

YORK. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.

I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

ARM. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words.

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My accuser is my 'prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. HEN. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

GLO. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion.
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphry's doom.

K. HEN. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent over the French.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

ARM. And I accept the combat willingly.

PETER. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight. For God's sake,
pity my case; the spight of man prevaieth against me. O
lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a
blow. O lord, my heart! —

GLO. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. HEN. Away with them to prison; and the day of
combat shall be the last of the next month.
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. The witch's cave.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.

HUM. Come, my masters; the dutcheſs, I tell you, ex-
pects performance of your promises.

BOL. Master Hume, we are therefore provided.

Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?

HUM. Ay, what else ?¹ fear not her courage.

BOL. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit ; but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below ; and so I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jordan, be prostrate and grovel on the earth ; John Southwel, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, above.

ELE. Well said, my masters, and welcome to all. To this geer, the sooner the better.

BOL. Patience, good lady. Wizards know their times. Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, The time of night when Troy was set on fire, The time, when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl, When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves, That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not ; whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle ; Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, " Conjuro te, &c." It thunders and lightens terribly ; then the spirit riseth.

SPIR. " Adsum."

M. JOR. Asmuth, by the eternal God, whose name And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask ; For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

SPIR. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said, and done !

BOL. First, of the king. What shall of him become ?

SPIR. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose, But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[As the spirit speaks, they write the answer.

BOL. Tell me what fates await the duke of Suffolk ?

SPIR. By water shall he die, and take his end.

BOL. What shall befall the duke of Somerset ?

SPIR. Let him shun castles.

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOL. Descend to darkness and the burning lake :

False fiend, avoid !

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter the duke of York, and the duke of Buckingham, with
their guards, and break in.

YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

—Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.

—What, madam, are you there ? the king and realm

Are deep indebted for this piece of pains.

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

ELE. Not half so bad as thine to England's king.

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

BUCK. True, madam, none at all. What call you this ?

Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,

And kept apart. You, madam, shall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all.

[Exeunt guards with Jordan, Southwel, &c.

YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon.

[well.

Now, pray, my lords, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here ?

[Reads.

“ The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose ;

“ But him cut-live, and die a violent death.”

Why, this is just, "Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest.

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

"By water shall he die, and take his end."

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

"Let him shun castles,

"Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

"Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress tow'ards St. Albans,

With him, the husband of this lovely lady,

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

BUCK. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho?

Enter a serving-man.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [Exeunt,

ACT II. SCENE I.

At St. Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulkners hallooing.

Q. MARGARET.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years' day;

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. HEN. But what a point, my lord, your faulcon made,
And what a pitch he flew above the rest.

To see how God in all his creatures works! —

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUF. No marvel, an' it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tow'r so well;
They knew, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his faulcon's pitch.

GLO. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CAR. I thought as much. He'd be above the clouds.

GLO. Ay, my lord card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heav'n?

K. HEN. The treasury of everlasting joy!

CAR. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a crown, the treasure of thy heart,
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'nt it so with king and common-weal!

GLO. What, cardinal! is your priesthood so peremptory?
"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.
With such holiness can you do it?

SUF. No malice, sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

GLO. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly, lord protectorship.

GLO. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. MAR. And thy ambition, Glo'ster.

K. HEN. I pr'ythee, peace, good queen;

And whet not on these too too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

GLO. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that.

[Aside.

CAR. Marry, when thou dar'st.

[Aside.

GLO. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

[Aside.

CAR. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; and, if thou dar'st,
This ev'ning on the east side of the grove.

[Aside.

K. HEN. How now, my lords?

CAR. Believe me, cousin Glo'ster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport—Come with thy two-hand sword.

[Aside to Glo'ster.

GLO. True, uncle.

CAR. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove.

GLO. Cardinal, I am with you.

[Aside.

K. HEN. Why, how now, uncle Glo'ster?

GLO. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for
this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

[Aside.

CAR. Medice, te ipsum.

[Aside.

Protector see to't well, protect yourself.

K. HEN. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

SCENE II. Enter one, crying, "A miracle!"

GLO. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim!

ONE. A miracle! a miracle!

SUF. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

ONE. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath received his sight,
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. HEN. Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of St. Alban's, and his brethren, bearing
Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.

CAR. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your highness to present the man.

K. HEN. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

GLO. Stand by, my masters. Bring him near the king,
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. HEN. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee, may glorify the lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

SIMP. Born blind, an't please your grace.

WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.

SUF. What woman is this?

WIFE. His wife, an't like your worship.

GLO. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st have
better told.

K. HEN. Where wert thou born?

SIMP. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. HEN. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to
Let never day or night unhallowed pass, [thee.
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

QUEEN. Tell me, good fellow, camst thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMP. God knows of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good St. Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come;
"Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CAR. What, art thou lame?

SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUF. How cam'st thou so?

SIMP. A fall off of a tree.

WIFE. A plum-tree, master.

GLOU. How long hast thou been blind?

SIMP. O, born so, master.

GLOU. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

SIMP. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

GLOU. Mafs, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

SIMP. Alas, good sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLOU. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.

—Let's see thine eyes—wink now—now open them—
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

SIMP. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and
Saint Alban.

GLOU. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of?

SIMP. Red, master, red as blood.

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GLOU. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

SIMP. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. HEN. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

SUF. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOU. But, cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

WIFE. Never before this day, in all his life.

GLOU. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SIMP. Alas, master, I know not.

GLOU. What's his name?

SIMP. I know not.

GLOU. Nor his?

SIMP. No, indeed, master.

GLOU. What's thine own name?

SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an' if it please you, master.

GLOU. Saunder, sit there, the lying'st knave in Christen-

If thou hadst been born blind; [dorm.

Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours,

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My lords, saint Alban here hath done a miracle:

Would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

SIMP. O master, that you could!

GLOU. My masters of saint Albans;

Have you not beadies in your town,

And things call'd whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLOU. Then send for one presently.

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit messenger.

GLOU. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, firrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

SIMP. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone, you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a beadle with whips.

GLOU. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEAD. I will, my lord. Come on, firrah. Off with your doublet quickly.

SIMP. Alas, master, what shall I do; I am not able to stand.

[After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, "a miracle!"]

K. HEN. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long.

QUEEN. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

GLOU. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

WIFE. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOU. Let them be whipt through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exit beadle with the woman.]

CAR. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to day.

SUF. True, made the lame to leap, and fly away.

GLOU. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

SCENE III. Enter Buckingham.

K. HEN. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCK. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy

Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
 The ring-leader and head of all this rout,
 Have practis'd dangerously against your state;
 Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
 Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
 Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
 Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
 And other of your highness' privy council,
 As more at large your grace shall understand.

CAR. And so, my lord protector, by this means
 Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.
 This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[Aside to Glo'ster.

GLOU. Ambitious church-man! leave t'afflict my heart!
 Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
 And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
 Or to the meanest groom.

K. HEN. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
 Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN. Glo'ster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
 And look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOU. Madam, for myself, to heav'n I do appeal,
 How I have lov'd my king and common-weal:
 And for my wife, I know not how it stands:
 Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
 Noble she is; but if she have forgot
 Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
 As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 I banish her my bed and company,
 And give her as a prey to law and shame.
 That hath dishonour'd Glo'ster's honest name.

K. HEN. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly.
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beams stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Changes to the Duke of York's palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

YORK. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy myself;
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

SAL. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

WAR. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevills are thy subjects to command.

YORK. Then thus:

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the black prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Glo'ster,
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the black prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
 Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
 Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
 And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
 Harmless king Richard trait'rously was murder'd.

WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
 Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
 For Richard the first son's heir being dead,
 The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK. The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line
 I claim the crown, had issue Philip, a daughter,
 Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March.
 Edmond had issue, Roger earl of March:
 Roger had issue, Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

SAL. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
 As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
 And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king;
 Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.
 But, to the rest——

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,
 My mother, being heir unto the crown,
 Married Richard earl of Cambridge,
 Who was the son to Edmond Langley,
 Edward the third's fifth son,
 By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir
 To Roger earl of March, who was the son
 Of Edmond Mortimer, who married Philip,
 Sole daughter unto Lionel duke of Clarence.
 So, if the issue of the elder son
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York here claims it from the third,
Till Lionel's issue fail, his should not reign;
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

YORK. We thank you, lords: but I am not your king,
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beauford's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them;
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock.
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphry,
'Tis that they seek; and they in seeking that
Shall seek their deaths, if York can prophecy.

SAL. My lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

WAR. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

YORK. And, Nevill, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Changes to a house near Smithfield.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry and Nobles; the Dutchess, mother Jordan, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

K. HEN. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Glo'ster's
In fight of God and us your guilt is great; [wife,
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death
——You four from hence to prison back again;

[To the other prisoners,

From thence unto the place of execution.
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes.
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
——You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

ELSA. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

GLOU. The law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee, Eleanor;
I cannot justify, whom law condemns.

[Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphry! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. HEN. Stay, Humphry, duke of Glo'ster; ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.

And go in peace, Humphry, no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. MAR. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and king Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLOU. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff;
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good king; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [Exit Glo'ster.]

Q. MAR. Why, now is Henry king, and Marg'ret queen.
And Humphry, duke of Glo'ster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopt off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her younger days.

YORK. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant.
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. HEN. A'God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,

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The servant of the armourer, my lords.

SCENE VI. Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'prentices drinking to him.

1 NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of char-neco.

3 NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

ARM. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter.

1 PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the 'prentices.

PETER. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin: if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bless me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows, firrah, what's thy name?

PETER. Peter? forfooth.

SAL. Peter? what more?

PETER. Thump.

SAL. Thump? Then see thou thump thy master well.

ARM. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow. As Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascpart.

YORK. Dispatch. This knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[They fight, and Peter strikes him down.]

ARM. Hold, Peter, hold; I confess, I confess treason,

[Dies.]

YORK. Take away his weapon; fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

PETER. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this O Peter, thou hast prevail'd in right. [presence?]

K. HEN. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight, For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow.

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. The Street.

Enter duke Humphry and his men, in mourning cloaks.

GLOU. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds

The barren winter with his nipping cold;

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's a clock?

SER. Ten, my lord.

GLO. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess.
 Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
 The abject people gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.
 But soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutches in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a
 taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a
 sheriff and officers.

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the
 sheriff.

GLO. No, stir not for your lives. Let her pass by.

ELE. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
 Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
 See, how the giddy multitude do point,
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
 Ah, Glo'ster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
 And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

GLO. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

ELE. Ah, Glo'ster, teach me to forget myself;
 For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land;
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
 And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
 To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah! Humphry, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun;
No, dark shall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphry's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land,
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutcheß,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle, rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,
And York, and impious Beauford, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou can'st, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLO. Ah! Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry,
I must offend, before I be attainted;
And, had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away;

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But I in danger for the breach of law,
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell,
I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience,
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament
Holden at Bury, the first of this next month.

GLO. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before ?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there. [Exit Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave. And, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission

SHE. An't please your grace, here my commission stays;
And sir John Stanley is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

GLO. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here ?

STAN. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your grace.

GLO. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well; the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

ELE. What gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell ?

GLO. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exit Gloucester.

ELE. Art thou gone too ? all comfort go with thee !
For none abides with me ; my joy is death ;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour ;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STAN. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;

There to be us'd according to your state.

ELE. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach.
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

STAN. No; like a dutchess, and duke Humphry's lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

ELE. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare?
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHER. It is my office. Madam, pardon me.

ELE. Ay, ay. Farewel. Thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

ELE. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet,
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

—Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

At BURY.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York
Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Parlia-
ment.

K. HENRY.

I Muse, my lord of Glo'ster is not come;

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. MAR. Can you not see, or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance,
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become
How peremptory and unlike himself?

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We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
 And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
 Immediately he was upon his knee;
 That all the court admir'd him for submission.
 But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
 When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow and shews an angry eye,
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
 But great men tremble when the lion roars,
 And Humphry is no little man in England.
 First note, that he is near you in descent,
 And, should you fall, he is the next will mount,
 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
 Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease,
 That he should come about your royal person,
 And be admitted to your highness' council.
 By flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts:
 And when he'll please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear,
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant
 I will subscribe, and say, I wrong'd the duke.
 My lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
 Reprove my allegation, if you can,

Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUR. Well hath your highness seen into this duke.
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The dutchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices,
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by repeating of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sov'reign ; Glo'ster is a man
Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

CAR. Did he not contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

YORK. And did he not in his protectorship
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

BUCK. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown ;
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphry.

K. HEN. My lords, at once. The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise : but shall I speak my conscience ?
Our kinsman Glo'ster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given

To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.

Q. MAR. Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond
affiance?

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd;

For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

Is he a lamb? his skin is, surely, lent him;

For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerfet.

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. HEN. Welcome, lord Somerfet; what news from
France?

SOM. That all your int'rest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. HEN. Cold news, lord Somerfet. But God's will
be done!

YORK. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside,

SCENE II. Enter Gloucester.

GLO. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

SUP. Nay, Glo'ster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art,
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLO. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest,
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? Wherein am I guilty?

YORK. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,

And, being protector, staid the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France,

GLO. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England.
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!
No; many a pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much,

GLO. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

YORK. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of;
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

GLO. Why, 'tis well known, that, while I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me,
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault;
Unless it were a bloody murderer,

Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
 I never gave them condign punishment.
 Murder, indeed, that bloody sin I tortur'd
 Above the felon, or what trespass else.

SUP. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 I do arrest you in his highness' name,
 And here commit you to my lord Cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. HEN. My lord Glo'ster, 'tis my special hope
 That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLO. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous,
 Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
 And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand,
 Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exil'd your highness' land.
 I know, their complot is to have my life,
 And, if my death might make this island happy,
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness.
 But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 Beauford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Suffolk's cloudy brow his storm'd hate;
 Sharp Buckin ham-unburdens with his tongue
 The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life.

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest ;
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up,
My liefeft liege to be mine enemy ,

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together ;
(Myself had notice of your conventicles)

And all to make away my guiltless life.

I shall not want false witness to condemn me ;

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt :

The antient proverb will be well effected,

" A staff is quickly found to beat a dog."

CAR. My liege, his railing is intolerable.

If those, that care to keep your royal person

From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,

Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,

'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

SUF. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here

With ignominious words, though clarkly toucht ?

As if she hath suborned some to swear

False allegations, to o'erthrow his state.

Q. MAR. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

GLO. Far truer spoke than meant ; I lose indeed ;

Bethrew the winners, for they play'd me false ;

And well such losers may have leave to speak.

BUCK. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.

—Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

CAR. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

GLO. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body ;

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,

And wolves are gnawing, who shall gnaw thee first.

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Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear. [Exit guarded.

S C E N E III.

K. HEN. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo as if ourself were here.

Q. MAR. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. HEN. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphry! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphry, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate?
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,
That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong.
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewail good Glo'ster's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, "Who's a traitor? Glo'ster he is none."

[Exit

Q. MAR. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs, [hot beams ;
Too full of foolish pity. Gloster's shew
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowry bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
And yet herein I judge my own wit good,
This Glo'ster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR. That he should die, is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death ;
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUF. But, in my mind, that were no policy ;
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise to save his life,
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

YORK. So that by this you would not have him die.

SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

YORK. 'Tis York, that hath more reason for his death,
But, my lord Cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls ;
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphry for the king's protector ?

Q. MAR. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUF. Madam, 'tis true ; and wer't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

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His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chops be stain'd with crimson blood,
 As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my liege ;
 And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him,
 Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead ; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. MAR. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

SUF. Not resolute except so much were done ;
 For things are often spoke and seldom meant ;
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

CAR. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And I'll provide his executioner,
 I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. MAR. And so say I.

YORK. And I. And now we three have spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

SCENE IV. Enter a post.

POST. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again
 To signify the rebels there are up,
 And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
 Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,

Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

CAR. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop !
—What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

YORK. That Somerset be sent a regent thither :
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.——

SOM. If York, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done ;
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin,
Men's flesh, preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. MAR. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York ; sweet Somerset, be still.
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

YORK. What, worse than nought ? nay, then a shame
take all !

SOM. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame !

CAR! My lord of York, try what your fortune is ;
Th' uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely from each country some,
And try your hap aginst the Irishmen ?

YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUF. Why, our authority is his consent,

And what we do establish, he confirms;
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.

SUF. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphry.

CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off. The day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

YORK. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUF. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Manet York.

YORK. Now, York, or never steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution;
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time show'rs comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men;
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breast, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly; yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.

Whilst I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentish man,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine;
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he is bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.
By this, I shall perceive the commons' mind;
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive; as 'tis great like, he will;

Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
 For Humphry being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put a-part, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE VI. An apartment in the palace.

Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the murder of duke Humphry.

FIRST. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

SECOND. Oh, that it were to do! what have we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

FIRST. Here comes my lord.

SUF. Now, sir, have you dispatch'd this thing?

FIRST. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

SUF. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
 I will reward you for this vent'rous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.——

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

FIRST. Yes, my good lord.

SUF. Away, be gone. [Exeunt murderers.

Enter king Henry, the queen, cardinal, Somersfet, with attendants.

K. HEN. Go, call our uncle to our presence strait.
 Say, we intend to try his grace to day,
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

SUF. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. HEN. Lords, take your places. And, I pray you all,
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Glo'ster;

Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. MAR. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. HEN. I thank thee. Well, these words content me
much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now ? why look'st thou so pale ? why tremblest thou ?
Where is our uncle ? what is the matter, Suffolk ?

SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Glo'ster is dead.

Q. MAR. Marry, God forefend !

CAR. God's secret judgment. I did dream to night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[King swoons.

Q. MAR. How fares my lord ? help, lords, the king is dead.

SOM. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. MAR. Run, go, help, help. Oh, Henry, open thine eyes.

SUF. He doth revive again. Madam, be patient.

K. HEN. O heav'nly God !

Q. MAR. How fares my gracious lord ?

SUF. Comfort, my sovereign ; gracious Henry, comfort.

K. HEN. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me ?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs ;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound ?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words ;
Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
Their touch affrights me as the serpents sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !

Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding!—
Yet do not go away—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life but double death now Glo'ster's dead.

Q. MAR. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I, how the world may deem of me?
For, it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And prince's courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah, me unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. HEN. Ah, woe is me for Glo'ster, wretched man!

Q. MAR. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Glo'ster's tomb?
Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue, and do worship to it,

And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
And twice by adverse winds from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boaded this? but well-fore-warning winds
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer;
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,
And threw it tow'rds thy land; the sea receiv'd it,
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
 To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
 Am I not witcht like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more: die, Margaret!
 For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many commons.

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good duke Humphry traiterously is murder'd
 By Suffolk, and the cardinal Beauford's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down;
 And care not whom they sting in their revenge.
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

K. HEN. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
 But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
 With the rude multitude, till I return. [War. goes in.]

K. HEN. O thou, that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
 My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
 Some violent hands, were laid on Humphry's life.
 If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!
 For judgment only doth belong to thee.
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips

With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk;
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[Bed with Glo'ter's body put forth.

And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it, but to make my sorrow greater?

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. HEN. That is to see how deep my grave is made,
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

WAR. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread king, that took our state upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe, that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

WAR. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out, than when he liv'd;
Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets; his hair you see is sticking;
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
 It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
 The least of all these signs were probable.

SUF. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
 Myself and Beauford had him in protection;
 And we, I hope, sirs, are no murderers.

WAR. But both of you have vow'd duke Humphry's death,
 And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep.
 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
 And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Q. MAR. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen,
 As guilty of duke Humphry's timeless death.

WAR. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh;
 And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
 Ev'n so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. MAR. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your
 Is Beauford term'd a kite? where are his talons? [knife?]

SUF. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
 But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scoured in his ranc'rous heart
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in duke Humphry's death.

WAR. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. MAR. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit?

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR. Madam, be still. With rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art;
And never of the Nevill's noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

SUF. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

WAR. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;
And do some service to duke Humphry's ghost. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

K. HEN. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untaint-
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just; [ed;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:

[A noise within.

Q. MAR. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. HEN. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold? [drawn

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUF. The trait'rous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Enter Salisbury.

SAL. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind;
—Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk strait be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphry died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue,
That slyly glided tow'rs your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whether you will or no
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose invenomed and fatal sting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS (within.) An answer from the king, my lord of
Salisbury.

SUF. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how queint an orator you are.
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

(Within.) An answer from the king, or we will all
break in.

K. HEN. Go, Salisbury. and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do intreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore by his majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. MAR. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. HEN. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say. If thou dost plead for him,

Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
 But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.
 —If after three days space thou here be'st found,
 On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
 —Come, Warwick; come, good Warwick; go with me;
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt K. Henry, Warwick, &c.]

SCENE VIII. Manent Suffolk, and queen.

Q. MAR. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
 Heart's discontent and sour affliction
 Be play-fellows to keep you company!
 There's two of you, the devil make a third,
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations;
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. MAR. Fy, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
 them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract:
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.

And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink !
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste !
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks !
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings !
Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss !
And boading screech-owls make the concert full !
All the foul terrors in dark seated hell——

Q. MAR. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself ;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. MAR. Oh, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy
That I may dew it with my mournful tears ; [hand,
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.

Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [Kissing his hand.
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.

—So—Get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
'Tis but surmis'd, whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.

—I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd
Adventure to be banished myself ;
And banished I am, if but from thee.

——Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone——

Oh, go not yet——Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kifs, and take ten thousand leaves,

[Loather a hundred times to part then die.

——Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee !

SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;

A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heav'nly company.

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life ;

Myself no joy in aught but that thou liv'st.

SCENE IX. Enter Vaux.

Q. MAR. Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what news, I

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty, [pry'thee ?

That cardinal Beauford is at point of death,

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth,

Sometimes he talks, as if duke Humphry's ghost

Were by his side ; sometimes, he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,

The secrets of his over-charged soul ;

And I am sent to tell his majesty,

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. MAR. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit Vaux.

Ay me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ;
 Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears ?
 Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
 —Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is com-
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead. [ing ;

SUF. If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle babe
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth ;
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysiu[m].
 To die by thee were but to die in jest,
 From thee to die were torture more than death.
 —Oh ! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. MAR. Away. Though parting be a fretful corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk. Let me hear from thee,
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF. I go.

Q. MAR. And take my heart with thee.

SUF. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we ;

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This way fall I to death.

Q. MAR. This way for me.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE X. The cardinal's bedchamber.

Enter King Henry, Salisbury and Warwick, to the cardinal
in bed.

K. HEN. How fares my lord? speak, Beauford, to thy
sovereign.

CAR. If thou bee'st death I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. HEN. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

WAR. Beauford, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
—Oh, torture me no more, I will confess.

—Alive again?—Then shew me where he is,
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

—He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

—Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime twigs set to catch my winged soul.

—Give me some drink, and bid th'apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. HEN. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the busy, meddling, fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

SAL. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. HEN. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
—Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heav'n's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

—He dies, and makes no sign!—O God, forgive him.

WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. HEN. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtains close,
And let us all to meditation.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The coast of Kent.

Alarm. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain
Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk, and other
prisoners.

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,
That drag the tragick melancholy night,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves; and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand;
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
—Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;

The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[Pointing to Suffolk.

1 GENT. What is my ransom, master, let me know.

MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MATE. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

WHIT. What, think you much to pay two thousand
And bear the name and port of gentlemen? [crowns,
—Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall,
Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 GENT. I'll give it, sir, and therefore spare my life.

2 GENT. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [To Suffolk.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

CAP. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

SUF. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid——

WHIT. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore,
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

SUF. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by WATER I should die,
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

WHIT. Gualtier or Walter, which it is I care not;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword, we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

SUF. Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a prince;

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

WHIT. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags?

SUF. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke.

Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

CAP. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

SUF. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with queen Margaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fal'n;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

CAP. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUF. Base slave, thy words are blunt; and so art thou.

CAP. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

SUF. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

CAP. Poole? sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel—puddle—sink, whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks;

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing up the treasure of the realm;

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground,

And thou, that smil'd at good duke Humphrey's death,
 Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affie a mighty lord
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem !
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France ;
 The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
 Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardie
 Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevills all,
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
 As hating thee are rising up in arms.]
 And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
 Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful colours
 Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine ;
 Under the which is writ, " *invitis nubibus.*"
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms :
 And to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee. ——— Away ! convey him hence. ———

SUR. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these poultry, servile, abject drudges !
 Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :
I go of message from the queen to France ;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

CAP. Walter——

WIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUF. " Gelidus timor occupat artus : " 'tis thee I fear.

WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now ? now will ye sloop ?

1 GENT. My gracious lord, intreat him ; speak him fair.

SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit ; no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heav'n, and to my king ;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear :
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more ;
Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty you can.

SUF. That this my death may never be forgot !—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.
A Roman sworder and Banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully ; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders
Pompey the great : And Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.]

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CAP. And as for these, whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Exit captain and the rest.]

Manet the first gentleman. Enter Whitmore with the body.

WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury him. [Exit Whit.]

I GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king;
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear. [Exit.]

SCENE II. Changes to Southwark.

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

BEV. Come, and get thee a sword though made of a lath;
they have been up these two days.

HOL. They have the more need to sleep now then.

BEV. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress
the common-wealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

HOL. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say,
it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came
up.

BEV. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handy-
crafts-men.

HOL. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

BEV. Nay more, the king's council are no good work-
men.

HOL. True, and yet it is said, "Labour in thy vocation;"
which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be labour-
ing men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

BEV. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

HOL. I see them, I see them. There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

BEV. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

HOL. And Dick the butcher:

BEV. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

HOL. And Smith the weaver:——

BEV. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

HOL. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.

CADE. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father:——

DICK. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

CADE. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

DICK. Silence.

CADE. My father was a Mortimer——

DICK. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet——

DICK. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies——

DICK. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

WEAV. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

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WEAV. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

CADE. Valiant I am.

WEAV. A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three market days together.

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

WEAV. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

DICK. But, methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th' hand for stealing of sheep.

CADE. Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grafs; and when I am king, as king I will be——

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people. There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink upon my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a clerk.

WEAV. The clerk of Chatham, he can write and read, and cast accompt.

CADE. O monstrous!

WEAV. We took him setting boys copies.

CADE. Here's a villain!

WEAV. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

CADE. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

CADE. I'm sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour, unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

CLERK. Emanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters. 'Twill go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like a plain honest dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

ALL. He hath confest; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [Exit one with the clerk.]

Enter Michael.

MICH. Where is our general?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

MICH. Fly, fly, fly. Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother are hard by with the king's forces.

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a'?

MICH. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [kneels] Rise up, sir John Mortimer. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

MICH. Ay, his brother.

CADE. Then kneel down, Dick butcher. [he kneels.] Rise up, sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

SCENE III. Enter sir Humphry Stafford and young Stafford, with drum and soldiers.

STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. STAF. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood
If you go forward. Therefore yield or die.

CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAF. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

CADE. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. STAF. And what of that?

CADE. Marry this—Edmund Mortimer earl of March
married the duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

STAF. Ay, sir.

CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. STAF. That's false.

CADE. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true.

The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.

DICK. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be king.

WEAV. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore
deny it not.

STAF. And will you credit this base drudge's words, that
speaks he knows not what?

ALL. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. STAF. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you
this.

CADE. He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, firrah,
tell the king from me, that for his father's sake Henry the
fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French
crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector
over him.

DICK. And furthermore we'll have the lord Say's head
for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd,
and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it
up. Fellow-kings, I tell you, that the lord Say hath geld-
ed the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more
than that, he can speak French, and therefore is a traitor.

STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance!

CADE. Nay, answer if you can. The Frenchmen are
our enemies; go to then, I ask but this, can he that speaks
with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counsellor or no?

ALL. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. STAF. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

STAF. Herald, away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends,
May even in their wives' and childrens' fight
Be hang'd up for example at their doors;
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, with their train.

CADE. And you, that love the commons, follow me.
Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman,
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

DICK. They are all in order, and march towards us.

CADE. But then are we in order, when we are most out
of order. Come, march forward.

[Exeunt Cade and his party.

[Alarm to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.

Re-enter Cade and the rest.

CADE. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK. Here, sir.

CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behaved'st thyself as if thou had'st been in thine own
slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee. The lent
shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a licence to
kill for a hundred lacking one.

DICK. I desire no more.

CADE. And to speak truth, thou deserv'd no less. This
monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be

dragged at my horse's heels till I do come to London, where, we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Changes to Black-heath.

Enter king Henry with a supplication, and queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the duke of Buckingham, and the lord Say.

Q. MAR. Oft have I heard, that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCK. What answer makes your grace to the rebel's supplication?

K. HEN. I'll send some holy bishop to intreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I myself,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. MAR. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ru'd like a wand'ring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. HEN. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

SAY. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

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K. HEN. How now, madam?
Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. MAR. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a messenger.

K. HEN. How now? what news? why com'st thou in
such haste?

MES. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord.
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
Sir Humphry Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. HEN. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. MAR. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. HEN. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

SAY. So might your grace's person be in danger,
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

KING HENRY VI.

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Enter a Messenger.

2 MESS. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge,
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses,
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor? and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. HEN. Come, Marg'ret. God our hope will succour
us.

Q. MAR. [Aside] My hope is gone now Suffolk is de-
ceas'd.

K. HEN. Farewel, my lord, trust not to Kentish rebels.

BUCK. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Changes to London.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter
two or three citizens below.

SCALES. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 CIT. No, my lord, nor like to be slain, for they have
won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them; the
Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to
defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid, as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself.

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you into Smithfield, gather head,

And thither will I send you Matthew Goff.

Fight for your king, your country and your lives,

And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Cannon-street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-Stone.

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city and here sitting upon London-Stone. I charge and command that of the city's cost the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now hence-forward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a soldier running.

SOL. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there. [They kill him.

WEAV. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

DICK. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come then, let's go fight with them. But first go and set London-bridge on fire, and if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt omnes.

SCENE changes to Smithfield.

Alarm. Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company.

CADE. So, firs. Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of courts; down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

JOHN. Mass, 'twill be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

SMITH. Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

CADE. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

JOHN. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

SCENE VI. Enter a messenger.

MES. My lord, a prize, a prize! Here's the lord Say which sold the town in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—
Ah, thou Say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord, now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France; Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a Noun and a Verb, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them, about

matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent,——

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this: 'Tis "bona terra, mala gens."

CADE. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latin.

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I sold not Maine; I lost not Normandy,
Yet to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king;
And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,

Ye cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign kings
For your behoof.

CADE. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

SAY. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

GEORGE. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
folks?

SAY. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

CADE. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make
'em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor mens' causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help
of a hatchet.

DICK. Why dost thou quiver, man?

SAY. The palsy, and not fea, provokes me.

CADE. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be
even with you. I'll see, if his head will stand steadier on
a pole or no. Take him away, and behead him.

SAY. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour, speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.
This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live! ———

CADE. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll
bridle it; he shall die, an' it be but for pleading so well for
his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his
tongue, he speaks not o'God's name. Go, take him away,

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I say, and strike off his head presently ; and then break in-
to his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off
his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen, if when you make your pray'rs,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls ?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADZ. Away with him, and do as I command ye. The
proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his
shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ; there shall not a maid
be married, but she shall pay me her maiden-head ere they
have it ; men shall hold of me in CAPITE, and we charge
and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish,
or tongue can tell.

DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take
up commodities upon our bills.

CADZ. Marry, presently.

ALL. O brave !

Enter one with the heads.

CADZ. But is not this braver ? Let them kiss one ano-
ther : for they lov'd well when they were alive. Now part
them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some
more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city
until night ; for with these borne before us instead of
maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every cor-
ner have them kiss. Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII, Changes to SOUTHWARK.

Alarm, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his Rabblement.

CADE. Up Fish-street, down St. Magnus' corner kill and knock down; throw them into the Thames.

[A parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast mis-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

CLIFF. What say ye, country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon.
Fling up his cap, and say, "God save his majesty!"
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he is weapon at us, and pass by.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

CADE.] What Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?
and you, base peasants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs
be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my
sword therefore broke through London' gates, that you
should leave me at the White-hart in Southwark? I thought
you never would have given out these arms, till you had

recover'd your ancient freedom, but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse 'light upon you all !

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

CLIF. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him ?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to,
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquish'd,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ?
Methinks, already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying, Villageois ! unto all they meet.
Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry ;
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France to France, and get what you have lost ;
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;
God on our side doubt not of victory.

ALL. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

CADE. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude ? The name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me.

My sword, make way, for me, for here is no staying; in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you: and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base and ignominious treasons, make me betake me to my heels. [Exit.

BUCK. What is he fled? go some, and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. The palace at Killingworth.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,
and Somerset on the Terras.

K. HEN. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

BUCK. Health, and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. HEN. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?

Or, is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

CLIF. He's fled, my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your highness doom of life or death.

K. HEN. Then heav'n set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
 Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
 And shew'd how well you love your prince and country :
 Continue still in this so good a mind,
 And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
 Assure yourselves will never be unkind.
 And so with thanks and pardon to you all,
 I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL. God save the king ! God save the king !

Enter Messenger.

MES. Please it your grace to be advertised,
 The duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
 And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
 Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
 Is marching hitherward in proud array ;
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 His arms are only to remove from thee
 The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. HEN. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
 distrest :

Like to a ship, that, having, 'scap'd a tempest,
 Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate.
 But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd,
 And now is York in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet with him,
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower ;
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

SOM. My lord,
 I'll yeild myself to prison willingly,

Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. HEN. In any case be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

BUCK. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. HEN. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
better,
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. A garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

CADE. Fie on ambitions; fye on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to furnish. These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer; wherefore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good; for many a time, but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

IDEN. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy;
I seek not to wax great by others' waining,

Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADÉ. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah! villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, I know thee not; why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my garden, And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy terms?

CADÉ. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while England stands, That Alexander Iden an esquire of Kent, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks; Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser; Thy hand is but a finger to my fist; Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon, My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast; And if mine arm be heaved in the air, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. As for more words, whose greatness answers words,

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE. By my valour the most compleat champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou may'st be turned into hobnails.

[Here they fight.

O I am slain ! famine, and no other hath slain me ; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house ; because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor ? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead,
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour which thy master got.

CADE. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man ; and exhort all the world to be cowards ; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge !

[Dies.

Die damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee ;

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,

So with I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels

Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave :

And there cut off thy most ungracious head,

Which I will bear in triumph to the king,

Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

In the Fields near London.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

YORK, at a distance from his followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York to claim his right
 And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To entertain great England's lawful king.
 Ah majesty! who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule.
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold,
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword, or scepter, balance it.
 A scepter shall it have, have I a soul,
 On which I'll toss the Flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham to disturb me?
 The king hath sent him, sure, I must dissemble.

BUCK. York, if thou mean'st well, I greet thee well.

YORK. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUCK. A messenger from Henry our dread liege.
 To know the reason of these arms in peace?
 Or why, thou, being a subject as I am,
 Against thy oath and true allegiance, sworn,
 Should raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court?

YORK. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great
 Oh! I could hew up rocks and fight with flint
 I am so angry at these abject terms.
 And now, like Ajax Telemonius,
 On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
 I am far better born than is the king,
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts
 But I must make fair weather yet a while,
 Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.
 O Buckingham! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause, why I have brought this army hither,
 Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace and to the state.

} Aside.

BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy part;
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand,
 The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour is he prisoner?

BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

—Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,
 You shall have pay and every thing you wish.

—And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 Command my eldest son; nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission,

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to the king's pavilion.

Enter King Henry, and attendants. Re-enter Buckingham and York, attended.

K. HEN. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us, That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

YORK. In all submission and humility, York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. HEN. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring ?

YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence, And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade, Whom, since, I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

IDEN. If one so rude, and of so mean condition, May pass into the presence of a king, Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head ; The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. HEN. The head of Cade ? Great God ! how just art thou ?

O, let me view his visage being dead, That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble. Tell me, my friend ; art thou the man, that slew him ?

IDEN. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. HEN. How art thou call'd ? and what is thy degree ?

IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name, A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.

BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss He were created knight for his good service.

K. HEN. Iden, kneel down. [he kneels.] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege !

K. HEN. See, Buckingham, Somerfet comes with the
queen ;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke. [Exit Buck.]

SCENE III. Enter Queen Margaret and Somerfet.

Q. MAR. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

YORK. How now ? is Somerfet at liberty ?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerfet ?

False king ! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse ?

King did I call thee ? no, thou art no king,

Nor fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which durst not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor,

That head of thine doth not become a crown,

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely scepter.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place ; by heav'n, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

SOM. O monstrous traitor ! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown ;

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Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

YORK. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail ;
Wouldst have me kneel ? First, let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. MAR. Call hither Clifford, bid him come again,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come ; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. MAR. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king !

[kneels.

YORK. I thank thee, Clifford ; say, what news with
thee ?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look,
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIF. This is my king, York, I do not mistake,
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.

—To Bedlam with him, is the man grown mad ?

K. HEN. Ay, Clifford, a Bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIF. He is a traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. MAR. He is arrested, but will not obey,
His sons he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK. Will you not, sons?

E. PLAN. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. PLAN. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so,
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
—Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-larking curs.
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

SCENE XI. Enter the earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

CLIF. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

R. PLAN. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur,
Run back and bite, because he was withheld,
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw;
Hath clapt his tail between his legs and cry'd;
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape.

YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. HEN. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick sob,

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
 And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
 Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
 If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
 Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
 Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 And shame thine honourable age with blood?
 Why, art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
 That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
 The title of this most renowned duke;
 And in my conscience do repute his grace
 The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. HEN. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

SAL. I have.

K. HEN. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such an
 oath?

SAL. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To 'reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for his wrong,
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. MAR. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. HEN. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

YORK. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WAR. You had best go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old CLIF. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou can'st conjure up to day :
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

WAR. Now by my father's badge, old Nevill's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the rugged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.

Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. PLAN. Fy, charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. PLAN. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[Exeunt, severally.]

SCENE V. Changes to a field of battle near St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dying mens' cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,

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Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my lord? what all a foot?

YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WAR. Then nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to day;

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [Exit War.

CLIF. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly; and in treason.

YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

CLIF. My soul and body on the action both!—

YORK. A dreadful lay. Address thee instantly. [Fights.

CLIF. "La fin couronne les œuvres." [Dies.

YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still;
Peace with his soul, heav'n, if it be thy will! [Exit.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. CLIF. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Fear frames disorder; and disorder wounds,
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier fly.
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; for he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,

[Seeing his dead father.

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heav'n together:
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordained, O dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares:
No more will I their babes; tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

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So I bear thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit bearing off his father.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. PLAN. So, lie thou there. [Somerset is killed.
For underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The castle in St. Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[Exit Richard Plantagenet.

SCENE VI. Fight. Excursions. Enter king Henry,
queen Margaret, and others.

Q. MAR. Away, my lord, you are slow; for shame, away.

K. HEN. Can we out-run the heav'ns? Good Marg'ret,
stay.

Q. MAR. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence, [fly.
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarm afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then shall see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stoppt.

Enter Clifford.

CLIF. But that my heart's on future mischief set,

I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly,
But fly you must; incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for y^eur relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.

Alarm. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and soldiers, with drum and colours.

YORK. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. PLAN. My noble father,
Three times to day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to day;
By th' mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard;
God knows, how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
—Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;

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'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

YORK. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.

What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

WAR. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day,
St. Alban's battle won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to London all,
And more such days as these to us befall!

[Exeunt.]

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K I N G H E N R Y V.

PAGE 3. L. 1. *O for a muse of fire,*] Milton, who was a zealous admirer, and studious imitator of our author, seems to have had the fine opening of this prologue in his eye, when he began the 4th book of his *Paradise Lost*.

O for that warning voice, which he, who saw

Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in heav'n aloud,

Then, when the dragon, put to second rout,

Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,

Wee to th' inhabitants on earth!

THEOB.*

Ibid.] This goes upon the notion of the peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire.

WARB.

Ibid.] It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements.

JOHNS.

L. 3. ——— *princes to act,*

And monarchs to behold.] Shakespeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators.

JOHNS.

L. 13. *Within this wooden O.*] Nothing shews more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an *O* could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakespeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of stile.

JOHNS.

Ibid. *The very casquets.*] The helmets.

JOHNS.

L. 18. *Imaginary forces.*] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your

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A

powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded.

JOHNS.

L. 21. *Whose high-up-reared, and abutting fronts,
The perillous narrow ocean parts asunder.*] Without doubt the author wrote,

Whose high-up-reared, and abutting fronts

Perillous, the narrow ocean parts asunder;

for his purpose is to shew, that the highest danger arises from the shock of their meeting; and that it is but a little thing which keeps them asunder. This sense my emendation gives us, as the common reading gives us a contrary; for those whom a *perillous ocean parts asunder*, are in no danger of meeting.

WARE.

L. 25. *And make imaginary puissance.*] This passage shews that Shakespeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of shewing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the eye but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited.

JOHNS.

P. 4. l. 1. *For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there.*] We should read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this single play. The mistake was made by referring *them* to *kings* which belongs to *thoughts*. The sense is, "your thoughts must give the king his proper greatness, carry therefore *your thoughts* here and there."

JOHNS.

P. 5. *The life of Henry V.*] This play was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and not till after Henry the VIth had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play.

POPE.

Ibid.] The transactions compriz'd in this historical play, commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the 8th year of this king's reign; when he married Catharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown.

THEOB.

Ibid. *Archbishop of Canterbury.*] This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions, wherein the speeches are generally enlarg'd

and raised : Several whole scenes besides, and all the chorus's also, were since added by Shakespeare.

POPE.

P. 6. l. 24. *Consideration, like an angel, &c.*] As paradise when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the king's heart, since *consideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue.

JOHNS.

L. 29. *Never came reformation like a flood.*] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the famous stables when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra.

JOHNS.

P. 7. l. 3. *Hear him but reason in divinity, &c.*] This speech seems to have been copied from king James's prelates, speaking of their Solomon; when archbishop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer says, *died soon afterwards, and probably doated then*, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himself *verily persuaded, that his sacred majesty spake by the spirit of God*. And, in effect, this scene was added after king James's accession to the crown: So that we have no way of avoiding its being esteemed a compliment to *him*, but by supposing it was a satire on *his bishops*.

WARB.

Ibid.] Why these lines should be divided from the rest of the speech and applied to king James, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity should be so easily snatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was least contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconsiderable. To preside at disputations is not very suitable to a king, but to understand the questions is surely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war, forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king; who yet with all his faults, and many faults he had, was such that Sir Robert Cotton says, *he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse*.

JOHNS.

L. 13. *The air, &c.*] This line is exquisitely beautiful.

JOHNS.

L. 16. *So that the art and practic part of life,*] All the editions, if I am not deceiv'd, are guilty of a slight corruption in this passage. The archbishop has been shewing,

what a master the king was in the theory of divinity, war and policy: so that it must be expected (as I conceive, he would infer;) that the king should now wed that theory to action, and the putting the several parts of his knowledge into practice. If this be our author's meaning, I think, we can hardly doubt but he wrote,

So that the act, and practice, &c.

Thus we have a consonance in the terms and sense. For theory is the art, and study of the rules of any science; and action, the exemplification of those rules by proof and experiment.

THEOB.

Ibid.] This emendation is received by Dr. Warburton, but it appears to me founded upon a misinterpretation. The true meaning seems to be this. He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that *the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorique*, that is, *that his theory must have been taught by art and practice*, which, says he, is strange since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory: *Art* is used by the author for *practice*, as distinguished from *science* or *theory*.

JOHNS.

L. 31. — *encrease in his faculty.*] Encreasing in its proper power.

JOHNS.

P. 8. l. 21. *The severals, and unbidden passages.*] This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the *passages* of his titles are the *lines* of *succession*, by which his claims descend. *Unbidden* is *open, clear*.

JOHNS.

P. 9. l. 5. *Shall we call in, &c.*] Here began the old play.

POPE.

L. 8. *task*] Keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions.

JOHNS.

L. 18. *Or nicely charge your understanding soul.*] Take heed lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shewn in its native and true colours, would appear to be false.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *miscreate* —] Ill-begotten; illegitimate; spurious.

JOHNS.

L. 24. — *take heed how you impute our person;*] The whole

drift of the king is to impress upon the archbishop a due sense of the caution with which he is to speak. He tells him that the crime of the unjust war, if the war be unjust, shall rest upon him.

Therefore take heed how you impawn your person.

So I think it should be read.

Take heed how you pledge yourself, your honour, your happiness, in support of bad advice.

Dr. Warburton explains *impawn* by *engage*, and so escapes the difficulty.

JOHNS.

P. 10. l. 11. — *There is no bar, &c.*] This whole speech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's chronicle, Henry V, year the second, folio 4. xx, xxx, xl, &c. In the first edition it is very imperfect, and the whole history and names of the princes are confounded; but this was afterwards set right, and corrected from his original, Hall's Chronicle.

POPE.

P. 11. l. 16. *To fine his title, &c.*] This is the reading of the 4to of 1608, that of the folio is, *To find his title*. I would read, *To line his title* with shows of truth.

To line may signify at once to decorate and to strengthen. In Macbeth:

He did *line* the rebels with hidden help and vantage.

Dr. Warburton says, that *to fine his title*, is to *refine* or improve it. The reader is to judge.

JOHNS.

L. 21.] Read, Lewis the *tenth*.

POPE.*

L. 32. *King Lewis his satisfaction*] Thus all the authentic copies; Mr. Pope in the room of it, either out of a particular delicacy of ear, or ridiculous adherence to the chronicles, has substituted *possession*. But I believe the other to have been the author's word, of choice: he seems to be briefly recapitulating his own terms, and he had told us just above, that Lewis IX. could not wear the crown with a quiet conscience,

— till satisfied

That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother, &c. THEOB.*

P. 12. l. 5. Mr. Pope reads:

Than openly imbrace] But where is the *antithesis* betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old folios read, *Than amply to imbarre*—We certainly must read, as Mr. Warburton advised me,—*Than amply to imbare*—lay

open, display to view. I am surprized Mr. Pope did not start this conjecture, as Mr. Rowe had led the way to it in his edition, who reads :

Than amply to *make bare* their crooked titles. THEOB.
Ibid.] Mr. Theobald might have found in the quarto of 1608, this reading,

Than amply to *embrace* their crooked *causes*,
 out of which line Mr. Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious. JOHNS.

L. 11. *When the son dies*] Man. See Hall, loc. cit. POPE.*

L. 26. — *and cold for action*!] Not indifferent to the work, but cold for want of being employed in it. WARB.*

L. 27.] These four speeches were added after the first edition. JOHNS.

P. 13. *They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might,*

So bath your highness——] We should read,
 —— *your race bad cause.*——

which is carrying on the sense of the concluding words of Exeter.

As did the former lions of your blood.
 meaning Edward III, and the Black Prince. WARB.

Ibid.] I do not see but the present reading may stand as I have pointed it. JOHNS.

L. 11, 12.] These two lines Dr. Warburton gives to Westmoreland, but with so little reason that I have continued them to Canterbury. The credit of old copies, though not great, is yet more than nothing. JOHNS.

P. 13. l. 26. — *giddy neighbour*——] That is, instant, changeable. JOHNS.

L. 28. Never went with his *forces into France*.] Shakespeare wrote the line thus,

Ne'er went with his *full* forces into France.

The following expressions of *unfurnish'd kingdom, gleaned land, and empty of defence*, shew this. WARB.

Ibid.] There is no need of alteration. JOHNS.

P. 14. l. 6. *For bear her but exempl'd by herself*] We should read,

For hear her *best* exempl'd——

i. e. her own history will be our best instruction in this point.

WARB.*

L. 13. *And make his chronicle as rich with praise*] He is speaking of king Edward's prisoners; so that it appears Shakespeare wrote,

———— as rich with *prize*,

i. e. captures, booty. Without this, there is neither beauty nor likeness in the similitude.

WARB.

Ibid.] The change of *praise* to *prize*, I believe no body will approve; the similitude between the chronicle and sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable. Besides, Dr. Warburton presupposes a reading which exists in no antient copy, for *his chronicle* as the latter editions give it, the quarto has *your*, the folio *their chronicle*.

Your and *their* written by contraction *yr* are just alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we should read *her* chronicle.

JOHNS.

L. 16. Ely. *But there's a saying, &c.*] This speech, which is dissuasive of the war with France, is absurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to push the king upon it, as appears by the first scene of this act. Besides, the poet had here an eye to Hall, who gives the observation to the duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change sides, and speak one another's speeches; for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's; and the following given to Exeter, is Ely's.

WARB.

L. 17. *If that you will France win, &c.*] Hall's Chronicle. Henry V. year 2, folio 7. p. 2. x.

POPE.

L. 23. *To tear and havock more than she can eat.*] 'Tis not much the quality of a mouse to tear the food it comes at, but to run over and defile it. The old quarto reads *spoile*; and the two first folios, *tame*: from which last corrupted word, I think, I have retrieved the poet's genuine reading, *taint*.

THEOB.

L. 25. *Yet that is but a curs'd necessity*] So the old quarto. The folios read *crush'd*: Neither of the words convey a tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reasoning, and not at all pertinent. We should read, 'scus'd *necessity*. 'Tis Ely's business to shew, there is no real necessity for staying at home:

he must therefore mean, that tho' there be a necessity, yet it is one that may be well excused and got over. WARE.

Ibid.] Neither the old readings nor the emendation seem very satisfactory. A cursed necessity has no sense, a 'scus'd necessity is so harsh that one would not admit it, if any thing else can be found. A crush'd necessity may mean, a necessity which is subdu'd and overpower'd by contrary reasons. We might read (with Mr. Capell) a crude necessity, a necessity not complete, or not well considered and digested, but it is too harsh.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Yet that is not o'course a necessity.

JOHNS.

L. 30. For Government, though high, and low, and lower.] The foundation and Expression of this thought seems to be borrowed from Cicero de Republica, lib. 2. Sic ex summis, & mediis, & infimis interjectis Ordinibus, ut sonis, moderatam, ratione civitatem, consensu dissimiliorum concinere; & quæ harmonia à Musicis dicitur in Cantu, eam esse in civitate concordiam.

THEOB.

P. 15. l. 4. Setting endeavour in continual motion,

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,

Obedience.] Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, "endeavour—as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed." The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the public good and general design of government.

JOHNS.

L. 7. Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach] The editors have made the poet say the direct contrary to what he intended. He would say, that the bees instinctively teach; they say, that bees act by a rule in nature. We should read,

Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach

i. e. by a governing nature. And this the argument requires. For if bees did it by a ruling nature, it is reason we should imitate them; not so, if only by a rule in nature; for all animals are not to go by one and the same rule.

WARE.*

L. 11. Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;] What is the venturing trade? I am persuaded we should read and point it thus,

Others, like merchant-venturers, trade abroad. WARE.

Ibid.] If the whole difficulty of this passage consist in the obscurity of the phrase *to venture trade*, it may be easily cleared. *To venture trade* is a phrase of the same import and structure as *to bazard battle*. Nothing could have raised an objection but the desire of being busy. JOHNS.

L. 18. *The civil citizens kneading up the honey*] This may possibly be right; but I rather think that Shakespeare wrote *beading up the honey*; alluding to the putting up merchandise in casks. And this is in fact the case. The honey being *beaded* up in separate and distinct cells by a thin membrane of wax drawn over the mouth of each of them, to hinder the liquid matter from running out. WARB.

Ibid.] *To head the honey* can hardly be right; for though we *head* the cask, no man talks of *beading* the commodities. *To knead* gives an easy sense, though not physically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakespeare perhaps did not know. JOHNS.

L. 30. *So may a thousand actions, once a-foot*] The speaker is endeavouring to shew, that the state is able to execute many projected actions at once, and conduct them all to their completion, without impeding or jostling one another in their course. Shakespeare, therefore, must have wrote, *actions 't once a-foot*, i. e. at once: or, on foot together.

WARB.

Ibid.] Sir T. Hanmer is more kind to this emendation by reading *acts at once*. The change is not necessary, the old text may stand.

JOHNS.

P. 17. l. 24.] *Chace* is a term at tennis.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *And therefore, living hence,—*] This expression has strength and energy: He never valued England, and therefore lived *bence*, i. e. as if absent from it. But the Oxford Editor alters *bence* to *bere*.

WARB.

P. 18. l. 2. *For that I have laid by, &c.*] To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNS.

L. 8. *His balls to gun-stones*] When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls not of iron but of stone. JOHNS.

P. 19. l. 6. In this place, in all the editions hitherto, is inserted the chorus which I have postponed. That chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the spectators of the change

of the scene to Southampton, and therefore ought to be placed just before that change, and not here, where the scene is still continued in London.

POPE.

Ibid.] *Now all the youth of England*] I have replaced this Chorus here, by the authority of the old folio's; and ended the first act, as the poet certainly intended. Mr. Pope remov'd it, because (says he) *This chorus manifestly is intended to advertise the spectators of the change of the scene to Southampton; and therefore ought to be placed just before that change, and not here.* 'Tis true, the spectators are to be informed, that, when they next see the king, they are to suppose him at Southampton. But this does not imply any necessity of this chorus being contiguous to that change. On the contrary, the very concluding lines vouch absolutely against it.

*But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.*

For how absurd is such a notice, if the scene is to change, so soon as ever the chorus quits the stage? Besides, unless this chorus be prefixed to the scene betwixt Nim, Bardolph, &c. we shall draw the poet into another absurdity. Pistol, Nim, and Bardolph are in this scene talking of going to the wars in France: but the king had but just, at his quitting the stage, declared his resolutions of commencing this war: And without the *interval* of an act, betwixt that scene and the comic characters entring, how could they with any probability be informed of this intended expedition? THEOB.

Ibid.] I think Mr. Pope mistaken in transposing this chorus, and Mr. Theobald in concluding the act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act, and so I have printed it. Dr. Warburton follows Mr. Pope.

JOHNS.

L. 13. *For now sits expectation in the air,*

And hides a sword from bilt unto the point

With crowns imperial, &c.] The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite. *Expectation sitting in the air* designates the height of their ambition; and the *sword hid from the bilt to the point with crowns and coronets*, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory.

WARB.

P. 20. l. 5. *And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If bell and treason bold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and well digest
Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The king is set from London and the scene
Is now transported gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-house now.]* I suppose every

one that reads these lines looks about for a meaning which he cannot find. There is no connection of sense nor regularity of transition from one thought to the other. It may be suspected that some lines are lost, and in that case the sense is irretrievable. I rather think the meaning is obscured by an accidental transposition, which I would reform thus:

*And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If bell and treason bold their promises.
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The king is set from London, and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton
Ere he take ship for France. And in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and well digest
Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
There is the play-house now.*

This alteration restores sense, and probably the true sense. The lines might be otherwise ranged, but this order pleases me best.

JOHNS.

Ibid. — *this grace of kings* —] i. e. he who does greatest honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in Hamlet is call'd the *vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them.

WARB.

L. 9. — *while we force a play*] This may be right; but I rather believe Shakespeare wrote, *farce* a play, i. e. stuff it, swell it out; as the word *farce* from *factum*, *forced-meat* (now applied to theatrical representations) then signified; and the metaphor agrees to what went before, of *well digesting th' abuse of distance*. Perhaps it may here mean stuff, a great deal in a little compass, something like the apology he makes in the prologue, and in the chorus to the fifth act.

He uses this word in the same sense, Act IV. sc. V.

The farled title running 'fore the king. WARB.*

L. 15. — *charming the narrow seas*

To give you gentle pass:] Ben Jonson, in the prologue to his *Every man in his humour*, seems to me to have flurled invidiously at this play of our author's.

He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to see

One such to-day, as other plays should be;

Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas, &c.

Now this comedy of Ben's was acted in the year 1598, so that Henry 5th, consequently, had made its appearance on the stage earlier than that period. THEOB.*

L. 17. *We'll not offend one stomach.]* That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea sickness. JOHNS.

L. 18. *But, 'till the king come forth.]* Here seems to be something omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

But when the king comes forth.

which, as the passage now stands, is necessary. These lines, obscure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the chorus; for they shew that something is to intervene before the scene changes to Southampton. JOHNS.

Ibid. and not till then.] The canons of criticism read,

And but till then;

And the Revival approves the correction. JOHNS.

L. 20. Bard. *Well met, corporal Nim]* I have chose to begin the 2d act here, because each act may close regularly with a chorus. Not that I am persuaded, this was the poet's intention to mark the *intervals* of his acts as the chorus did on the old Grecian stage. He had no occasion of this sort: since, in his time, the pauses of action were filled up, as now, with a lesson of musick: But the reasons for this distribution are explained before. THEOB.

Ibid.] I have already shewn why in this edition the act begins with the chorus. JOHNS.

L. 21. *Lieutenant Bardolph.]* At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of king Henry IV. The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays. JOHNS.

L. 23. *there shall be smiles]* I suspect *smiles* to be a margi-

nal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, *but that shall be as it may*. But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully while he threatens; which circumstance was marked for the player's direction in the margin.

WARB.

P. 21. l. 1. *And we'll all be sworn brothers to France*] We should read, *we'll all go sworn brothers to France*, or *we'll all be sworn brothers in France*.

JOHNS.

L. 12. *Patience be a tir'd mare*.] The folio reads by corruption, *tired name*, from which Sir T. Hanmer, sagaciously enough, derived *tired dame*. Mr. Theobald retrieved from the quarto *tired mare*, the true reading.

JOHNS.

L. 22. *O welliday lady, if he be not hewn now*.] I cannot understand the drift of this expression. If he be not *hewn*, must signify, if he be not *cut down*; and in that case, the very thing is supposed, which *Quickly* was apprehensive of. But I rather think, her fright arises upon seeing their swords drawn: and I have ventured to make a slight alteration accordingly. *If he be not drawn*, for, *if he has not his sword drawn*, is an expression familiar with our poet.

THEO.

L. 28. *Island dog*.] I believe we should read *Iceland dog*. He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs heads.

JOHNS.

P. 22. l. 10. *For I can take*.] I know not well what he can *take*. The quarto and Mr. Capell read *talk*. In our author *to take*, is sometimes *to blast*, which sense may serve in this place.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *Doating death is near*.] The quarto has *groaning death*.

JOHNS.

P. 24. sc. 3.] I have divided the acts of this play differently from all the editions, by beginning here the second act, whereby each throughout the play begins with a chorus regularly; whereas before, this chorus was stuck into a place where it interrupted the continuance of the scene, and for want of this division, they were forced to split the one day's battle at Agincourt into two acts, namely the third and fourth.

POPE.*

P. 25. l. 5. *To death and treachery*.] Here the quarto in-

serts a line omitted in all the following editions.

Exet. *O! the lord of Masham!*

JOHNS.

L. 12. *For which we have in head assembled them?*] This is not an English phraseology. I am persuaded Shakespeare wrote,

For which we have in aid assembled them?

alluding to the tenures of those times.

WARB.

Ibid.] It is strange that the commentator should forget a word so eminently observable in this writer, as *head* for an army formed.

JOHNS.

L. 25. *Hearts create.*] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal.

JOHNS.

P. 26. l. 8. *More advice.*] On his return to more coolness of mind.

JOHNS.

L. 18. — *proceeding on distemper*] i. e. sudden passions.

WARB.

Ibid.] Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmness of mind, from an equipoise or due mixture of passions. *Distemper* of mind is the predominance of a passion, as *distemper* of body is the predominance of a humour.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *How shall we stretch our eye.*] If we may not wink at small faults, how wide must we open our eyes at great.

JOHNS.

P. 27. l. 13. *Quick*] That is, *living*.

JOHNS.

P. 28. l. 5. *Though the truth stand off as gross*

As black and white.] Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *stand off* is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture.

JOHNS.

Ibid. *As black and white*—] I rather think Shakespeare wrote, *as black from white*.

WARB. & CAP.*

L. 7. *Treason and murder*—] What follows to the end of this speech is additional since the first edition.

POPE.

L. 9. *Working so grossly*—] *Grossly* for *commonly*, which the Oxford editor not understanding, alters it too *closely*.

WARB.

Ibid] *Grossly* is neither *closely* nor *commonly*, but *palpably*; with a plain and visible connexion of cause and effect.

JOHNS.

L. 10. *That admiration did not whoop at them*] *Whoop*, of

which the author makes a verb, is a *note of admiration*.

WARB.*

L. 20. *He that temper'd thee*] Though *temper'd* may stand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it answers better to *suggest* in the opposition.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected*

The sweetness of affiance?] Shakespeare urges this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society.

JOHNS.

P. 29. l. 4. *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment.*]

Modest compliment, that is, *fulness*.

WARB.

Ibid.] This note will not much help the reader, unless he knows to what *fulness* is to be applied. I take the meaning to be this. The king, having mentioned Scroop's temperance in diet, passes on to his decency in dress, and says that he was *decked in modest complement*; that is, he was decorated with ornaments, but such as might be worn without vain ostentation. *Complement* means something more than is necessary; so *complement* in language is what we say *ad conciliandam gratiam*, more than is strictly or literally meant.

JOHNS.

Ibid. in modest compliment.] We should read, *complement*, for the sense is, garnished and adorned with all accomplishments, without pride, affectation, or singularity. *Complement* is a very different word from *compliment*, and signifies *accomplishments*, or those niceties of behaviour which make up the character of the complete courtier.

REVIS.*

L. 5. *Not working with the eye without the ear*] He is here giving the character of a compleat gentleman, and says, he did not *trust the eye without the confirmation of his ear*. But when men have eye-sight-proof, they think they have sufficient evidence, and don't stay for the confirmation of an hear-say. Prudent men, on the contrary, won't trust the credit of the ear, till it be confirmed by the demonstration of the eye. And this is that conduct for which the king would here commend him. So that we must read,

Not working with the ear, but with the eye. WARB.

Ibid] The author's meaning I should have thought not so difficult to find, as that an emendation should have been proposed. The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the eye without the ear*, did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. Surely this is the character of a prudent man. JOHNS.

L. 7. — *and so finely boulded didst thou seem,* —] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. POPE.

Ibid.] *Boulded* is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of *refined*. JOHNS.

L. 9. *To make the full-fraught man,* —] We should read,
To mark the full-fraught man.
i. e. marked by the blot he speaks of in the preceding line.

THEOB. & WARB.

P. 30. l. 3. *My fault, but not my body, &c.*] One of the conspirators against queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words, a culpa, *but not a pœna; absolve me most dear lady.* This letter was much read at that time, and the author doubtless copied it.

This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition; the particular insertions it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use. JOHNS.

L. 6. *Join'd with an enemy*] This speech also has been enlarged by the author. POPE.*

P. 31. l. 11. *Finer end, for final.* JOHNS.

Ibid.] By *finer end* Quickly means *as placid an end as an infant*. A turbulent or quiet separation of soul and body, the common people have always considered as marks of forgiveness and reprobation. ANON.*

Ibid. — *chrysom child*] The old quarto has it *crisom'd child*. The chrysom was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptised child. See Johnson's *canons of Eccles. Law*, 1720. And not a cloth anointed with holy unguent, as described under that article in Johnson's dictionary, that of the *chrysm* being a separate operation, and was itself no more than a composition of oil and balsam blessed by the bishop.

I have somewhere (but cannot recollect where) met with

this farther account of it; that the *chrysom* was allow'd to be carried out of the church, to enwrap those children which were in too weak a condition to be borne thither, the *chrysom* being supposed to make every place holy. This custom would rather strengthen the allusion to the weak condition of Falstaff.

STEEVENS.*

L. 13. *Turning o' th' tide*] It has been a very old opinion, which *Mead, de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb; half the deaths in London confute the notion, but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time.

JOHNS.

L. 15. *for his nose was as sharp as a pen*, and a table of green-fields.] These words, *and a table of green fields*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the stage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal-written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnish'd implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of Greenfield's*.

POPE.

Ibid. — *and a table of green fields.*] So the first folio Mr. Pope has observ'd, that these words, *and a table of green-fields*, are not in the old 4to's. "This nonsense, (continues he,) got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the stage-editors, who printed from the common piecemeal-written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting; and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnish'd implements, &c. for the actors." *A table of Greenfield's*. — As to the history of Greenfield being the property-man, whether it was really so, or is only a *gratis dictum*, is a point which I shall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal direction, and suppose that a table of Greenfield's was wanting; yet it never was customary in the prompter's book, (much less, in the piece-meal parts;) where any such directions are marginally inserted for properties or implements wanted, to add

the property-man's name, whose business it was to provide them. Besides, the furnishing chairs and tables is not the province of the property-man, but of the scene-keepers. But there is a stronger objection yet against this observation advanced by the editor. He seems to imagine, that when implements are wanted in any scene, the direction for them is mark'd in the middle of that scene, though the things are to be got ready against the beginning of it. But the directions for *entrances* and *properties* wanting, ('tis well known,) are always mark'd in the book at about a page in quantity before the actors quoted are to enter, or the properties to be used; that the stage may not stand still. And therefore, Greenfield's table can be of no use to us for this scene. Nor, indeed, is any table requisite. The scene, 'tis true, is in a tavern; but the company have no business to sit down. There is not the least intimation of any drink going round: it is in Pistol's own house, as he had married Quickly: he and his comrades are on their feet, and just setting out for France. The description of Falstaff's death, and what he talk'd of, is the only thing that retards them for a few minutes: after which they kiss their hostess, and part. The conjectural emendation I have given, is so near to the traces of the letters in the corrupted text; that I have ventured to insert it as the genuine reading. It has certainly been observ'd (in particular, by the superstition of women;) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing*: as it has of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on *green fields*.—To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or speak indistinctly; like children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying persons, when they are losing the use of speech.

THEOB.*

Ibid] So reasonable an account as Mr. Pope's of this blunder Mr. Theobald would not acquiesce in. He thought a *table* of Greenfield's part of the text, only corrupted, and that it should be read, *be babled of green fields*, because men do so in the ravings of a calenture. But he did not consider how ill this agrees with the nature of the knight's illness, who was now in no *babbling* humour: and so far from wanting cooling in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he just expiring. WAR.

Ibid] Mr. Pope, in an appendix to his own edition in

12mo, seems to admit Theobald's emendation, which we would have allowed to be uncommonly happy, had we not been prejudiced against it by a conjecture with which, as it excited merriment, we are loath to part. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Here our editors, not knowing what to make of a *table of green fields*, Mr. Pope and Mr. Warburton have cast it out of the text; others have turned it into, "*and he babbled of green fields.*"

But had they been appriz'd that *table* in our author, signifies a *pocket-book*, I believe they would have retained it, with the following alteration.

"For his nose was as sharp as a *pen* upon a *table of green fells.*"

In *table-books*, silver or steel-pens, very sharp-pointed, were formerly, and are still fixed either to the backs or covers.

Mother Quickly compares Falstaff's nose, (which in dying persons grows thin and sharp) to one of those *pens*, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a *table-book* with a *shagreen-cover*, or *shagreen-table*, but, in her usual blundering way, she calls it a *table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green-skin*, which the blundering transcriber turn'd into *green-fields*; and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in Shakespeare, quite out of doors. SMITH.

L. 24. *Cold as any stone.*] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakespeare had promised us in his epilogue to Henry IV. that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakespeare as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment, but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has

here for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted, to promise to the public what they have not written.

This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to shew him in love or courtship. This was indeed a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.

I forgot to note in the proper place, and therefore note here, that Falstaff's courtship, or The Merry Wives of Windsor, should be read between Henry IV. and Henry V.

JOHNS.

P. 32. l. 19. *Let senses rule.*] I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not well see. Perhaps we may read,

Let sense us rule.

Pistol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kisses her; he sees her rather weeping than attending, and supposing that in her heart she is still longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, "Let sense us rule, that is, let us not give way to foolish fondness, but be ruled by our better understanding." He then continues his directions for her conduct in his absence.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] I know not the meaning of *pitch*. Perhaps it should be *pinch and pay*; that is, as the language is of the present alehouses, *touch pot, touch penny*.

JOHNS.

Ibid. — *pitch and pay.*] Seems to be an expression taken from the language used to porters, who are ordered to throw down their burdens before they are paid for carrying them. This, I believe, is the first instance of worldly prudence, to be found in the character of Pistol. The caution he leaves behind him, was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run in debt. Trust none, immediately follows it, which sufficiently explains the expression, which is, to this day a proverbial one. The same kind of cautions, in verse, are stuck up in little alehouses in the country.

STEEVENS.

L. 23. *Clear thy crystals—*] May, I think, mean, in this place, *wash thy glasses.* JOHNS.

P. 33. l. 3. *And more than carefully it us concerns*] This was a business indeed, that required more than care to discharge it. I am persuaded Shakespear wrote,

More than *carelessly*.

The King is supposed to hint here at the Dauphin's wanton affront in sending over tennis-balls to Henry: which arising from over-great confidence of their own power, or contempt of their enemies, would naturally breed *carelessness*.

WARB.

Ibid.] I do not see any defect in the present reading: *more than carefully* is *with more than common care*, a phrase of the same kind with *better than well*.

JOHNS.

P. 34. l. 5. *You are too much mistaken in this King, &c.*] This part is much enlarged since the first writing. POPE.

L. 9. *How modest in exception—*] How dissident and decent in making objections.

JOHNS.

L. 12. *Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus.*] Shakespear not having given us, in the first or second part of Henry IV. or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must needs be a little obscure to those who don't know or reflect that some historians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertain'd a deep jealousy of his son's aspiring superior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from publick affairs, and amused himself in consorting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakespear was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of Henry IV. for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakespear generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it.

WARB.

L. 28. *That haunted us—*] We should assuredly read *hunted*: The integrity of the metaphor requires it. So, soon after, the king says again,

You see this Chase is hotly followed. WARB.

Ibid.] The emendation weakens the passage. To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horror, which shews that the dread-

ed the English as goblins and spirits.

JOHNS.

P. 35. l. 1. *While that his mountain fire, on mountain standing.*] We should read, *mounting*, ambitious, aspiring. THEOB.

L. 2. *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun.*] A nonsensical line of some player. WARB.

Ibid.] And why of a player? There is yet no proof that the players have interpolated a line. JOHNS.

Ibid.] How long the Sun has been the emblem of the French King, I have no book by me that will tell us; It was the emblem which Lewis XIV. most delighted in, and if it was of older date in the arms of France, it would be a confirmation of the exquisite beauty of this passage.

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales:
While that his mountain-fire on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature ———

Were a painter to give us this battle in colours, what a noble image might be taken from hence? The king of more than human stature, and enlarg'd beyond the strict rules of perspective, aloft on a hill, with the sun in his Zenith darting all his glory round his head. Shakespear expresses this in words that exceeds all colours; *Mountain* when made an adjective, is something beyond the epithet *great*, *vast*, *immense*. Yet such is the fallibility of criticism, that Mr. Warburton the greatest of the critics on Shakespear, for *mountain-fire* reads *mounting fire*, and rejects the line

Up in the air crown'd with the golden sun,
as the nonsensical insertion of some player.

Seward's Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. 10. p. 172.*

L. 8. — *and fate of him,*] i. e. fortune and condition of his house or family. The Oxford Editor alters it to *force*; not considering its use in latin, or the sense of this line,

————— fit manifesta phrenesis

Ut locuples moriaris, egentis vivere fato. WARB.*

Ibid.] His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform. JOHNS.

L. 15. *Spend their mouths,*] That is, *bark*; the sportsman's

term.

JOHNS.

P. 36. l. 6. *Memorable line.*] This genealogy; this deduction of his lineage.

JOHNS.

L. 25. — *The pining maidens groans,*] This is the epithet Mr. Pope espoused from the old 4to's. Mr. Rowe read with the first folios,

The privy maidens groans,

Which, according to poetical usage, might signify, the groans of maidens vented in private. From this word which he esteems a corruption, Mr Warburton ingeniously would substitute ;

———— *The privied maidens groans,*
i. e. the *deprived* : the verse, which immediately follows, necessarily requiring such a sense. As all the epithets make sense, I have contented myself with giving the various readings, together with my friend's conjecture. THEOB.*

Ibid. *The dead men's blood.*] The disposition of the images were more regular if we were to read thus :

———— upon your head

Turning the dead men's blood, the widow's tears,

The orphan's cries, the pining maiden's groans, &c. JOHN.

P. 37. l. 13. *Shall hide your trespass,*—] Mr. Pope rightly corrected it, *Shall chide*——

WARB.

Ibid.] I doubt whether it be *rightly corrected*. The meaning is, that the authors of this insult shall fly to caves for refuge.

JOHNS.

L. 20. ——— *Louvre*] This palace was, I think, not built in those times.

JOHNS.

P. 38. Act III. Scene I.] This whole act (and all the rest of the play) very much enlarged and improved by the author, since the editions of 1600, and 1608. POPE.*

L. 7. *The well-appointed King at Dover peer*

Embark his royalty ; —] Thus all the editions downwards, implicitly, after the first folio. But could the poet possibly be so discordant from himself, (and the Chronicles, which he copied ;) to make the King here embark at *Dover* ; when he has before told us so precisely, and that so often over, that he embark'd at Southampton ? I dare acquit the poet of so flagrant a variation. The indolence of a Transcriber, or a Compositor at press, must give rise to

such an error. They, seeing *peer* at the end of the verse, unluckily thought of *Dover-peer*, as the best known to them: and so unawares corrupted the Text. THEOB.

L. 17. — *rivage*.] The *bank* or shore. JOHNS.

P. 39. l. 8. — *lynstock*.] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. JOHNS.

L. 12. *Or close the wall, &c.*] Here is apparently a chasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive preposition. The king's speech is, *Dear friends*, either win the town, *or close up the wall with dead*. The old 4to. gives no help. JOHNS.

L. 20. *Portage of the bead*.] *Portage*, open space, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head, as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification. JOHNS.

L. 23. *His confounded base*.] His *worn* or *wasted* base. JOHN.

P. 40. l. 1. — *bend up every spirit*.] A metaphor from the bow. JOHNS.

L. 6. *Argument is matter, or subject*. JOHNS.

L. 23. *A case of lives*.] A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve. JOHNS.

P. 41. l. 5. — *prevail with me*.] This passage I have replaced from the first folio, which is the only authentick copy of this play. These lines, which perhaps are part of a song, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them, in conformity to the imperfect play in 4to, and was followed by the succeeding editors. For *prevail* I should read *avail*. JOHNS.

L. 9. — *to men of mould*.] To men of earth, to poor mortal men. JOHNS.

L. 22. — *best men*;] That is, *bravest*; so in the next lines, good deeds are brave actions. JOHNS.

P. 42. l. 1. — *that men would carry coals*.] It appears that in Shakespear's age, *to carry coals* was, I know not why, to endure affronts. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, one serving-man asks another whether he will *carry coals*. JOHNS.

L. 14. — *is digt himself four yards under the countermines*;] *Flucclin* means, that the enemy had digged himself *countermines* four yards under the *mines*. JOHNS.

L. 15. — *will plow up all,*] That is, *he will blow up all.* JOHNS.

P. 43. l. 27. — *I shall quit you*] That is, I shall, with your permission, *requite you*, that is, *answer you*, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity. JOHNS.

L. 32. It were to be wished that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNS.

P. 45. l. 17. — *fell feats,*
Enlink to waste and desolation ?] All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. JOHNS.

P. 46. l. 1. *While yet the cool and temperate wind of grace*
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds, &c.] This is a very harsh metaphor. To *over-blow* is to *drive away*, or to *keep off*. JOHNS.

P. 47. Scene V.] I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it; and am sorry to have no colour left, from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated. WARB.

Ibid.] Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read, but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader who has not looked into the old copies may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy. JOHNS.

P. 47. l. 1. Cath. Alice, *tu as etc.*] I have regulated several speeches in this French scene: Some whereof were given to Alice, and yet evidently belong to Catharine: and so, vice versa. It is not material to distinguish the particu-

lar transpositions I have made. Mr. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our Poet's conduct in the character of this Princess: "for why he should not allow her (says he) to speak in English as well as li the other French, I can't imagine: since it adds no beauty; but gives a patch'd and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force. THEOB.

P. 48. l. 16. *de fingre, &c.*] It is apparent by the correction of Alice, that the princess forgot *the nails*, and therefore it should be left out in her part. JOHNS.

P. 49. l. 8. — *our father's luxury,*] In this place, as in others, *luxury* means *lust*. JOHNS.

L. 9. *Savage* is here used in the French original sense, for *silvan*, uncultivated, the same with wild. JOHNS.

L. 16. *In that nook-shotten Isle of Albion.*] *Shotten* signifies any thing projected: So *nook-shotten Isle*, is an Isle that shoots out into capes, promontories and necks of land, the very figure of Great-Britain. THEOB.

L. 20 — *can soddén water,*

A drench for sur-reyn'd jades,—] The exact meaning of *sur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *masb*. To this he alludes. JOHNS.

P. 50. l. 15. *Charles Delabreth, &c.*] Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are misspelt by foreigners, and seems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not asserted, I have left as I found it. JOHNS.

L. 21. *Lords and Knights,* THEO. vulg. *Lords and Kings.*

L. 25. The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line. JOHNS.

P. 52. l. 12. *Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind;*] Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, "not

set down for him, and shewing a most pitiful ambition *to be witty.*" For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain sense. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *plind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that *Fortune was painted plind*, to signify *she was plind*. He might as well have said afterwards, *that she was painted inconstant*, to signify *she was inconstant*. But there he speaks sense, and so, unquestionably, he did here. We should therefore strike out the first *plind*, and read,

Fortune is painted with a muffler, &c. WARB.

L. 21. *For be bath stol'n a Pax,*] "And this is conformable to History, (says Mr. Pope) a Soldier (as Hall tells us) being hang'd at this time for such a fact."—Both Hall and Holingshead agree as to the point of the Theft; but as to the thing stolen, there is not that conformity berwixt them and Mr. Pope. It was an ancient custom, at the celebration of Mass, that when the Priest pronounc'd these words, "*Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!*" both clergy and people kiss'd one another. And this was call'd *Osculum Pacis*, the kiss of peace. But that custom being abrogated, a certain image is now presented to be kiss'd, which is call'd a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph stole; it was a *Pix*; or little chest, (from the latin word, *Pixis*, a box;) in which the consecrated *Hest* was used to be kept. "A foolish Soldier (says Hall expressly, and Holingshead after him;) stole a *Pix* out of a Church."

THEOB.

Ibid.] What Theobald says is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the passage in Hall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected the emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadversion.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] 'Tis *pax* in folios 1623 and 1622; but altered to *pix* by Mr. Theobald and Sir Thomas Hammer. But they signified the same thing.

See *pax* at Mass, Minshew's guide unto the Tongues.

Pix, or *pax*, was a little box, in which were kept the consecrated wafers.

JOHNS.

P. 53. l. 31. *Such slanders of the age,*] This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. It is

the practice with him, says Afcham, "to be warlike though he never looked enemy in the face, yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an overstaring frownced head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start a good big oath. JOHNS.

P. 54. l. 4. *I must speak with him from the bridge.*] *Speak with him from the bridge*, Mr. Pope tells us, is added "in the latter editions; but that it is plain from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a most inaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reason, that the king must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the bridge*. THEOB. & WARB.

L. 24. *bis fire's out.*] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakespeare's imagination than any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, though it may be invigorated by the exhibition on the stage. This poet is always more careful about the present than the future, about his audience than his readers. JOHNS.

P. 55. l. 3. *By my habit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions. JOHNS.

L. 13. *In our cue.*] In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNS.

P. 56. l. 19. *God before*] This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when used to another, *God be thy guide*. So in an old dialogue between a herdsman and a maiden going on pilgrimage to *Walsingham*, the herdsman takes his leave in these words,

Now go thy ways, and *God before*.

To prevent was used in the same sense. JOHNS.

L. 24. *We shall your tawny ground, &c.*] Hall's Chronicle, fol. 14. Henry V. year 2. POPE.*

P. 57. sc. ix.] This scene is shorter, and I think better, in the first editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlarge-

nents appear to be the author's own, I will not omit them.

POPE.

L. 18. *be bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs.*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair, as appears from *Much ado about Nothing*, "And the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

WARB.

L. 27. *And all other jades you may call beasts.*] It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word and not the last, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is said,

I had as lieve have my mistress a jade.

WARB.

P. 58. l. 15. *Wonder of nature*——] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer.

WARB.

L. 27. *Like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait Strossers*] Thus all the editions have mistaken the word, which should be *Trossers*; and signifies, a pair of breeches.

THEOB.

P. 60. l. 18. *his lacquey*] He has beaten no body yet but his foot-boy.

JOHNS.

Ibid. 'Tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bait] This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept hooded when they are not to fly at game, and as soon as the hood is off bait or flap the wing. The meaning is, the dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter.

JOHNS.

L. 21. *I will cap that proverb*] Alluding to the practice of capping verses.

JOHNS.

P. 62. l. 3. *Fills the wide vessel of the universe*] *Universe* for *horizon*: for we are not to think Shakespeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. He intimates he knew otherwise, by that fine line in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

— following darkness like a dream.

Besides, the image he employs shews he meant but half the globe; the horizon round, which has the shape of a vessel or goblet.

WARB.

Ibid.] There is a better proof that Shakespeare knew the

order of night and day in Macbeth.

Now o'er *one half* the world
Nature seems dead.

But there was no great need of any justification. The *universe*, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNS.

L. 9. ——— *the other's umber'd face*] *Umb'er'd* or *umbred*, is a term in blazonry, and signifies shadowed. WARB.

Ibid.] The expression is extremely picturesque, and points out that brown light of the fires in a dark night reflected from every object near them. Mr. Warburton interprets it, 'shadowed face,' the meaning of which is beyond my comprehension. REVISAL.*

L. 11. ——— *And from the tents,*

The armourers accomplishing the knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up.] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite in Chaucer.

"And on the morrow, when day gan spring,

"Of horse and harnis, noise and clattering.

"There was in the hosteliries all about,

"The foaming stedys on the golden bridyl

"Gnawing, and fast the armourers also

"*With file and hammer riding to and fro,*" &c. WARTON.

L. 16. *And (the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd)*] Read,

"And the third hour of drowsy morning name." Remove the parenthesis and begin a new sentence with *proud*. OB.&CON.*

L. 19. *Do the low rated English play at dice*] i. e. do play them away at dice. WARB.

L. 26. *Investing lank-lean cheeks.* &c.] *A gesture investing cheeks and coats* is nonsense. We should read,

Invest in lank-lean cheeks.

which is sense, i. e. their sad gesture was cloath'd, or set off, in lean-cheeks and worn coats. The image is strong and picturesque. WARB.

P. 63. l. 17. ——— *Fear; that mean and gentle all*

Behold, (as may, &c.)] As this stood, it was a

most perplexed and nonsensical passage: and could not be in-

telligible, but as I have corrected it. The poet, then addressing himself to every degree of his audience, tells them; he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch, or sketch of this hero in the night.

THEOB.

L. 25. *Minding true things.*] To mind is the same as to call to remembrance.

JOHNS.

P. 64. l. 21. — *slough and fresh legerity.*] *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness.

JOHNS.

P. 67. l. 20. *Conditions*] i. e. *qualities*. The meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him, and when he feels *fear* it is like the fear of meaner mortals.

JOHNS.

P. 68. l. 25. *Rawly.*] That is, *without preparation, hastily, suddenly*. What is not matured is raw. So in *Macbeth*,

Why in this *rawness* left he wife and children.

JOHNS.

P. 69. l. 27. *Every subject's duty, &c.*] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded.

JOHNS.

P. 70. l. 15. *That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.*] In the old play the thought is more opened. "It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon.

JOHNS.

P. 71. l. 10. *Twenty French crowns*] This conceit, rather too low for the king, has been already explained, as alluding to the venereal disease.

JOHNS.

L. 14. *Upon the king! &c.*] This beautiful speech was added after the first edition.

POPE.

Ibid.] There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment.

JOHNS.

L. 27. *What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?*

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:

What! is thy soul of adoration?] Thus is the last line given us, and the nonsense of it made worse by the ridiculous pointing. We should read, *What is thy toll, O adora-*

tion! Let us examine how the context stands with my emendation. *What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in? What is thy worth? What is thy toll?*—(i. e. the duties, and imposts, thou receivest :) All here is consonant, and agreeable to a sensible exclamation. So king John :—*No Italian priest shall tyth or toll in our dominions.* But the Oxford Editor, now he finds the way open for alteration, reads, *What is thy shew of adoration.* By which happy emendation, what is about to be enquired into, is first taken for granted : namely, that ceremony is but a shew. And to make room for this word here, which is found in the immediate preceding line, he degrades it there, but puts as good a word indeed in its stead, that is to say, tell. WARE.

Ibid.] This emendation is not ill conceived, yet I believe it is erroneous. The first copy reads, *What? is the soul of Odoration.* This is incorrect, but I think we may discover the true reading easily enough to be, *What is thy soul, O adoration?* That is, O reverence paid to kings, *what art thou within? What are thy real qualities? What is thy intrinsic value?* JOHNS.

P. 72. l. 18. *Farsed title running, &c.*] *Farsed* is *stuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This I think is the sense. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Can sleep so soundly, &c.*] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. *To sweat in the eye of Phæbus, and to sleep in Elysium,* are expressions very poetical. JOHNS.

P. 73. l. 15. In former editions :

— take from them now

The sense of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers :

Pluck their hearts from them] Thus the first folio. The poet might intend, "Take from them the sense of reckoning those opposed numbers; which might pluck their courage from them." But the relative not being expressed, the sense is very obscure. THEOB.

Ibid.] The change is admitted by Dr. Warburton, and rightly. Sir T. Hanmer reads,

— th' opposed numbers

Which stand before them.

This reading he borrowed from the old quarto, which gives the passage thus,

Take from them now the sense of reckoning,

That the opposed multitudes that stand before them
May not appall their courage. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Read,

The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. OBS. & CONJ.*

L. 29. *Since that my penitence comes after all,*

Imploring pardon] We must observe, that Henry IV. had committed an injustice, of which he, and his son, reap'd the fruits. But reason tells us, justice demands that they who share the iniquity, shall share also in the punishment. Scripture again tells us, that when men have sinned, the grace of God gives frequent invitations to repentance; which, in the language of divines, are stiled *Calls*. These, if neglected, or carelessly dallied with, are, at length, irrecoverably withdrawn, and then repentance comes too late. All this shews that the unintelligible reading of the text should be corrected thus,

———— comes after call.

WARB.

Ibid.] I wish the commentator had explained his meaning a little better; for his comment is to me less intelligible than the text. I know not what he thinks of the king's penitence, whether coming *in consequence of call*, it is sufficient; or whether coming when *calls have ceased*, it is ineffectual. The first sense will suit but ill with the position, that *all which he can do is nothing worth*, and the latter as ill with the intention of Shakespeare, who certainly does not mean to represent the king as abandoned and reprobate.

The old reading is in my opinion easy and right. *I do all this*, says the good old king, *though all I can do is nothing worth*, is so far from an adequate expiation of the crime, that *penitence comes after all, imploring pardon* both of the crime and the expiation. JOHNS.

P. 74 l. 9. The Revifal reads,

Dau. *Voyez—les eaux et la terre.*

Orleans. *Bien—puis l'air et le feu.*

Dau. *Le ciel—cousin Orleans.*

This is well conjectured, nor does the passage deserve that more should be done, yet I know not whether it might not stand thus,

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C

Dau. *Voyez lez eaux et la terre.*

Orleans. *L'air et le feu—Bien puis ?*

Dau. *Le ciel.*

JOHNS.

P. 75. l. 15. *The tucket-sonance, &c.*] He uses terms of the field, as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand.

Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English.

JOHNS.

L. 29.] *Gimnal* is in the western countries a *ring*; a *gimnal bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts were one within another.

JOHNS.

L. 31. *Their executors, the knawish crows*] The crows who are to have the disposal of what they shall leave, their hides and their flesh.

JOHNS.

L. 76. l. 9. *I stay but for my guard.*] It seems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather something of ornament or of distinction than a body of attendants.

JOHNS.

L. 24. In the old editions :

Bed. *Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee,
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.*

Exe. *Farewel, kind lord: fight valiantly to day.*] What! does he do Salisbury wrong to wish him good luck? The ingenious Dr. Thirlby prescrib'd to me the transposition of the verses, which I have made in the text: and the old quarto's plainly lead to such a regulation.

THEOB.

P. 77. l. 12. *By Jove.*] The king prays like a christian, and swears like a heathen.

JOHNS.

P. 78. l. 6. *With advantages*] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times.

JOHNS.

L. 14. *From this day to the ending.*] It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feast of Crispin passes by

without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history. JOHNS.

L. 19. *Gentle his condition*] This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Upon St. Crispian's day.*] This speech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. JOHNS.

L. 25. *Bravely is splendidly, ostentatiously.* JOHNS.

P. 79. l. 3. *Thou hast unwish'd five thousand men.*] By wishing only thy elf and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. Shakespeare never thinks on such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account, they are twelve to one. JOHNS.

P. 80. l. 3. *Mark then abounding valour in our English.*] Thus the old folio's. The quarto's, more erroneously still, *Mark then abundant*——

Mr. Pope degraded the passage in both his editions, because, I presume, he did not understand it. I have reformed the text, and the allusion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the English valour to the *rebounding* of a cannon-ball. THEOB.

L. 6. *Killing in relapse of mortality.*] What it is *to kill in relapse of mortality*, I do not know. I suspect that it should be read,

Killing in reliques of mortality.

That is, continuing to *kill* when they are the *reliques* that *death* has left behind it.

That the allusion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will discover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that destroys by the stench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the posthumous empire of Don Sebastian, who was to reign wheresoever his atoms should be scattered. JOHNS.

L. 8. *Warriors for the working day.*] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed; we have not on our holiday apparel. JOHN.

P. 81. l. 8. *Quality, calmy, censure me, art thou a gentle-*

man?] We should read this nonsense thus,

Quality, cality — construe me, art thou a gentleman?

i. e. tell me, let me understand whether thou be'st a gentleman.

WARB.

L. 13. *thou diest on point of fox.*] *Point of fox* is an expression which, if the editors understood it, they should have explained. I suppose we may better read,

On point of faulchion.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] *Fox* is no more than an old cant word for a sword.

"I made my father's old *fox* fly about his ears."

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.

STEEVENS.

L. 18. For *I will fetch thy rym*] We should read,

Or *I will fetch thy ransom out of thy throat.*

WARB.

Ibid.] I know not what to do with *rym*. The measure gives reason to suppose that it stands for some monosyllable; and besides, *ransome* is a word not likely to have been corrupted.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] *Rym*, I am told, is a part in the throat. Was a monosyllable wanted in the room of it, I would offer *rbeum*, and then the expression, in Pistol diction, would mean no more than, *I will make thee spit blood.*

STEEVENS.

L. 20. Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras.*

Pist. *Bras, cur?*] Either Shakespeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondness for punning led him in this place, contrary to his judgment, into an error. Almost any one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what resemblance of sound does this bear to *brasi*, that Pistol should reply. *Bras, cur?* The joke may appear to a reader, but would scarce be discovered in the performance of the play.

HAWKINS.*

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed since Shakespeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be suspected some other man wrote the French scenes.

JOHNS.

L. 26. *Moy* is a piece of money, whence *moi d'or*, or *moi of gold.*

JOHNS.

P. 83. l. 11. — *roaring devil i'th' old play, &c.*] In modern puppet-shows, which seem to be copied from the old farces, Punch sometimes fights the devil and always over-

comes him. I suppose the *vice* of the old farce, to whom Punch succeeds, used to fight the devil with a wooden dagger.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *Let us die, instant: Once more back again;*] This verse, which is quite left out in Mr. Pope's editions, stands imperfect in the first folio. By the addition of a syllable, I think, I have retriev'd the poet's sense. It is thus in the old copy;

Let us die in once more back again.

THEOB.

P. 85, l. 16. *For, bearing this, I must perforce compound*

With mixtful eyes, ———] The poet must have wrote, *missful*: i. e. just ready to over-run with tears. The word he took from his observation of nature: for just before the bursting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a mist.

WARB.

L. 18, 19, 20, 21.] How should the king know the French had reinforc'd their men? It should thus be printed,

K. Henry. *But, bark, what new alarum is this same?*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. *The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men.*

K. Hen. *Then every soldier kill his prisoners:*

Give the word through.

UPTON.*

Ibid. Sc. XIII.] Here, in the other editions, they begin the fourth act, very absurdly, since both the place and time evidently continue, and the words of *Fluellen* immediately follow those of the king just before.

POPE.

L. 22. *Kill the poyes and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms;*] In the old folio's, the 4th act is made to begin here. But as the matter of the chorus, which is to come betwixt the 4th and 5th acts, will by no means sort with the scenery that here follows; I have chose to fall in with the other regulation. Mr. Pope gives a reason, why this scene should be connective to the preceding scene; but his reason, according to custom, is a mistaken one. *The words of Fluellen* (he says,) *immediately follow those of the king just before.* The king's last words, at his going off, were;

Then ev'ry soldier kill his prisoners:

Give the word through.

Now Mr. Pope must very accurately suppose, that *Fluellen* over-hears this; and that by replying, *kill the Poyes and the*

luggage; 'tis expressly against the law of arms; — he is condemning the king's order, as against martial discipline. But this is a most absurd supposition. Fluellen neither overhears, nor replies to, what the king had said: nor has *kill the Poyes and the luggage* any reference to the soldiers' killing their prisoners. Nay, on the contrary (as there is no interval of an act here,) there must be some little pause betwixt the king's going off, and Fluellen's entring: (and therefore I have said, *alarms continued*;) for we find by Gower's first speech, that the soldiers had already cut their prisoners throats, which required some time to do. The matter is this. The baggage, during the battle, (as K. Henry had no men to spare,) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which some French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the English camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plunder'd and burn'd the baggage: in resentment of which villany it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all prisoners throats to be cut. And to this villany of the French run-aways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, *kill the poyes and the luggage*. The fact is set out, (as Mr. Pope might have observed) both by Hall and Hollingshead.

THEOB.

Ibid.] Unhappily the king gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The king killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain.

JOHNS.

P. 87. l. 3. *The fat knight*] This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

JOHNS.

L. 18. *Besides, we'll cut the throats, &c.*] The king is in a very bloody disposition. He has already cut the throats of his prisoners, and threatens now to cut them again. No haste of composition could produce such negligence; neither was this play, which is the second draught of the same design, written in haste. There must be some dislocation of the scenes. If we place these lines at the beginning of

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the twelfth scene, the absurdity will be removed, and the action will proceed in a regular series. This transposition might easily happen in copies written for the players. Yet it must not be concealed, that in the imperfect play of 1608 the order of the scenes is the same as here. JOHNS.

P. 90. l. 8. *Great fort.*] High rank. So in the ballad of Jane Shore,

Lords and ladies of great fort.

JOHNS.

Ibid. *Quite from the answer of his degree.*] A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person in answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. JOHNS.

P. 92. l. 7. — *his payment into plovus.*] The Revisal reads, very reasonably, in two plovus. JOHNS.

P. 93. l. 3. *Give me thy glove, — look, here is the fellow of it.*] It must be, *give me my glove*, for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow. JOHNS.

P. 94. l. 6. *Charles duke of Orleans, &c.*] This list is copied from Hall. POPE.

L. 18. *Mercenaries* are in this place *common soldiers*, or *hired soldiers*. The gentlemen served at their own charge in consequence of their tenures. JOHNS.

P. 95. l. 24. *Do we all holy rites; &c.*] The king (say the chroniclers) caused the Psalm, in *exitu Israel de Aegypto* (in which, according to the vulgate, is included the Psalm. *Non nobis domine, &c.*) to be sung after the victory. POPE.

P. 96. l. 13. *Whiffler*] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of publick solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *Huiffier*. HANMER.

L. 22. *Giving full trophy*] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shews, from himself to God. JOHNS.

L. 27. *Like to the senators of antique Rome*] This is a very extraordinary compliment to the city. But he ever declines all general satire on them; and, in the epilogue to Henry VIII. he hints with disapprobation on his contemporary poets who were accustomed to abuse them. Indeed his satire is very rarely partial or licentious. WARRE.

P. 97. l. 2. Likelihood] *Likelihood*, for similitude. WARE.
Ibid.] The later editors, in hope of mending the measure of this line, have injured the sense. The folio reads as I have printed, but all the books, since revisal became fashionable, and editors have been more diligent to display themselves than to illustrate their author, have given the line thus:

As by a low, but loving likelihood.

Thus they have destroyed the praise which the poet designed for Essex; for who would think himself honoured by the epithet *low*? The poet, desirous to celebrate that great man, whose popularity was then his boast, and afterwards his destruction, compares him to king Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herself, he confesses that he is *lower* than a king, but would never have represented him absolutely as *low*. JOHNS.

L. 3. *Were now the General, &c.*] The earl of Essex in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. POPE.

L. 5. *Broached.*] Spitted, transfix'd. JOHNS.

L. 11. *The Emperor's coming in behalf of France.*] In order to preserve the justness of the construction, the line should be an ablative absolute, thus,

The Emperor coming in behalf of France. REVIS.*

Ib. sc. 2. Enter Fluellen and Gower.] This scene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the last chorus. There is no English camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happens before the return of the army to England, and not after so long an interval as the chorus has supplied. JOHNS.

P. 98. l. 8. *To have me fold up, &c.*] Dost thou desire to have me put to death. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Squire of low degree.*] That is, I will bring you to the ground. JOHNS.

L. 25. *Astonish'd him,*] That is, you have stunned him with the blow. JOHNS.

P. 99. l. 2. *I eat and eat I swear,*] Thus the first folio, for which the latter editors have put, *I eat and swear*. We should read, I suppose, in the frigid tumour of Pistol's dialect, I eat and *eke* I swear. JOHNS.

L. 32. *Fortune doth play the buswife.*] That is, the jilt.

Huswife is here in an ill sense.

JOHNS.

P. 100. l. 1. *News have I, that my Dol is dead.*] We must read, *my Nell is dead.* Dol Tearsheet was so little the favourite of Pistol that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have cut off his rendezvous; that is, deprived him of a home. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan.

JOHNS.

L. 9. In the quarto of 1608 these lines are read thus,
Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike loins?
Well France farewell. News have I certainly,
That *Doll* is sick of malady of France.
The wars affordeth nought, home will I trudge,
Bawd will I turn, and use the slight of hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal;
And patches will I get unto those scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] The comick scenes of the history of Henry the fourth and fifth are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure.

JOHNS.

L. 10. *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met,*] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here, after the chorus, the fifth act seems naturally to begin.

JOHNS.

P. 101. l. 11. *Unto this bar,*] To this barrier; to this place of congress.

JOHNS.

L. 26. *Unpruned dyes:*] We must read, *lyes:* For neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but causes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requisite nourishment is withdrawn from its fruit.

WARB.

Ibid.] This emendation is physically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough said to die which ceases to bear fruit.

JOHNS.

L. 27. *Like prisoners, &c.*] This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A prisoner may be *overgrown with hair*, but

wildness is contrary to the state of a prisoner. A hedge even-pleach'd is more properly imprisoned.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] The incongruity of the comparison I continue to censure, but the expression, *wildly overgrown with hair*, is justifiable; the hair may be *wild*, though the prisoner be confined.

JOHNS. APPEND.

P. 102. l. 6. *And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,*

Even so our houses, &c. —] The many disorders arising from want of agriculture, are very fully and very beautifully described in thirteen lines immediately preceding these; and the instances there given are exactly the same with these here: so that this couplet is not only flat and insipid, after what goes before; but also most shamefully tautological. Take the whole passage, as I think it should be read and pointed:

— Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;

Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,

Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,

The sciences, that should become our country. CAN.*

L. 13. — *diffus'd attire,*] *Diffus'd*, for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. Act 3. Scene 7. Gower says, "And what a beard of the General's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do amongst, &c. is wonderful to be thought on."

WARR.

Ibid.] *Diffus'd* is so much used by our author for *wild*, *irregular*, and *strange*, that in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he applies it to a song to be sung by fairies.

JOHNS.

L. 15. *Former favour,*] *Former appearance.*

JOHNS.

P. 103. l. 2. — *we will suddenly*

Pass our accept, and peremptory answer,] As the French King desires more time to consider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and absurd for him to say absolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly must mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he dislike'd, and consign to such as he approv'd of. Our author uses *pass* in this manner in other places: As in *King John*,

But if you fondly *pass* our proffer'd love. WARR.

P. 104. l. 18.—*such a plain king,*] I know not why Shakespeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the sober arts, does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the Dauphin, who represents him as fitter for the ball room than the field, and tells him that he is not to revel into dutchies, or win provinces with a nimble galliard. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity.

JOHNS.

P. 105. l. 12. —*a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy*] i. e. constancy in the ingot, that hath suffered no alloy, as all coined metal has.

WARR.

Ibid.] I believe this explanation more ingenious than true; to coin is to stamp and to counterfeit. He uses it in both senses; uncoined constancy signifies real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned.

JOHNS.

P. 106. l. 5. *married wife*] Every wife is a married wife. I suppose we should read *new married*; an epithet more expressive of fondness.

JOHNS.

L. 31. —*Constantinople*] Shakespeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years.

THEOB.

P. 107. l. 16. *and untempering effect*] Certainly, *untempering*.

WARR.

P. 109. l. 13. *the heart of hatred about me*] Certainly, *the heart of flattery*.

WARR.*

L. 15. *frankness of my mirth*] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments very worthless.

JOHNS.

P. 110. l. 4. *This moral*] That is, the application of this fable: the *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral*.

JOHNS.

L. 17. *So the maid, that stood in the way for my wish.*] I

think we should rather read, 'that stood in the way of my wish.'

REVIS.*

L. 28. *noſtre tres cber filz* — And thus in latin; *præclariffimus filius*] What, is *tres cber*, in French, *præclariffimus* in latin! We should read, *præcariffimus*.

WARB.

P. III. l. 21. *Thruſt in between the paſſion of theſe kingdoms*] The old folio's have it, *the pation*; which makes me believe, the author's word was *paſſion*; a word, more proper on the occaſion of a peace ſtruck up. A paſſion of two kingdoms for one another, is an odd expreſſion.

THEOE.

P. 112. l. 2. *Our bending author* —] We should read, *blending author* —

So he ſays of him juſt afterwards, *mangling by ſtarts*.

WARB.

Ibid.] I believe, we ſhall hardly meet with the word *blending*, thus neutrally uſed, in any good author; and I am ſure, we ſhall not meet with ſuch a reaſon, in any good critic.

Bending may either ſignify *unequal to the taſk*, or *ſuppliant*, as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it in Hamlet.

— "*ſtooping to your clemency*."

CAN.*

L. 4. — *by ſtarts*] By touching only on ſelect parts.

This play has many ſcenes of high dignity, and many of eaſy merriment. The character of the king is well ſupported, except in his courtſhip, where he has neither the vivacity of *Hal*, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Piſtol is very happily continued; his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the Engliſh ſtage.

The lines given to the chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praiſed, and much muſt be forgiven; nor can it be eaſily diſcovered why the intelligence given by the chorus is more neceſſary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptineſs and narrowneſs of the laſt act, which a very little diligence might have eaſily avoided.

JOHNS.

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END of the NOTES ON HENRY V.

N O T E S

O N T H E

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

THE three parts of Henry VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be *certainly not Shakspeare's*. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's stile, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles, and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Dissemblitude of stile and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to the characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived and more accurately finished than those of king John, Richard II.

or the tragick scenes of Henry IV. and V. If we take these plays from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given? what author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to Shakespeare by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskillfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakespeare himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to Henry V. and apparently connects the first act of Richard III. with the last of the third part of Henry VI. If it be objected that the plays were popular, and therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And indeed if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King Henry, and his queen, king Edward, the duke of Gloucester, and the earl of Warwick, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of Henry VI. and of Henry V. are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of Shakespeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.

JOHNS.

The historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above 30 years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of Henry VI. has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his

facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is killed at the end of the 4th Act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July 1453: and the 2d part of Henry VI. opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the 2d part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult Q. Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestably betray the workmanship of Shakespeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should hardly imagine them to have been brought to him as director of the *Stage*; and so to have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the *diction* of them is more *obsolete*, and the *numbers* more *mean* and *prosaical*, than in the generality of his genuine compositions.

THEOB.

P. 115. l. 3. *Brandish your crystal tresses*——] We have heard of a crystal heaven, but never of crystal comets before. We should read, *cristed* or *crested*, i. e. tresses standing an end, or mounted like a crest.

WARB.

Ibid.] I believe *crystal* is right.

JOHNS.

P. 116. l. 8. *The subtle-witted French, &c.*] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker these charms were imagined only to have power on rational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song.

JOHNS.

P. 117. l. 1. *Our Isle be made a Marish of salt tears*] Thus it is in both the impressions by Mr. Pope: upon what authority, I cannot say. As the old copies read, a *nourish*: and considering it is said in the line immediately preceding, that babes shall suck at their mothers moist eyes, it seems very probable that our author wrote, a *nourice*: i. e. that the whole isle should be one common *nurse*, or *nourisher*, of tears: and those be the nourishment of its Miserable issue. THEOB.

Ibid.] Was there ever such nonsense! But he did not know that *marish* is an old word for marsh or fen; and therefore very judiciously thus corrected by Mr. Pope. WARB.

L. 7. *Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—*] I can't guess the occasion of the hemystich and imperfect sense in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been filled up with—Francis Drake,—tho' that were a terrible anachronism; (as bad as Hector's quoting Aristotle in *Troilus* and *Cressida*) yet perhaps at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite actor, the thing might be popular, tho' not judicious; and therefore by some critics in favour of the author afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture.

POPE.

Ibid.] Whether this was a designed break of the author's, or whether the latter end of the verse was lost, is not very easy now to determine. Mr. Pope thinks (for rhyme-sake, I suppose) that the poet might possibly have filled up the hemistich with the name of Sir Francis Drake. But there are more objections than one to be made to this conjecture. In the first place, Sir Francis Drake did not die till the year 1595: before which time, I believe, this play had made its appearance. Besides, the poet, as he mentioned the star of Julius Cæsar, must be supposed, to talk sense in the close of the verse, to instance in some other desired hero, and who had the rule likewise of a star. In all anachronisms, as in other licences of poetry, the poet is to have regard to verisimilitude. But there is no verisimilitude, when the anachronism glares in the face of the common people. For this falshood is, like all other falshoods in poetry, to be only tolerated, where the falshood is hid under verisimilitude. I have only one further remark to make, where the authority of all the books makes the poet commit a blunder, (whose general character it is, not to be very exact) 'tis the duty of an editor to shew him as he is; and to detect all fraudulent tampering to make him better. but to fill up a chasm by conjecture, with an anachronism that stares sense out of countenance; this with submission to Mr. Pope, *Nec homines, nec Dii, nec concessere Columnæ.*

THEOB.*

[*Ibid.*] Sir T. Hanmer has stopped at Cæsar—perhaps judiciously.

JOHNS.

P. 118. l. 10. *To weep their intermissive miseries.*] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them.

WARB.

P. 119. l. 25. *If Sir John Fastolfe*] Mr. Pope has taken notice, "That Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in Henry V. the occasion whereoff is that the Play was written before Henry IV. or Henry V." but Sir John Fastolfe, (for so he is called) was a lieutenant-general, deputy regent to the duke of Bedford in Normandy, and knight of the garter: and not the comic character afterwards introduced by our author. (CAPELL reads *Falstaff*.)

THEOB.

P. 121. l. 8. *Mars his true moving*] Our poet in an hundred passages of his works, has shewn us his acquaintance with judicial astrology; he here gives us a glimpse of his knowledge in astronomy. The revolutions of the planet Mars were not found out till the beginning of the 17th century.

THEOB.*

P. 122. l. 8. *As their hungry prey*] I believe it should be read,
As their hungred prey.

JOHNS.

L. 10. *England all Oliver's and Rowlands bred,*] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying among our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving a Rowland for his Oliver, to signify the matching one incredible lie with another.

WARB.

L. 21. — *by some odd gimmals or device*] Gimmals are rings of double rounds, from gemelli, wheels one within another.

POPE.*

[*Ibid.*] A gimmal is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now by the vulgar called a gimcrack.

JOHNS.

P. 123. l. 2. *Your cbeare appall'd.*] Cbeare is countenance, appearance.

JOHNS.

L. 10. — *nine Sybils of old Rome:*] There was no nine Sybils of Rome: but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the

Tarquins.

WARR.

L. 12. *Believe my words*] It should rather be read,
— believe *her* words.

JOHNS.

P. 125. l. 24. *Expect St. Martin's summer.*] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun.

JOHNS.

P. 126. l. 4. *St. Philip's daughters.*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts.

HANMER.

L. 13.] *Conveyance* means theft.

HANMER.

P. 127. l. 14. *How now ambitious umpire, what means this?*] This reading has obtained in all the editions since the 2d folio. The first folio has it *Umpheir*. In both the word is distinguished in *Italicks*. But why *Umpire*? Or of what? The traces of the letters, and the word being printed in *Italicks*, convince me, that the duke's Christian name Humphrey lurk'd under this corruption.

THEOB.

L. 15. *Piel'd Priest*—] Alluding to his shaven crown.

POPE.

L. 20. — *giv'st whores indulgences to sin* ;] The public stewes were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester.

POPE.

L. 21. *I'll canvas thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat.*] This means, I believe, "I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve."

JOHNS.

L. 24. *This be Damascus, be thou curst Cain,*] N. B. About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. Maundrell's Travels, page 131.

POPE.

P. 128. l. 9. *Winchester Goose!* —] A clap, or rather a trumpet was called a Winchester Goose.

JOHNS.

P. 129. l. 17. — *that nobles should such stomacks bear!*

I myself fight not once in forty year.] The Mayor of London was not brought in to be laugh'd at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his officer, to whom without doubt these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive of the pacific temper of the city guards.

WARR.

Ibid.] I see no reason for this change. The Mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen.

JOHNS.

L. 28. ——— The English

*Went through a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city.] That is, the
English went, not through a secret grate, but went to over-peer
the city through a secret grate which is in yonder tower. I did
not know till of late that this passage had been thought diffi-
cult.* JOHNS.

P. 133. l. 8. *Pucelle or Pussel.] I know not what pussel is :
perhaps it should be Pucelle or puzzle. Something with a
meaning it should be, but a very poor meaning will serve.*

JOHNS.

L. 18.] The superstition of those times taught that he
that could draw the woman's blood, was free from her power.

JOHNS.

P. 135. l. 7. *Thy promises are like Adonis' garden]* This is
a piece of poetical history, which I have not been able to
trace. Alcinous' garden, in the *Odyssey*, has something in
it, I know, that might countenance this simile of our au-
thor. "There a perpetual zephyr blowing, some fruits
blossomed, others were ripened, by it."

——— ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ

Ζεφυρὶν πνέοντα τὰ μὲν φύει, ἄλλα δὲ πύσσει.

But our poet speaks here *locally* of Adonis's garden, as Ho-
mer there does of Alcinous's : For which I can find no war-
rant in any ancient writer. We read, tis true of Ἀδωνίδος
κῆποι, but they were *moveable gardens*. In the festival cele-
brated to the memory of Adonis, certain *shells*, or vessels,
filled with earth, in which several sorts of grain and herbs
were sown, especially lettings were carried about : Because
Adonis was thought to have been laid out by Venus upon a
bed of lettings. To any other garden belonging to Adonis,
I am utterly a stranger. A learned and reverend gentleman
having attempted to impeach Dr. Bentley of error, for main-
taining that there never was existent any magnificent or spa-
cious *Garden of Adonis* ; it is my fortune to second the Doc-
tor upon this head, after having weighed those authorities,
which are alledged by the *Objector* for Adonis having any
real garden. Marino, indeed, the Italian poet, has planted a
fictitious garden for Adonis ; as our Spenser has likewise
done since, upon the other's plan : and I am convinced, that

our author copied the thought of his *simile* from the following passage of Spenser.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time;
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime;
And eke at once the beavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruit's load, &c.

Fairy Queen, B. iii. Can. 6. St. 42.

THEOB *

Ibid.] It may not be impertinent to take notice of a dispute between four critics, of very different orders, upon this very important point of the gardens of Adonis. Milton had said,

Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd,
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or ———

which Dr. Bentley pronounces spurious; "for that the *Κήποι Ἀδώνιδος*, the gardens of Adonis, so frequently mentioned by Greek writers, Plato, Plutarch, &c. were nothing but portable earthen pots, with some lettuce or fennel growing in them. On his yearly festival every woman carried one of them for Adonis' worship; because Venus had once laid him in a lettuce bed. The next day they were thrown away," &c. To this Dr. Pierce replies, "that this account of the gardens of Adonis is right, and yet Milton may be defended for what he says of them: For why (says he) did the Grecians on Adonis' festival carry these small earthen gardens about in honour of him? It was because they had a tradition, that, when he was alive, he delighted in gardens, and had a magnificent one: For proof of this we have Pliny's words, xix. 4. *Antiquitas nihil prius mirata est quam Hesperidum Hortos, ac regum Adonidis & Alcivoi.*" One would now think the question well decided: But Mr. Theobald comes, and will needs be Dr. Bentley's second. "A learned and reverend gentleman (says he) having attempted to impeach Dr. Bentley of error, for maintaining that there never was existent any magnificent or spacious gardens of Adonis, an opinion in which it has been my fortune to second the doctor, I thought my self concerned, in some part, to weigh those authorities alledged by the objector," &c.

The reader sees that Mr. Theobald mistakes the very question in dispute between these two truly learned men, which was not whether Adonis' gardens *were ever existent*, but whether there was *a tradition of any celebrated gardens cultivated by Adonis*. For this would sufficiently justify Milton's mention of them, together with the gardens of Alcinous, confessed by the poet himself to be fabulous. But hear their own words. *There was no such garden* says Dr. Bentley) *ever existent*, or even feign'd. He adds the latter part, as knowing that that would justify the poet; and it is on that assertion only that his adversary Dr. Pierce joins issue with him. "Why (says he) did they carry the small earthen gardens? It was because they had a *tradition*, that when he was alive he delighted in gardens." Mr. Theobald, therefore, mistaking the question, it is no wonder that all he says, in his long note at the end of the fourth volume, is nothing to the purpose; it being to shew that Dr. Pierce's quotation from Pliny and others, do not prove the real *existence* of the gardens. After these, comes the Oxford editor; and he pronounces in favour of Dr. Bentley against Dr. Pierce, in these words, *the gardens of Adonis were never represented under any local description*. But whether this was said at hazard, or to contradict Dr. Pierce, or to rectify Mr. Theobald's mistake of the question, it is so obscurely expressed, that one can hardly determine.

WARB.

L. 26. — *coffer of Darius*] When Alexander the great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little casket. Having asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it; when they had deliver'd their opinions, he told them, he esteem'd nothing so worthy to be preserv'd in it as Homer's Iliad. Vide *Plutarchum in vita Alexand. Magni*.

THEOB.*

P. 137. l. 24. *Unready*] Was the current word in those times for *undressed*.

JOHNS.

P. 142. l. 6. *That with his name the mothers still their babes?*] This description of the terror, which Talbot struck into the French, seems to me to be ridicul'd by Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Knight of the burning pestle*, in which several other passages of our author are sneer'd at:

*We'll fear our children with him ;
If they be never so unruly, do but cry,
Ralph comes! Ralph comes! to them ;
And they'll be as quiet as lambs.*

THEOB.¹

P. 144. l. 23. All the editions read,

Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' error ? Here is apparently a want of opposition between the two questions. I once read,

Or else was wrangling Somerset i'th' right ?

But I have inserted Sir T. Hanmer's emendation. JOHNS.

P. 145. l. 20. *From off this briar pluck a white rose with me, &c.* This is given as the original of the two badges of the house of York and Lancaster, whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expression of *saying a thing under the rose*, I am persuaded, came from thence. When the nation had ranged itself into two great factions, under the white and red rose, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting against one another, then when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the same quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he *said it under the rose*; meaning that, as it concern'd the faction, it was religiously to be kept secret.

WARB.

Ibid.] Of this proverb other authors give other originals, but the question is not of great importance. JOHNS.

L. 24. *colours*] is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*.

JOHNS.

P. 146. l. 2. *Well objected.*] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed.

JOHNS.

P. 147. l. 3. *I scorn thee and thy passion, peevish boy.*] The old copies read, *fashion*: which the epithet *peevish*, I presume, induc'd Mr. Pope to change into *passion*. But I dare say, I have restor'd the true word, *faction*: i. e. I scorn thee, and those that uphold thee. Somerset had said but just before,

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses.

And Plantagenet says a little after ;

——— *this pale and angry rose*

Will I for ever and my faction wear ;

Besides, if *faction* were not the true reading, why should Suffolk immediately reply,

Ibid.
read, a
confide
which
guish'd
true rea

Why ?
Suffolk
Ibid.
to reac
which
etablis

To say
rose, is
L. 1
no righ
L. 2
being a
from v

L. 1
this wo
come fr
and Pl
reproac
treason
Ibid.
tion.

P. 1
not wh
with w
L. 1
set out
prince

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet? THEOB.*

Ibid. I scorn thee and thy fashion,—] So the old copies read, and rightly. Mr. Theobald altered it to *faction*, not considering that by *fashion* is meant the badge of the red-rose, which Somerset said he and his friends should be distinguish'd by. But Mr. Theobald asks, *If Faction was not the true reading, why should Suffolk immediately reply,*

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet?

Why? because Plantagenet had called Somerset, with whom Suffolk sided, *peevish boy*.

WARR.

Ibid.] I entirely agree with Mr. Theobald, that we ought to read, *faction*, not *fashion*. The words of Somerset, to which the passage under consideration is a reply, sufficiently establish this emendation,

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

To say in answer to this, he scorned his badge of the red rose, is a very poor return indeed.

REVIS.*

L. 19. *Spring crestless yeomen* —] i. e. those who have no right to arms.

WARR.

L. 20. *He bears him on the place's privilege.*] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge and bloodshed.

JOHNS.

L. 27. *Corrupted and exempt* —] *Exempt*, for excluded.

WARR.

L. 148. l. 4. *To scourge you for this apprehension.*] Tho' this word possesses all the copies, I am persuaded, it did not come from the author. I have ventur'd to read *reprehension*: and Plantagenet means, that Somerset had *reprehended* or reproach'd him with his father, the earl of Cambridge's treason.

THEOB.

Ibid. —for this apprehension;] Apprehension, i. e. opinion.

WARR.

P. 149. l. 7. *Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.*] I know not whether Milton did not take from this hint the lines with which he opens his tragedy.

JOHNS.

L. 12. This Edmund Mortimer, when K. Richard II. set out upon his fatal Irish expedition, was declared by that prince heir apparent to the crown: for which reason K.

Henry IV. and V. took care to keep him in prison during their whole reigns.

L. 14. *Exigent*, end.

P. 150. l. 5. *Umpire of misery*.] That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh and forced.

L. 20. *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness* or *discontent*.

L. 23. *Amongst which terms* he us'd *his lawish tongue*,] I rather think Shakespeare wrote,

————— *loos'd his lawish tongue*.

P. 152. l. 27. — *and fair* be all *thy hopes*,] Mortimer knew Plantagenet's hopes were fair, but that the establishment of the Lancastrian line disappointed them: sure, he would wish, that his nephew's fair hopes might have a fair issue. I am persuaded the poet wrote;

————— *and fair* befall *thy hopes*!

Ibid.] This emendation is received by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton. I do not see how the readings differ in sense. *Fair* is *lucky*, or *prosperous*. So we say, a *fair* wind, and *fair* fortune.

P. 153. l. 4. *Here dies the dusky torch*—] The image is of a torch just extinguished, and yet smoking. But we should read *lies* instead of *dies*. For when a dead man is represented by an extinguished torch, we must say the *torch lies*: when an extinguished torch is compared to a dead man, we must say the *torch dies*. The reason is plain, because integrity of metaphor requires that the terms proper to the thing *illustrating*, not the thing *illustrated*, be employed.

L. 5. *Cboak'd with ambition of the meaner sort*.] We are to understand the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies of the north in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support of his own princely ambition.

L. 11. In the former editions:

Or make my will th' advantage of my good.] So all the printed copies: but with very little regard to the poet's meaning. I read,

Or make my ill th' advantage of my good.

Thus we recover the *antishefs* of the expreffion. THEOB.

P. 157. l. 1. *Unaccuftomed* is *unfeemly, indecent*. JOHNS.

L. 7. *An inkborn mate.*] *A Bookman.* JOHNS.

P. 159. l. 17. *Reguerdon.*] *Recompence, return.* JOHNS.

P. 160. l. 10. *So will—difcord breed.*] That is, fo will the malignity of this difcord *propagate itfelf* and advance.

JOHNS.

P. 161. l. 10. — *practifants.*] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the fofter fenfe *fratagem*. *Practifants* are therefore *confederates in fratagem*.

JOHNS.

L. 15. *No way to that—*] That is, *no way equal to that*, no way fo fit as that.

JOHNS.

P. 162. l. 4. *That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.*] All the copies concur in this reading: but it feems to be an abfurd and unmeaning one. The beft construction, that can arife from *efcap'ing the pride of France*, is, *efcaping the proud French*: which would come very improperly from Talbot's mouth. I have ventur'd to fuppofe, our author wrote, the prize: i. e. We hardly escap'd being *feiz'd* by, becoming the prize of the French.

THEOB.*

Ibid.] *Pride* fignifies the *baughty power*. The fame fpeaker fays afterwards, act 4. fcene 6.

And from the pride of Gallia refcu'd thee.

One would think this plain enough. But what won't a puzzling critic obfcure! Mr. Theobald fays, *pride of France* is an *abfurd and unmeaning expreffion*, and therefore alters it to *prize of France*; and in this is followed by the Oxford editor.

WARE.

Sc. V. Alanfon, *on the walls.*] Alanfon Sir T. Hanmer has replaced here, inftead of Reignier, becaufe Alanfon, not Reignier, appears in the enfuing fcene.

JOHNS.

P. 167. l. 12. — *on her lowly babe,*] It is plain Shakefpeare wrote, *lovely babe*, it answering to *fertile France* above, which this domeftic image is brought to illuftrate.

WARE.

Ibid.] The alteration is eafy and probable, but perhaps the poet by *lowly babe* meant the *babe* lying *low* in death. *Lowly* answers as well to *towns defaced* and *wafhing ruin*, as *lovely* to *fertile*.

JOHNS.

P. 168. l. 11. — *These haughty words of hers*

Have batter'd me like rsaring cannon-shot,]

How these lines came hither I know not, there was nothing in the speech of Joan haughty or violent, it was all soft entreaty and mild expostulation.

JOHNS.

L. 18. *Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!]*

This seems to be an offering of the poet to his royal mistress's resentment, for Henry the fourth's last great turn in religion, in the year 1593.

WARR.

Ibid.] The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes.

JOHNS.

P. 169. l. 16. *I do remember how my father said,]* But Henry VI. was but nine months old, when his father dy'd: We have this twice from his own mouth, in the two subsequent parts of this history.

2 Henry VI. Act. 4.

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at *nine months* old.

3 Henry VI. act 3.

I was anointed King at *nine months* old.

A forgetfulness, therefore, of this pitch, (careless as our author was in some respects,) could hardly come from him, had these plays been his in the first concoction: however he might pass such an absurd circumstance inadvertently, while he was only putting the finishing hand to them. Contradictions of so gross a stamp put me in mind of Sir Martin Marr-all, (in Dryden,) who says, "he was born at Cambridge, and he remembers it as perfectly as if it were but yesterday."

THEOB.*

P. 170. l. 6. — *the law of arms is such,*

That, who so draws a sword 'tis present death.]

We are not to understand this, with regard to any penalty for drawing a sword in the presence, or within the verge of the royal palace: neither can the poet mean, that by the law of arms in general it was death to draw a sword. Why then does Basset say, he'll crave liberty of the king to revenge his wrongs? Let us hear what the king says afterwards,

when both parties come to ask his leave for the combat.

—— remember, *where we are*;

In France, amongst a fickle quar'ring nation:

If they perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebell?

'Tis probable therefore, that the king, considering himself, as it were, in an enemy's country, and fearful of ill consequences from any of his own subjects bandying and quarrelling *there* with one another, had made it a capital offence by the martial law for any of his people to draw a weapon upon one another:

THEOB.*

Ibid.] Shakespeare wrote,

—— draws a sword i'th' presence 't's death;

i. e. in the court, or in the presence chamber.

WARB.

Ibid.] This reading cannot be right, because, as Mr. Edwards observed, it cannot be pronounced.

JOHNS.

L. 19. — *such as shall pretend*] To pretend is to design, to intend.

JOHNS.

P. 171. l. 26. — *haughty courage* ;] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high*.

JOHNS.

P. 176. 13. In former editions,

And if I wish be did.] By the pointing reform'd, and a single letter expung'd, I have restor'd the text to its purity.

And, if I wis, be did. — Warwick had said, the king meant no harm in wearing Somerset's rose: York testily replies, "Nay, if I know any thing, he did think harm."

THEOB.

Ibid.] This is followed by the succeeding editors, and is indeed plausible enough, but perhaps this speech may become intelligible enough without any change, only supposing it broken.

And if — I wish — be did.

or perhaps,

And if be did, I wish —

JOHNS.

Ibid. *And if I wis, be did.* — *But let it rest.*] Mr. Theobald hath quite mistaken the true sense of this passage, and hath corrupted the pointing accordingly. We should read,

And if I wis be did — But let it rest.

It is an imperfect menace, which upon recollecting himself York breaks off abruptly.

REVIS.*

P. 177. l. 14. *the offer of our love.*] The common editions read, — *the offer of their love.* Sir T. Hanmer altered it to *our.*

JOHNS.

P. 178. l. 1. *To rive their dangerous artillery*] I do not understand the phrase *to rive artillery*, perhaps it might be to *drive*; we say *to drive a blow*, and *to drive at a man*, when we mean to express furious assault.

JOHNS.

L. 6. — *due thee*] *To due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*.

JOHN.

L. 20. — *be then in blood* ;] Be high in spirits; be of true mettle.

JOHNS.

L. 23. — *with beads of steel*,] Continuing the image of the deer he supposes the lances to be their horns.

JOHNS.

P. 179. l. 13. *And I am lowed* —] *To low* may signify to *depress*, to *lower*, to *dishonour*; but I do not remember it so used. We may read, *and I am flouted.* *I am mocked*, and treated with contempt.

JOHNS.

P. 180. l. 21. — *the vulture*] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.

JOHNS.

P. 181. l. 12. — *ring'd about*] Environed, encircled.

JOHN.

L. 17. *In advantage ling'ring.*] Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post.

JOHNS.

L. 19. — *worthless emulation.*] In this line *emulation* signifies merely *rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence.

JOHNS.

P. 182. l. 21. *A feast of death.*] To a field where death will be *feasted* with slaughter.

JOHNS.

P. 183. l. 3. For what reason this scene is written in rhyme I cannot guess. If Shakespeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here.

JOHNS.

L. 8. *Your regard.*] Your care of your own safety.

JOHNS.

P. 185. l. 24. *On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!*] This passage seems to lie obscure and disjointed. The grammar is not to be justified; nor is the sentiment better.

I have ventur'd at a slight alteration, which departs so little from the reading which has obtain'd, but so much raises the sense, as well as takes away the obscurity, that I am willing to think it restores the author's meaning ;

Out on that vantage.

THEOB.

Ibid.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *Ob what advantage*, which I have followed, though Mr. Theobald's conjecture may be well enough admitted.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *And like me to the peasant boys of France,*] *To like one to the peasants* is, to compare, to level by comparison, the line is therefore intelligible enough by itself, but in this sense it wants connection. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *And leave me*, which makes a clear sense and just consequence. But as chance is not to be allowed without necessity, I have suffered like to stand, because I suppose the author meant the same as *make like*, or *reduce to a level with*.

JOHNS.

P. 186. l. 8. *Death smear'd with captivity.*] That is, death stained and dishonoured with captivity.

JOHNS.

L. 15. *Tendring my ruin,*—————] Watching me with tenderness in my fall.

JOHNS.

L. 23. *Thou antick death.*] The fool, or antick of the play, made sport my mocking the graver personages.

JOHNS.

L. 26. *Through the lither sky.*] *Litber* is flexible or yielding. In much the same sense Milton says,

————— *He with broad sails*

Winnow'd the buxom air.

That is, the obsequious air.

JOHNS.

P. 187. l. 14. The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens the suspicion, that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *Giglot* is a wanton, or a strumpet.

POPE.

P. 188. l. 4. *Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know*

Who hath obtain'd—————] Lucy's message

implied that he knew who had obtained the victory : therefore Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent.

JOHNS.

P. 191. l. 19. *Not in birth.*] I would read *for birth*. That is, thou shalt not rule me though thy birth is legitimate and

thy authority supreme.

P. 192. l. 18. — *ye charming spells and Periapts;*] Charms sow'd up. Ezek. xiii. 18. *Wo to them that sow pillows to all arm-boles, to hunt souls.* JOHN. POPE.

L. 22. *Monarch of the North.*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton therefore assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHN. JOHN.

L. 27. *Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,*] I believe Shakespeare wrote *legions*. WARE.

P. 194. l. 25. *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.*] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHN.

P. 195. l. 3. *Disable not thyself.*] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHN.

198. l. 15. — *I could be well content*

To be mine own attorney in this case.] i. e. I could like to act in my own behalf in this affair, to negotiate for myself. So, before, in king John;

In us, that are *our own great deputy*.

P. 199. l. 5. *To send such peevish tokens —*] *Peevish*, for childish. WARE.

P. 200. l. 3. *Why wilt thou be so obstacle?*] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHN.

L. 8. — *my noble birth.*

'Tis true, I gave a noble — &c.] This passage seems to corroborate an explanation, somewhat far fetched, which I have given in Henry IV. of the *nobleman* and *royal man*. JOHN.

P. 201. l. 28. *Alanson! that notorious Machiavel.*] *Machiavel* being mentioned somewhat before his time, this line is by some of the editors given to the players, and ejected from the text. JOHN.

P. 202. l. 12. — *'till mischief and despair*

Drive you to break your necks, —] Perhaps Shakespeare intended to remark in this execration, the fre-

quency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNS.

L. 21. *Betweenst our nation and th' aspiring French;*] But would an ambassador, who came to persuade peace with France, use it as an argument, that France was *aspiring*? Shakespeare without doubt wrote,

——— *th' respiring French.*

i. e. who had but just got into breath again, after having been almost hunted down by the English. WARB.

Ibid.] The ambassador yet uses no argument, but if he did, *respining* would not much help the cause. Shakespeare wrote what might be pronounced, and therefore did not write *th' respiring*. JOHNS.

P. 203. l. 15. — *baleful enemies.*] *Baleful* is *sorrowful*; I therefore rather imagine that we should read *baneful*, hurtful, or mischievous. JOHNS.

L. 27. — *with a coronet,*] *Coronet* is here used for a crown. JOHNS.

P. 204. l. 13. — *upon comparison?*] Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? JOHNS.

L. 14. — *accept the title thou usurp'st,*
Of benefit — — — — —] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNS.

P. 205. l. 14. *So am I driv'n* — — —] This simile is somewhat obscure; he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest. JOHNS.

P. 206. l. 11. — *at a triumph*] That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. JOHNS.

P. 207. l. 4. *By attorneyship.*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another. JOHNS.

P. 208. l. 13. *If you do censure me, &c.*] To *censure* is here simply to judge. *If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.* JOHNS.

L. 17. — *ruminate my grief.*] *Grief* in the first line is

taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness*; in the second especially for *sorrow*.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before Henry the fifth is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts.

Henry the sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,
Whose state so many had i'th' managing
That they lost France, and made all England rue,
Which oft our stage hath shewn.

France is *lost* in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster.

The two first parts of Henry VI. were printed in 1600. When Henry V. was written we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600; and therefore before the publication of the first and second parts, the first part of Henry VI. had been often *shewn on the stage*, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publisher.

JOHNS.

END of the NOTES ON FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

N O T E S

O N T H E

SECOND PART OF K. HENRY VI.

Page 211. *The second part, &c.*] This and the third part were first written under the title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1600, but since vastly improved by the Author.

POPE.

The second part of K. Henry VI.] This and the third part of King Henry VI. contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign, which took in the whole *Contention* betwixt the two houses of York and Lancaster: and under that title were these two Plays first acted and published. The present Scene opens with K. Henry's marriage, which was in the 23d year of his reign; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the 33d year of his reign. So that it comprizes the history and transactions of 10 years.

THEOB.

L. 1. *As by your high, &c.*] Vide Hall's Chronicle, Fol. 66. Year 23. Init.

POPE.

Ibid.] It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions, of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history.

JOHNS.

P. 212. l. 7. *The mutual conference—*] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarised you to my imagination.

JOHNS.

L. 10. — *mine alder-lievest Sovereign*;] *Alder-lievest* is
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an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attach'd: *Lievst* being the superlative of the comparative, *levest*, rather, from *lief*. So Hall in his Chronicle, Henry VI. Folio 12. "Ryght hyghe and mighty Prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, *levest* Lord. WARB.

Ibid.] *Alderliefst*, most dear,

Aldirlevist in Chaucer.

Mine *aldirlevist* lorde, and brothir dere."

Troilus and Cresseide, lib. iii. 240.

GRAY.*

Ibid.] The word, *alder-lievst*, is a corruption of the German word, now in common use, *aller-liebste*, beloved above all things.

REVISAL.*

P. 213. l. 20. *We thank you for all this great favour done.*] Undoubtedly we should read, from a regard both to the sense and the metre,

We thank you all for this great favour done. REVIS.*

P. 214. l. 25. *This peroration with such circumstances.*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

JOHNS.

P. 215. l. 10. The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*.

JOHNS.

L. 11, 12. Rejected by

HANMER.*

P. 216. l. 9. *And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west*] Certainly Shakespeare wrote *east*.

WARB.

Ibid. There are wealthy kingdoms in the *West* as well as in the *East*, and the Western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thought of the speaker.

JOHNS.

P. 218. l. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, rejected by

HANMER.*

P. 223. l. 11. *Sort how it will.*] Let the issue be what it will.

JOHNS.

L. 14. *In quill*] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading, the rest have *in the quill*.

JOHNS.

P. 226. l. 16. That is, the complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king.

JOHNS.

P. 227. l. 8. *His censure.*] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for *judgment* or *opinion*.

JOHNS.

P. 230. l. 14. K. Henry. *Then be it so, &c.*] These two

lines I have inserted from the old quarto; and, as I think, very necessarily. For without them, the King has not declared his assent to Gloucester's opinion; and the Duke of Somerset is made to thank him for the Regency, before the King has deputed him to it.

THEOB.

P. 231. l. 12. *Deep night, dark night*, the silent of the night.] *The silent of the night* is a classical expression: and means an interlunar night.—*Amica silentia Lunæ*. So Pliny, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utilissimè in coitu ejus sterni, quem diem alii interlunii, alii silentis Lunæ appellant.* Lib. xvi. cap. 39. In imitation of this language, Milton says,

The Sun to me is dark

And silent as the Moon,

When she deserts the night,

Hid in her vacant interlunar Cave.

WARB.

Ibid.] Mr. Warburton seems to have puzzled himself with his classical learning, till he had quite mistaken what he was about. Because the absence of the moon during her interlunar period had been termed by classical writers the silence of the moon, therefore the silent night must mean an 'interlunar night.' As if every school-boy did not know, that, *silent*, is the common, and very proper, epithet of the night itself. *The silent*, is used here for, *the silence*, the adjective for the substantive, a peculiarity frequent in Shakespear's phraseology.

REVISAL.*

P. 232. l. 23. *Lord Buckingham, methinks, &c.*] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this Play.

POPE.

L. 23, to page 233. l. 11, inclus. rejected by HANMER.*

P. 233. l. 10. *These Oracles are hardly attain'd.*

And hardly understood.] Not only the lameness of the versification, but the imperfection of the sense too, made me suspect this passage to be corrupt. York, seizing the parties and their papers, says, he'll see the Devil's Writ; and finding the Wizard's answers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon such sort of intelligence, as I have restor'd the text:

A 2

These Oracles are *bardily* attain'd,
And hardly understood.

i. e. a great risque and hazard is run to obtain them; and yet, after these *bardy* steps taken, the informations are so perplex'd that they are *bardly* to be understood. THEOB.

L. 22. *For flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. JOHNS.

P. 234. l. 1. *The wind was very high,*

And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.] I am told by a gentleman better acquainted with falconry than myself, that the meaning, however expressed, is, that, the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away; a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather. JOHNS.

L. 24. *With such holiness* can you do it?] Do what? the verse wants a foot, we should read,

With such Holiness can you *not* do it?

Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy: and says, have you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice?

WARB.

Ibid.] The verse is lame enough after the emendation, nor does the negative particle improve the sense. When words are omitted it is not often easy to say what they were if there is a perfect sense without them. I read, but somewhat at random.

A Churchman, with such holiness can you do it?

The transcriber saw *churchman* just above, and therefore omitted it in the second line. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Mr. Warburton very rightly observes that 'this verse,' besides its defect in sense, 'wants a foot.' He therefore bids us read,

With such holiness can you *not* do it?

But if he had understood any thing of the metre of an English verse, more than barely counting the number of syllables, he must have seen that this verse is still too short by half a foot, or a syllable, though it already contain ten syllables. Possibly therefore the poet might write,

What? with such holiness can you *not* do it? REVIS.*

P. 235. l. 14. — *Come with thy two-hand Sword.*

Glo. True, Uncle, are ye advis'd? the East-side of the Grove.

Cardinal, I am with You.] Thus is the whole Speech plac'd to Glo'ster, in all the Editions: but surely, with great inadvertence. It is the Cardinal, who first appoints the East-side of the Grove; and how finely does it express rancour and impetuosity for fear Gloucester should mistake, to repeat the appointment, and ask his antagonist if he takes him right!

THEOB.

P. 237. l. 8. The former Copies:

— who said, Simon, come;

Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.] Why, Simon? The Chronicles, that take notice of Glo'ster's detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impostor, who asserted himself to be cur'd of blindness, was called Saunder Simpcox.

— Simon was therefore a corruption.

THEOB.

P. 240. l. 11. Your Lady is forth-coming.] That is, your Lady is in custody.

JOHNS.

P. 241. l. 5. And poise the Cause in justice's equal scale,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.] The sense will, I think, be mended if we read in the operative mood,

— Justice' equal scale,

Whose beam stand sure, whose rightful cause prevail. JOHN.

L. 10. In craving your opinion of my Title,

Which is infallible, to England's crown,] I know not well whether he means the opinion or the title is infallible.

JOHNS.

P. 244. l. 21. Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.]

That is, sorrow would have, sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.

JOHNS.

P. 245. l. 5. God and King Henry govern England's realm.]

The word realm at the end of two lines together is displeasing; and when it is considered that much of this scene is written in rhyme, it will not appear improbable that the author wrote, govern England's helm.

JOHNS.

L. 31. — worse bestead,] In a worse plight.

JOHNS.

P. 246. sc. VI. — with a Sand-bag fastened to it.] As, according to the old laws of duels, Knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with

an Ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cram'd hard with sand. To this custom Hudibras has alluded in these humourous lines,

Engag'd with money bags, as bold
As men with *Sand-bags* did of old.

WARB.

L. 5. *a cup of charneco,*] On which the Oxford Editor thus criticises in his Index. "This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish *Cbarniegos* is a term used for the stocks." It was no cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet, intitled, "The discovery of a London Monster, called the black dog of Newgate, printed in 1612. Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. There wanted neither sherry, sack nor *charneco*, maligo nor amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor." — And as *charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of *turpentine tree*, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.

WARB.

Ibid.] The vulgar name for this liquor was *charingo*. I meet with it in an old catch set to music by Lawes.

HAWKINS.*

P. 247. l. 7. as Bevis of Louthampton fell upon Ascapart.] I have added this from the old quarto.

WARB.

Ibid.] *Ascapart* was the giant of the story.

JOHNS.

L. 16. *For by his death we do perceive his guilt,*] *Death* for defeat. Because, by the laws of duel, he that was defeated, was executed in consequence of it.

WARB.*

Ibid.] Here Mr. Warburton is killing a dead man; for, if this note means any thing, it means to inform us, that the *armourer* was not killed, but only *conquered*; knock'd-down indeed with the sand-bag, but was to be hanged afterwards; yet, only six lines above, his own text declares that he *dies*. Thus it stands,

Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

ARM. Hold, Peter, hold ; I confefs, I confefs treason.

[dies.]

But our profess'd Critic seldom fees an inch beyond his nose, in matters that lie plainly before him ; while he is hunting for refinements, which his author never thought of.

CANONS.*

L. 24. *So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet,*] I imagine Shakespeare might write,

So cares and joys go round.

WARE.*

Ibid.] Any one else would imagine, that Shakespeare needed no amendment here ; but I fancy, Mr. Warburton might borrow his emendation from a Tetraſtich he contemplated at the top of an Almanack.

War begets poverty, poverty peace,

Peace makes riches flow, time ne'er doth ceaſe,

Riches produceth pride, pride is war's ground,

War begets poverty—*ſo the world goes round.*

He ſeems alſo to have had his eye upon the Almanack in another place.

CANONS.*

P. 248. l. 2. *Unneatb.*] i. e. ſcarcely.

POPE.

L. 26. *Mail'd up in ſhame,*—] Wrapped up ; bundled up in diſgrace ; alluding to the ſheet of penance.

JOHNS.

P. 250. l. 2. *Thy greateſt help is quiet,*—] The poet has not endeavoured to raiſe much compaſſion for the dutcheſs, who indeed ſuffers but what ſhe had deſerved.

JOHNS.

L. 14. *Muſt you, Sir John, protect my Lady here ?*] I apprehend we ſhould read, 'protect my Lady hence ?

REVIS.*

L. 17. — *the world may laugh*—] That is, the world may look again favourably upon me.

JOHNS.

P. 251. l. 16. — *I long to ſee my priſon,*] This impatience of a high ſpirit is very natural. It is not ſo dreadful to be imprifoned, as it is deſirable in a ſtate of diſgrace to be ſheltered from the ſcorn of gazers.

JOHNS.

P. 252. l. 15. *Me ſeemetb*—] That is, *it ſeemetb to me*, a word more grammatical than *metbinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place.

JOHNS.

P. 253. l. 4. — *your Grace's tale.*] Suffolk uſes *Highneſs* and *Grace* promiſcuouſly to the queen. *Majeſty* was not the ſettled title till the time of king James the firſt.

JOHNS.

P. 254. l. 22. — *this gear,*] *Gear* was a general word for *being or matters.* JOHNS.

P. 256. l. 5. — *these faults are easy,*] *Easy* is *slight*, inconsiderable, as in other passages of this author. JOHNS.

P. 258. l. 18. *And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,] But how can it *stray* when it is *bound*? The poet certainly intended, when it *strives*; i. e. when it struggles to get loose. And so he elsewhere employs this word. THIRLBY.

Ibid.] This emendation is admitted by the succeeding editors, and I had once put it in the text. I am, however, inclined to believe that in this passage, as in many, there is a confusion of ideas, and that the poet had at once before him a butcher carrying a calf bound, and a butcher driving a calf to the slaughter, and beating him when he did not keep the path. Part of the line was suggested by one image and part by another, so that *strive* is the best word, but *stray* is the right. JOHNS.

P. 259. l. 1. *Free Lords, &c.*—] By this she means, (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live. WARE.

L. 23. *'Tis York that bath more reason for his death.*] Why York had more reason than the rest for desiring Humphry's death, is not very clear; he had only decided the deliberation about the regency of France in favour of Somerset. JOHNS.

P. 260. l. 3. *No; let him die, in that he is a fox*
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chops be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my liege.]

The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphry may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime.

Some may be tempted to read *treasons* for *reasons*, but the

drift of the argument is to shew that there may be *reason* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNS.

L. 6. *As Humphry prov'd by reasons to my liege.*] Partly the construction, and partly the sense, oblige us to read,

As Humphrey's prov'd by treasons to my liege. REVIS.*

L. 18. *I will be his priest.*] I will be the attendant on his last scene, I will be the last man whom he will see. JOHNS.

L. 21. *And censure will the deed.*] That is, approve the deed; judge the deed good. JOHNS.

L. 27. *It skills not.*] It is of no importance. JOHNS.

P. 263. l. 7. *Mad-brain'd flaw.*] *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind. JOHNS.

L. 18. *A wild Morisco.*] *A Moor* in a military dance, now called a *Morris*, that is, a moorish dance. JOHNS.

P. 265. l. 6. In former editions:

I thank thee, Nell, these words content me much.] This is king Henry's reply to his wife Margaret. There can be no reason why he should forget his own wife's name, and call her *Nell* instead of *Margaret*. As the change of a single letter sets all right, I am willing to suppose it came from his pen thus;

I thank thee: Well, these words content me much. THEOB.

L. 22. *Right now.*] Just now; even now. JOHNS.

P. 266. l. 25. *Be woe for me.*] That is, let not woe be to thee for Gloucester, but for me. JOHNS.

P. 267. l. 14, 15, 16. rejected by HANMER.*

L. 17. *The splitting rocks cov'r'd in the sinking sands,*

And would not dash me with their ragged sides.] *Sinking sands* and *splitting rocks* are the two destroyers of ships, but they are not otherwise allied to one another, and act their mischief by very different powers. I believe here is a transposition, and should read,

The sinking sands, the splitting rocks cov'r'd in.

Our poet mentions them together, as in *Othello*,

The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands.

But finding no commodious allusion for the sands, he let that idea pass without any correspondent, and proceeds to the rocks.

The splitting rocks cov'r'd in,

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,

Because thy flinty heart ———

JOHNS.

P. 268. l. 4. *To sit and watch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold*

His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy;

The poet here is unquestionably alluding to Virgil, (*Æneid*.l.) but he strangely blends fact with fiction. In the first place, it was Cupid, in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid, who related to her the process of Troy's destruction, but it was Æneas himself who related this history. Again, how did the supposed Ascanius sit and watch her? Cupid was ordered, while Dido mistakenly caressed him, to bewitch and infect her with love. To this circumstance the poet certainly alludes; and, unless he had wrote, as I have restored to the text;

To sit and witch me, —————

Why should the queen immediately draw this inference.

Am I not witch'd like her?

THEOB.

L. 19. *Not Henry*] The poet commonly uses Henry as a word of three syllables.

JOHNS.

P. 269. l. 11. *For seeing him, I see my life in death.*] Though, by a violent operation, some sense may be extracted from this reading, yet I think it will be better to change it thus;

For seeing him, I see my death in life.

That is, seeing him I live to see my own destruction. Thus it will aptly correspond with the first line.

Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made.

JOHNS.

L. 20. *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,*

Of airy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless.] All that is true of the body of a dead man is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read,

Oft have I seen a timely-parted corpse.

But of two common words how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet *timely-parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in Hamlet there is mention of *peace-parted souls*, so here *timely-parted* must have the same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty and made many real. If the soul

is parted from the body, the body is likewise parted from the soul.

I cannot but stop a moment to observe that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakespeare's.

JOHNS.

P. 271. l. 28. *What stronger breast-plate than a heart-untainted?*

Thrice is he arm'd ———] The poet seems to have had in view this expression of Horace, (Li. i. Ode 3.)

Illi rubor & æs triplex

Circa pectus erat, &c.

however he has varied it in the application. THEOB.

P. 274. l. 20. *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan.*] The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground, it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

JOHNS.

P. 275. l. 6. — *as smart as lizards' stings!*] In several other passages, I have observ'd, our poet speaks of the *lizard*, so inoffensive with us, as of a noxious animal. I don't know, whether in Italy these reptiles be venomous, or no; or whether, by *lizard*, the poet means serpent, as Virgil is said to do, Eclog. 2. v. 9.

THEOB.*

L. 14. *You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?*] This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves, but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them, what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.

JOHNS.

L. 25. *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,*

Through which a thousand sighs, &c.] That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousands sighs will be breathed for thee.

JOHNS.

P. 277. l. 1. — *at an hour's poor loss,*] She means, I be-

lieve, at a loss which any hour spent in contrivance and deliberation will enable her to supply. Or perhaps she may call the sickness of the cardinal the loss of an hour, as it may put some stop to her schemes.

JOHNS.

L. 27. *I'll have an Iris*] Iris was the messenger of Juno.

JOHNS.]

P. 279. l. 6. *Forbear to judge, &c.* ————]

Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes,

Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse quod hic est.

JOHNS.

L. 8. This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the criticks, and which will continue to be admired when prejudice shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them.

JOHNS.

L. 9. *The gaudy, blabbing—day*] The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day. JOHNS.

L. 11. ———— *the jades*

That drag the tragick melancholy night,

Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,

Clip dead mens' graves; ————] The wings of

the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakespeare, to be drawn by dragons.

JOHNS.

P. 280. l. 16. *Look on my George.*] In the first edition it is *my ring*.

WARB.

P. 281. l. 4. *Jove sometimes went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in all but the first old edition, without which what follows is not sense. The next line also,

Obscure and lowly favain, king Henry's blood,

was falsely put in the captain's mouth.

POPE.

L. 16. ———— *abortive pride.*] Pride that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time.

JOHNS.

L. 27. *Poole? Sir Poole? Lord?*] The dissonance of this

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broken line makes it almost certain that we should read with a kind of ludicrous climax,

Poole? Sir Poole? Lord Poole?

He then plays upon the name *Poole*, kennel, puddle. JOHNS.

P. 283. l. 1. *Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pirate.*] Mr. Theobald says, "This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author derived his acquaintance with him." And yet he is to be met with in Tully's offices; and the legend is the famous Theopompus's history. *Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit.* lib. 2. cap. 11.

WARRE.

L. 31. The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other.

JOHNS.

P. 285. l. 15. ——— *a cade of herrings.*] That is, a barrel of herrings. I suppose the word *keg*, which is now used is *cade* corrupted.

JOHNS.

L. 16. — *our enemies shall fall before us,*] He alludes to his name *cade*, from *cado*, lat. to fall. He has too much learning for his character.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *furred pack,*] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward.

JOHNS.

P. 286. l. 22. *There shall be no money;*] To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life.

JOHNS.

P. 287. l. 15. *They use to write it on the top of letters:*] i. e. of letters missive, and such like publick acts. See Mabilon's diplomata.

WARRE.

P. 288. l. 7. *Is there any more of them that be knights?*

Mich. *Ay, his brother.*

Cade. *Then kneel down, Dick butcher. Rise up Sir Dick butcher. Now sound up the drum.*] This passage I have inserted from the old 4to, because, I think, it greatly encreases the pleasantry and extravagance of Cade's humour; not only to knight himself, but, because Stafford's brother was also a knight, to dub one of his own scoundrel followers, by way of equality.

THEOB.*

L. 17. — *I pass not;*] i. e. I regard not. A common phrase of that time. The Oxford editor reads, *I pass them.*

WARB.*

P. 290. l. 23. *lent shall be as long as it is,*] Methinks it might be read more humourously, *lent shall be as long again as it is.*

JOHNS.

P. 291. l. 3. *If we mean to thrive and do good, &c.*] I think it should be read thus, *if we mean to thrive, do good; break open the gaols, &c.*

JOHNS.

L. 22. *Rul'd like a wandering planet* —] Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence.

JOHNS.

P. 295. l. 14. *thou say, thou serge,*] *Say* was the old word for *silk*, on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*.

JOHNS.

L. 24. *Printing to be us'd*] Shakespeare ss a little too early with this accusation.

JOHNS.

P. 296. l. 2. *because they could not read, thou hast bang'd them;*] That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy.

JOHNS.

L. 7. *To let thy horse wear a cloak.*] This is a reproach truly characteristical. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious.

JOHNS.

L. 26. *When have I aught exacted at your hands?*

Kent to maintain, the king, the realm and you,

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king;] This passage I know not well how to explain. It is pointed so as to make *Say* declare that he preferr'd clerks to maintain Kent and the king. This is not very clear; and besides he gives in the following line another reason of his bounty, that learning raised him, and therefore he supported learning. I am inclined to think Kent slipped into this passage by chance, and would read,

When have I aught exacted at your hand,

But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

P. 300. l. 25. *Henry bath money.*] Dr. Warburton reads, *Henry bath mercy*, but he does not seem to have attended to the speaker's drift, which is to lure them from their present

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design by the hope of French plunder. He bids them *spare* England, and go to France, and encourages them by telling them that all is ready for their expedition; that they have *strength*, and the king has *money*. JOHNS.

P. 302. l. 21. *Is straightway claim'd, and boarded with a pirate.*] I doubt not but my readers will agree, that I have restor'd to the text its true reading. After the violent working of a tempest, the sea is, for the most part, totally *be-calm'd*. Besides, with allusion to the king's affairs, the tempest of Cade's rebellion was just blown over; the state was in a calm, by that insurrection being quieted, and immediately York, like an usurping pirate, comes to seize the vessel of government. The oldest folio edition led me to this emendation, where we find it—*Is strait way calme*:—and the 3d fol. impression, as I have observ'd since, anticipates my correction. THEOB.*

Ibid.] So the editions read, and one would think it plain enough; alluding to York's *claim* to the crown. Cade's head-long tumult was well compared to a *tempest*, as York's premeditated rebellion to a *piracy*. But see what it is to be critical; Mr. Theobald says, *claim'd* should be *calm'd*, because a *calm* frequently succeeds a *tempest*. It may be so; but not here, if the King's word may be taken: who expressly says, that no sooner was Cade driven back, but York appear'd in arms,

But now is Cade driv'n back, his men dispers'd;

And now is York in arms to second him. WARB.

P. 303. l. 18. — *but for a sallet, my brain-pan, &c.*] A *sallet* by corruption from *cælata*, a helmet, (says Skinner) *quia galeæ cælatae fuerunt*. POPE.

P. 304. l. 32. *As for more words, whose greatness answers words,*

Let this my sword report what speech forbears.] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,

As for more words, let this my sword report

(Whose greatness answers words) What speech forbears.

It seems to be a poor praise of a sword, that *its greatness answers words*, whatever be the meaning of the expression. The old reading, though somewhat obscure, seems to me

more capable of explanation. *For more words, whose pomp and tumour may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest to my sword.* JOHNS.

P. 305. l. 22. *How much thou wrong'st me.*] That is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. JOHNS.

L. 26. *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, this whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but of negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNS.

P. 306. l. 9. — *balance it,*] That is, *balance my hand.* JOHNS.

L. 10. *A scepter shall it have, have I a soul,*] I read, *A scepter shall it have, have I a sword.* York observes that his hand must be employed with a *sword or scepter*; he then naturally observes, that he has a *sword*, and resolves that if he has a *sword* he will have a *scepter*. JOHNS.

P. 309. l. 23 — *like to Achilles' spear,*] The story is that Telephus the son of Hercules being King of Mysia opposed the passage of the Greeks to Troy, and being grievously wounded by Achilles, consulted the oracle how he might be cured. The answer he received was that nothing but the same Spear which gave the wound could heal it: upon which he made friends to Achilles who by the rust from the steel of his Spear scraped into the wound cured him. And in return for so great a benefit Telephus followed Achilles as an auxiliary to the siege of Troy. Ovid refers to this story in the following verses:

Vulnus in Herculeo quæ quondam fecerat hoste

Vulneris auxilium Pelias hasta tulit.

And Propertius.

Mysus & Æmonia qua cuspide vulnus

Senferat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem. HANMER.*

P. 310. l. 3. *Would'st have me kneel? First let me ask of these, If they can brook I bow a knee to man.*

Sirrab, call in my sons to be my bail,] As these lines

have hitherto stood, I think the sense perplexed and obscure. I have ventur'd to transpose them. WARB.

L. 13. *Shall be their Father's Bail, and Bane to those,*] Considering how our author loves to play on words similar in their sound, but opposite in their signification, I make no doubt but the author wrote *bail* and *bale*. *Bale*, (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) signifies, detriment, ruin, misfortune, &c. THEOB.

Ibid.] *Bale* signifies *sorrow*. Either word may serve. JOHN.

L. 26. *Ay, Clifford, bedlam, and ambitious humour,*

Makes him oppose himself against the king.] The word *bedlam* was not used in the reign of king Henry VI. nor was *Bubblem hospital* (vulgarly called *Bedlam*) converted into a house, or hospital, for lunatics, till the reign of king Henry VIII. who gave it to the city of London for that purpose. GRAY.

P. 311. l. 11. *Call buiver to the stake my two brave bears,*

— *Bid Salisbury and Warwick come,*] York calls these Lords his *bears* because they had a *bear* for their arms. JOHNS.

Ibid. — *Bears,*] The Nevils, Earls of Warwick, had a *bear* and ragged staff for their cognisance; but the Talbots, who were formerly earls of Salisbury, had a *lion*, and the present earl of Talbot, a descendant of that family, has the same. HAWKINS.*

L. 13. *They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.*] I should rather imagine the poet wrote, '*fell lurking curs,*' that is, who dare not meet us in fair battle, but wait to take us at advantage. Mr. Roderick, in the *Canons of Criticism*, conjectures '*fell-barking curs,*' because the lords of the Lancaster faction withstood openly with threats and menacing language. The decision must be left to the reader. REVIS.*

P. 312. l. 6. *Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war?*] The sense is, "Wilt thou, in thy old age, go to war, and seek death in the field of battle? Read therefore,

Wilt thou go find out war, to dig a grave?

Conformable to which sentiment is the lamentation of young Clifford for the death of his father in the next scene.

— *Wast thou ordained, O dear Father,*

VOL. IV. PART I.

B

To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days thus
To die in ruffian battle?"—

CANONS.*

Ibid.] The sense is, Art thou so enamoured of war that thou wilt even go and dig thy own grave to find it out? I think therefore the alteration proposed by Mr. Roderick is at least unnecessary.

REVISAL.*

P. 313. l. 6. *Burgonet* is a *helmet*.

JOHNS.

L. 26. *And dying men's cries do fill the empty air,*] This word, *mens*, comes in here so as to lame the measure; and, in my opinion, to lower the expression also. Would it not be more poetical to say, *dying cries*—?

CANONS.*

Ibid.] The metre of this verse is rough indeed, on account of the anapæst in the second place, but it is not lame, as Mr. Roderick apprehended it to be; nor is it a sufficient reason to justify the altering the authentic text, that we have hit upon a conjecture which is more poetical.

REVIS.*

P. 314. l. 22. *A dreadful lay,*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake.

JOHNS.

P. 315. l. 10. *And the premised flames—*] *Premised*, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now.

THEOB. & WARB.

L. 15. *To atchieve*, to obtain.

JOHNS.

P. 316. l. 4. *So, lie thou there.*

For underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,

The Castle in St. Alban's, Somerset

Had made the Wizard famous.] The particle *for*

in the second line seems to be used without any very apparent inference. We might read,

Fall'n underneath an ale-house' paltry sign, &c.

Yet the alteration is not necessary, for the old reading is sense, though obscure.

JOHNS.

L. 7. *Famous in his death.*] The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jordan, the Witch, concerning this Duke; which we met with at the close of the first Act of this Play:

Let him shun Castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where Castles, mounted, stand.

i. e. the representation of a Castle, mounted for a Sign.

THEOB.

P. 317. l. 3. — *of all our present parts,*] We should read,
party. WARB.*

L. 9. *Brush of time,*] Read, *bruise* of time. WARB.

L. 10. *Gallant in the brow of youth,*] The *brow* of youth is
an expression not very easily explained. I read *the* blow of
youth. The blossom, the spring. JOHNS.

L. 16. *Three times bestrid him,*] That is, three times I saw
him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he
recovered. JOHNS.

END of the NOTES on the 2d. PART of HENRY VI.

23 JY 69

Dr

P. 9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

23

be

23

26

V

VARIATIONS .

BETWEEN THE TEXTS OF

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. CAPELL.

KING HENRY V.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 9. l. 20 our

10 10 owe—your faith

11 20 which was

28 match

12 24 pow'r

14 14 ouzy

25 crush'd

15 2 Therefore

28 meet—falt

18 10 Many

21 25 lieutenant

22 1 thy valour

10 take

29 à—again

23 5 Go to.

7 your

8 nose

between lines 29 and 30

25 3 lull'd

7 and my

23 True;

26 14 You

VOL. IV. PART I.

the

owe yourselves—

and Lewis

marriage

pride

ouse and

crude

True: therefore

run—self

For many

antient

valour of 1 man

talk

le —

—

you

face

NIM. I shall have my eight
shillings, I won of you at
betting?

dull'd

and my kind

Even

Sir, you

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 261.	29 I	me
27	17 you	them
28	6 and	from
	16 And	All
29	29 rejoice for	will rejoice
30	6 proclaim'd	_____
31	10 He made a finer	'A made a fine
	23 a—knees,	any—knees, and they were as cold as any stone;
37	11 hot	loud
	13 hide	chide
41	between l. 7 and 8	Boy. As duly, (but not as truly) as bird doth sing on bough.
	8 Up to the breach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.	Got's plud!--Up to the preach- es you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?
42	10 good	goot
	23 beard	peard
43	9 James	Jamy
	18 beseech	peseech
44	9 do,	do, that is
46	18 great	dread
47	8 le doyt	les doights
	9 Le doyt	Les doights
	12 Le—le doyt	La—les doights
	25 appris	apprinse
48	16 de arme.	_____
	21 de	la
49	15 foggy	slobbery
	25 frozen	roping
	26 house-tops	houses' thatch
	27 blood	youth
50	20 Loys	Foix
51	21 God—pleffed	Got—bleffed
	22 he is maintain	but keeps
52	2 Here is	Do you not know him? here comes
	18 in good truth	surely

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 52 l. 19	it. Fortune	fortune; fortune, look you
22	& seq. pix	pax
54	18 very	_____
21	bubukles	pupuncles
26	all our march	our marches through the country,
27	nothing	nothing compell'd, nothing
57	16 ca ha?	ha, ha!
17,	18,	Thus, 18, 17
58	13 unknown	known,
22	Methought	Nay; for, methought
59	26 English	_____
62	26 Invest in lank- lean cheeks and war-worn coats	And war-worn coats investing lank-lean cheeks
69	1 fall into some lewd action and miscarry	sinfully miscarry upon the sea
71	2 give	take
16	he	we
29	soul, O	roul of
74	10 puis	plus
75	29 pale dull—grim- mald	palled—jymold
77	18 lord	coz'
78	2 neighbours	friends
5	yet shall not all forget	all shall not be forgot
6	they'll	he'll
7	they	he
8	their	his
80	6 of mortality.	_____
23	them	'em them
81	8 calmy	cality
85	24 desir'd	offer'd
86	31 made	made an end
87	5 have forgot	am forget
89	13 God	Got
90	9 devil	tevil

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 91	21 Come you with us	Go you with me
93	4 me	I
94	24 Faulconbridge	Fauconberg
95	3 Exe.	K. HEN.
	27 And then	We'll
	28 happy	happier
97	2 lower but by	low but
	9 As yet	And here
	12 them	them: But these now we pass in silence over;
	28 could	could not
98	7 beldam	bedlam
	30 Yes	Yes certainly and
100	1 Dol	Nel
	8 cudgell'd	—
101	12 can	best can
102	7 nurtures	natures
105	8 speak	speak to thee
	12 Kate	Dear Kate
	24 me	me; and take me, take a soldier,
106	1 then	thine
	5 married	new married
107	16 untempering	untempting
109	2 touch	fugartouch
	10 apt	not apt
	11 rough	rough, Coz'
111	23 That	But
112	2 blending	bending

ERRATA IN K. HENRY V.

- P. 40. l. 5, read, *till even*.
 50 14, read, *your swords*.
 63 27, read, *should our*.
 92 21, read, *in change*.
 105 4, read, *which I never*.

FIRST PART K. HENRY VI.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 115	l. 5	Harry's	Henry's
	12	awful	wrathful
117	1	nourish	marish
	11	and Rheims	Rheims, Roan
119	25	Faſtolfe	Falſtaff [read throughout.]
	26	vaward	rereward
121	5	thus	Jack
	20	live	fit
124	24	church	church-yard
	25	deal—forth	great deal ———
126	6	reverently— thee	ever— thee enough
	9	Orleans	hence
130	22	vile	pill'd
133	11	brave	me
	21	France	France up-born
141	3	can't, my	may not
144	23	And—error	Or elſe—right
147	8	fashion	faction
	25	headed	executed
151	22	the third Edward	King Edward the third
158	19	gentle	kind, kind
159	15	faithful	humble
161	23	REIG.	ALANS.
162	22	hot	hot Sir
166	16	ſhall	ſhould
167	20	common	foreign
169	11	ſam'd	———
	20	your	our
177	22	war	death
185	24	Oh what	But on that
187	13	brood	wood
188	4	Conduct	Herald, conduct
	23	our King	———
190	11	alas—yet too	good uncle? alas— —
194	11, 12		Thus, 12, 11
196	23	his	thy
197	26	in	for
199	11	Her	And
	20	daughter	daughter Joan

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 201 l. 3 misconceived

misconceivers;

24 Will

Will, well

203 11 We

1

207 19 seen

seen, will

ERRATA IN FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

P. 121. l. 2, read, *best devise*. P. 134. l. 12, read, *where I am*. P. 163. l. 21, read, *Cæurdalion's*. P. 168. l. 16, read, *power of men*.

SECOND PART K. HENRY VI.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 212 l. 32 dutchy

dutchies

the county of
father

fa—

213 8 Item.

Item, it is further agreed between them

19 Warwick

thanks

215 between l. 10 and 11

Mort Dieu!

217 1 Or Somerset, or I

Thou, or I, Somerset

3 went

goes

221 2 and

and dame

222 5 What say'st thou, Majesty?

My Majesty! why man

224 5 Long

—

12 What!

What say'st thou, mistress!

230 7 may

may be the

14, 15,

rejected

19 spight of man

sight of my master

231 2 fear

fear you

9 to all. To

all. Come, to

21 tell what I

answer that I shall

232 1 Tell me

—

5 the sandy plains

sand

12 realm

commonwealth

22 all

all. Away.

233 3 Tell me

—

7 the sandy plains

sand

9 my

away my

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 237	l. 8 Simpcox	Saunder
	20 once	that
	24 Sir	master
238	15 Saunder, fit	Then Saunder fit thou
	24 legs	legs again
	29 my	my good
239	1 hither.	hither by and by.
242	4 all you	you both
	6 told	surely told
243	25 here—mind	—mind at full.
245	5	rejected
247	7 As Bevis, &c.	—
	19 to murder	to have murder'd
	23 The barren—	Bare—wrathful nipping
	nipping	
	24 abound	go round
248	20 our	mine
251	4 No,	—
	24 How	How proud
252	20 common	commons'
253	13 deep	deepest
261	29 country	county
263	7 mad-brain'd	mad-bred
265	6 thee. Well,	thee, Meg ;
267	3 adverse winds	awkard wind
268	15 whom—their	who—his
269	11 life in death	death in life.
270	10 have—death	were—foes
275	25 these	these lips
281	8 jaded	jady
	27 CAP. Pole ? fir	CAP. Yes, Pole.
	Poole ? lord ?	SUF. Pole ?
		CAP. Pole ? ay, Pole ;
	28 Ay	Nay
282	23 a	our
285	10 Smith	Will
	12 HOL.—them.	HOL.—them. For our ene- mies shall fall before us, in- spired with the spirit of put- ting down kings and princes.

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 285 l. 16 CADE. For, &c. CADE. Command silence
[as in Capell 285.
l. 12. and] Com-
mand silence.

288	7	Is there, &c. and l. 8, 9, 10	rejected.
290	23	long	long again
292	5	My	No
	20	Killingworth	Kenelworth
	24	traitors	traitor rebel
293	1	bridge	bridge, my lord
295	10	town	towns
302	13	Of	Of nimble
	21	claim'd	calm'd
304	16	by	ay, by
	19	you	you all
	32	—whose greatness answers words, Let this my sword report,	— let this my sword report, Whose greatness answers words,
307	5	or	and
308	25	Rise	Now rise thou
310	2, 3, 4, 5		Thus, 3, 4, 2, 5.
	18	I	We
312	19	oath	vow
313	8	badge	age
	9	rugged	ragged
	18	the rebels	these traitors
	26	dying	dead
314	2	my	my noble
315	7	for	nor
316	17	shall	should
317	3	parts	party

23 JY 69

ERRATA IN SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

P. 223. l. 11. read, *for all*.

234. 21, read, *priesthood grown*.

Bound by W. Kenzie, 63, Dame St.

Ingenio magnaeque spiritus

ADOLESCENTI

Jacobo M. Calland

Speciorum Commensali

Propter insignes in ARTIBUS progre-
ssus in CLASSE *secunda* Praetorium

hoc librarium dederunt Praefecti S.

et SOCII SENIORES Collegii sacrosancti

& indidituae Trinitatis parva DUBLIN.



Examinatione habita initio

termini *St. Michaelis* A.D. 1785

Quod Cestor



публ. ааа

The PLAYS *of*
SHAKESPEARE,

From the TEXT *of*
Dr. S. JOHNSON.

With the Prefaces, Notes, &c. *of*
ROWE, POPE, THEOBALD, HANMER, -
WARBURTON, JOHNSON,

And select Notes *from many other* -
CRITICS.

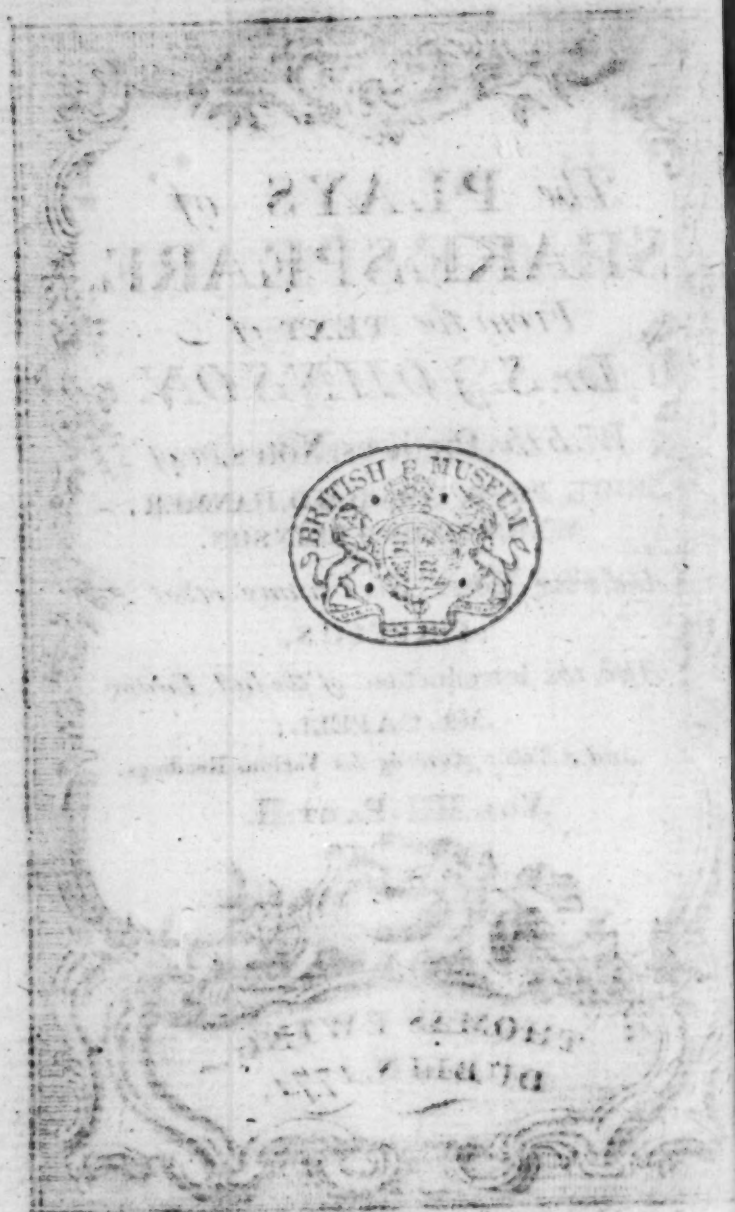
Also, the Introduction *of the last Editor*
MR. CAPELL;

And a Table, shewing his Various Readings.

VOL. III PART. II.



THOMAS EWING
DUBLIN, 1771.



THE
THIRD PART
OF
HENRY VI.

WITH THE DEATH OF THE
DUKE OF YORK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King HENRY VI.

EDWARD, son to the king, and prince of Wales.

Duke of Somerset, Earls of Northumberland, Oxford, Exeter, Westmoreland, and lord Clifford, of K. Henry's side.

Earl of RICHMOND, a youth, afterwards K. Henry VII.

RICHARD, duke of York.

EDWARD, eldest son to the duke of York, afterwards K. Edward IV.

GEORGE, duke of Clarence, second son to the duke of York.

RICHARD, duke of Gloucester, third son to the duke of York, afterwards K. Richard III.

EDMUND, earl of Rutland, youngest son to the duke of York.

Duke of Norfolk, marquis of Montague, earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Pembroke, lords Hastings and Stafford, of the duke of York's party.

Sir John Mortimer and sir Hugh Mortimer, uncles to the duke of York.

Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, afterwards earl of Derby.

Lord RIVERS, brother to the lady Gray.

Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY, lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and aldermen of York. Somerville.

HUMPHRY and SINKLO, two huntsmen. •

LEWIS king of France. BOURBON, admiral of France.

Queen MARGARET. BONA, sister to the French king.

Lady GRAY, widow of sir John Gray, afterwards queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers and other attendants on K. Henry and K. Edward.

In part of the third act, the SCENE is laid in France; during all the rest of the play, in England.



THE THIRD PART OF
K I N G H E N R Y VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

L O N D O N.

Alarm. Enter duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk,
Montague, Warwick, and soldiers.

WARWICK.

I Wonder how the king escap'd our hands !
YORK. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men ;
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front ; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

EDW. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham

VOL. IV. PART II. Y

Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow :
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

MONT. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd, as the battles join'd.

RICH. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—
[Throwing down the duke of Somerset's head.]

YORK. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons :
Is his grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

NORF. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt.

RICH. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

WAR. And so do I. Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heav'n, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of that fearful king,
And this the regal seat ; possess it, York ;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

YORK. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

NORF. We'll all assist you ; he, that flies shall die.

YORK. Thanks, gentle Norfolk ; stay by me, my lords,
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

[They go up.]

WAR. And when the king comes, offer him no violence ;
Unless he seeks to thrust you out by force.

YORK. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council ;
By words or blows here let us win our right.

RICH. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

WAR. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king ;
And bashful Henry depos'd ; whose cowardise
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

YORK. Then leave me not; my lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

WAR. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet; root him up, who dare:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats him.]

SCENE II. Enter king Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and others, at the further end of the stage.

K. HEN. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Ev'n in the chair of state; belike, he means
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
T'aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, lord Clifford; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

NORTH. If I be not, heav'n's be reveng'd on me!

CLIF. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WEST. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it. [down;

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

CLIF. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

NORTH. Well hast thou spoken, cousin, be it so.

K. HEN. Ah! know ye not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

EXE. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

K. HEN. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament-house.
 Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats,
 Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[They advance to the duke.

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne;
 And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet.
 I am thy sovereign.

YORK. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

EXE. For shame come down: he made thee duke of York.

YORK. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.

EXE. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WAR. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
 In following this usurping Henry.

CLIF. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

WAR. True, Clifford; and that's Richard duke of York.

K. HEN. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

YORK. It must and shall be so.—Content thyself.

WAR. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

WEST. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
 And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

WAR. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
 That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
 And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
 March'd thro' the city to the palace-gates.

NORTH. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief,
 And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WEST. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
 Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
 Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIF. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
 I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
 As shall revenge his death before I stir.

WAR. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

YORK. Will you, we shew our title to the crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. HEN. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown ?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York.
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon the towns and provinces.

WAR. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. HEN. The lord protector lost it, and not I ;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

RICH. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you
lose.——

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

EDW. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

MONT. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

RICH. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

YORK. Sons, peace,

K. HEN. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to
speak.

WAR. Plantagenet shall speak first ; hear him, lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. HEN. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
Wherein my grandfire and my father sat ? [throne,
No, first shall war unpeople this my realm,
Ay, and their colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding sheet.——Why, faint you, lords ?
My title's good, and better far than his.

WAR. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. HEN. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

YORK. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. HEN. I know not what to say, my title's weak :
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

YORK. What then ?

K. HEN. And if he may, then am I lawful king.
For Richard in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth ;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

YORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown ?

EXE. No, for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. HEN. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

EXE. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. HEN. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

NORTH. Plantagenet for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

WAR. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of thee.

NORTH. Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not thy southern power
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

CLIF. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence ;
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him, that slew my father !

K. HEN. Oh Clifford how thy words revive my heart !

YORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown :
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

WAR. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill this house with armed men ;

And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.]

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me but reign in quiet while I live.

YORK. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. HEN. I am content. Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIF. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

WAR. What good is this to England and himself?

WEST. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

CLIF. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

WEST. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

NORTH. Nor I.

CLIF. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

WEST. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour 'bides.

NORTH. Be thou a prey unto the house of York:
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

CLIF. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd!—

[Exeunt Nor. Cliff. Westm.]

SCENE III.

WAR. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

EXE. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. HEN. Ah, Exeter!

WAR. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. HEN. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may, I here entail
 The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
 Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
 To cease this civil war; and, whilst I live,
 To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
 Neither by treason nor hostility
 To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

YORK. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

WAR. Long live king Henry! Plantagenet embrace him.

K. HEN. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

YORK. Now York and Lancafter are reconcil'd.

EXE. Accurst be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[Sonet. Here they come down.

YORK. Farewel, my gracious lord, I'll to my castle.

WAR. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

NOR. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

MONT. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[Exeunt York, Warwick, Norfolk and Montague.

K. HEN. And I with grief and sorrow to the court.

Enter the queen and the prince of Wales.

EXE. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger.
 I'll steal away.

K. HEN. So, Exeter, will I. [Going.

QUEEN. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee—

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

QUEEN. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,

And never seen thee, never born thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. HEN. Pardon me, Marg'ret; pardon me, sweet son;
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

QUEEN. Enforc'd thee? art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, tim'rous wretch?
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and's heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe?—such safety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed;
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus I do leave thee ; come, son, let's away ;
Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. HEN. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

QUEEN. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. HEN. Gentle son, Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

QUEEN. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.——

PRINCE. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace ; till then I'll follow her.

QUEEN. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[Exeunt queen and prince.]

K. HEN. Poor queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage !

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will coast my crown ; and like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

—The loss of those three lords torments my heart ;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair ;

—Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

EXE. And as I hope, shall reconcile them all. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Changes to Sandal-castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

RICH. Brother, though I be youngest give me leave.

EDW. No, I can better play the orator.

MONT. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the duke of York.

YORK. Why how now, sons and brother, at a strife ?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

EDW. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

YORK. About what?

RICH. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father; which is yours.

YORK. Mine, boy? not 'till king Henry be dead.

RICH. Your right depends not on his life or death.

EDW. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th' house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

YORK. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDW. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICH. No, God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

YORK. I shall be if I claim by open war.

RICH. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

YORK. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RICH. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate;
That hath authority o'er him that swears.
Henry had none; but did usurp the place.
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

YORK. Richard, enough. I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

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And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.
 Thou, Richard, shall to th' duke of Norfolk go,
 And tell him privily of our intent.
 You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
 In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
 Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter messenger.

But stay, what news? why com'st thou in such post?

GAB. The queen with all the northern earls and lords,
 Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

YORK. Ay,—with my sword. What! think'st thou that
 we fear them?

Edward and Richard you shall stay with me;
 My brother Montague shall post to London,
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MONT. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not,
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit Mon.]

Enter sir John Mortimer and sir Hugh Mortimer.

YORK. Sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
 You are come to Sandal in an happy hour.

The army of the queen means to besiege us.

Sir JOHN. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

YORK. What, with five thousand men?

RICH. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

EDW. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle strait.

YORK. Five men to twenty! Though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarm. Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A field of battle between Sandal-castle
and Wakefield:

Enter Rutland and his tutor.

RUT. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford and soldiers.

CLIF. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life;
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUTOR. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIF. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

TUTOR. Ah! Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, dragged off.]

CLIF. How now? is he dead already? or, is't fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;
I am too mean a subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

CLIF. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stop't the passage where thy words should enter.

RUT. Then let my father's blood open't again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

CLIF. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul,
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—— [Lifting his hand.

RUT. O let me pray before I take my death.
—To thee I pray——sweet Clifford, pity me.

CLIF. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUT. I never did thee harm? why wilt thou slay me?

CLIF. Thy father hath.

RUT. But 'twas, ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Left in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause,

CLIF. No cause!

Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

[Clifford stabs him.]

RUT. "Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!" [Dies.]

CLIF. Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. Alarm. Enter Richard duke of York.

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows, what hath bechanced them,
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry'd, a crown, or else a glorious tomb,
A scepter or an earthly sepulchre.
With this we charg'd again; but out! alas,
We bodg'd again, as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarm within.

Ah! hark, the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong I would not shun their fury,
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the prince of
Wales, and soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage,
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

NORTH. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

CLIF. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

YORK. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all,
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

CLIF. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeles of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK. Oh Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardise,

Whose frown hath made thee faint, and fly ere this.

CLIF. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one. [Draws.

QUEEN. Hold, valiant Clifford; for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life.

—Wrath makes him deaf. Speak thou, Northumberland.

NORTH. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

It is war's prize to take all 'vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

CLIF. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

NORTH. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[York is taken prisoner.

YORK. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield with robbers so o'er-matcht.

NORTH. What would your grace have done unto him
now?

QUEEN. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

—What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George!

And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dickie your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
 Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood,
 That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas! poor York; but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
 A crown for York—and, lords, bow low to him:
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king:
 Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
 And this is he, was his adopted heir.
 And how is it, that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be king,
 Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
 Off with the crown; and with the crown his head;

And whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

CLIFF. That is my office, for my father's sake.

QUEEN. Nay, stay, let's hear the oraisons he makes.

YORK. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
How ill befeeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates ?
But that thy face is vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-
less :

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verify'd,
" That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death."
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
The contrary doth doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine ;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh, tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide !

How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish.
 Wouldst thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
 For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
 And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French woman.

NORTH. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so;
 That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

YORK. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 Oh ten times more than tygers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears,
 This cloth thou dip'st in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
 And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
 Yea, even my foes will sted fast-falling tears,
 And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

[He gives back the handkerchief.

There——Take the crown; and, with the crown my curse.
 And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world,
 My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.

NORTH. Had he been slaughter man to all my kin,
I could not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

QUEEN. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

CLIF. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[Stabbing him.]

QUEEN. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[Stabs him.]

YORK. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [Dies.]

QUEEN. Off with his head and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

EDWARD.

I Wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd,
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fare's my brother, why is he so sad?

RICH. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;

And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth ;
 Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
 As doth a lion in a herd of Neat ;
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
 So far'd our father with his enemies,
 So fled his enemies my warlike father ;
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun ;
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love ?

EDW. Dazzle mine eyes ? or do I see three suns ?

RICH. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun :
 Not separated with the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see, they join, embrace and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable ;
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

EDW. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
 I think, it cites us, brother, to the field ;
 That we the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns.

RICH. Nay, bear three daughters.—— By your leave,
 I speak it,
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

MES. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain;
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

EDW. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

RICH. Say, how he died; for I will hear it all.

MES. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have entered Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd,
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen;
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheek,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDW. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
Oh Clifford, boistrous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry,
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him;
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest !
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, oh never, shall I see more joy.

RICH. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart ;
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,
 For self-same wind that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast ;
 And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
 Tears then for babes ; blows and revenge for me !
 Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death ;
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

EDW. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee :
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

RICH. Nay if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun,
 For chair and dukedom throne and kingdom say,
 Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

SCENE II. March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of
 Montague, and their army.

WAR. How now, fair lords ? what fare ? what news
 abroad ?

RICH. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told ;
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
 O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

EDW. O Warwick ! Warwick ! That Plantagenet,

Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

WAR. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Must'rd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards St. Albans t'intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along ;
For by my scouts I was advertis'd
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought :
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen ;
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge ; but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went ;
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great reward ;

But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled, the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

EDW. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

WAR. Some six miles off the duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICH. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now, his scandal of retire.

WAR. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear,
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

RICH. I know it well, Lord Warwick, blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave Marias with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say, AY; and to it, lords.

WAR. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the parliament ;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster,
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong ;
Now if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via ! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, " Charge upon our foes !"
But never once again turn back, and fly.

RICH. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak :
Ne'er may he live to see a sun shine day,
That cries, retire, ——— if Warwick bid him stay.

EDW. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour !)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend !

WAR. No longer earl of March, but duke of York ;
The next degree is England's royal throne,
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along,
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

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Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown;
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

RICH. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

EDW. Then strike up drums; God and St. George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

WAR. How now? what news?

MES. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel,

WAR. Why then it fort; brave warriors, let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III. Changes to York.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland,
and the Prince of Wales, with drums and trumpets.

QUEEN. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That fought to be encompassed with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. HEN. Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear their
wreck.

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

—With-hold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

CLIF. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast, that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest beast doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back,
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on ;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown ;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows.
He but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving fire :
Thou being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings,
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent ;
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault.
And long hereafter say unto his chi'd,
" What my great grandfather and grandfire got,
" My careless father fondly gave away !"
Ah, what a shame was this ! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. HEN. Full well hath Clifford plaid the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,

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That things ill got had ever bad success !
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whole father for his hoarding went to hell ?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more !
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
 Ah, cousin York ; 'would, thy best friends did know,
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

QUEEN. My lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are nigh ;
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint ;
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son,
 Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
 Edward, kneel down.

K. HEN. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight ;
 And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
 I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIF. Why. that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

MEL. Royal commanders, be in readiness ;
 For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
 Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York :
 And in the towns, as they do march along,
 Proclaims him king ; and many fly to him.
 Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

CFIF. I would your highness would depart the field,
 The queen hath best success, when you are absent.

QUEEN. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. HEN. Why that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

NORTH. Be it with resolution then to fight.

PRINCE. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry St. George!

SCENE IV. March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

EDW. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

QUEEN. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDW. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke, for as I hear,
You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

CLIF. And reason too.
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

RICH. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak.

CLIF. Ay, Crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICH. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

CLIF. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

RICH. For God's sake lords, give signal to the fight.

WAR. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

QUEEN. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick, dare you speak?

When you and I met at St. Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

WAR. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

CLIF. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WAR. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

NORTH. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you
stay.

RICH. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

— Break off the parle, for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big swollen heart

Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

CLIF. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

RICH. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. HEN. Have done with words, my lords, and hear
me speak.

QUEEN. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. HEN. I pr'ythee give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

CLIF. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

RICH. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I'am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDW. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

WAR. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For York in justice puts his armour on.

PRINCE. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

RICH. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

QUEEN. But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam,
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICH. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

EDW. A wilp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.
—Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop,
And had he matcht according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day,
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slept our claim until another age.

CLA. But when we saw, our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the ax to thy usurping root ;
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDW. And in this resolution I defy thee ;
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.
 —Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
 And either victory, or else a grave.

QUEEN. Stay, Edward——

EDW. No, wrangling, woman, we'll no longer stay ;
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE V. Changes to a field of battle at Ferribridge
 in Yorkshire.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

WAR. Fore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe,
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength ;
 And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

EDW. Smile, gentle heav'n ! or strike, ungentle death !
 For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

WAR. How now, my lord, what hap ? what hope of
 good ?

Enter Clarence.

CLA. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.

What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

EDW. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

RICH. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself ?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance,
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
(Like to a dismal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge ; brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

WAR. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood ;
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting actors ?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune give me measure of revenge.

EDW. Or Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up, and plucker down, of kings !
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.——

Now, lords, take leave until we meet again;
Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

RICH. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms,
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe;
That winter should cut off our spring time so.

WAR. Away, away. Once more, sweet lords farewell.

CLA. Yet let us altogether to our troops,
And give them leave to fly, that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us,
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of life and victory.
—Fore-slow no longer, make we hence again. [Exeunt.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

RICH. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone;
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLIF. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

RICH. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase,
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Alarm. Enter King Henry alone.

K. HEN. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime the flood prevails; and then the wind;
Now, one the better, then another best,
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered,
So is the equal poize of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so.
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours must I tend my flock;

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So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate !
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
 So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece ;
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years,
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah ! what a life were this ! how sweet, how lovely !
 Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched on a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

S C E N E VII. Alarm. Enter a son that had kill'd his
 father.

SON. Ill blows the wind, that profits nobody.—
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed with some store of crowns ;
 And I that haply take them from him now,
 May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.

—Who's this! Oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd:
Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I prest forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, prest by his master:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears shall wipe away those bloody marks,
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. HEN. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a father bearing his son.

FATH. Thou that so stoutly hath resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see—Is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon the wounds that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

O boy ! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. HEN. Woe above woe ; grief, more than common
O, that my death would stay these rueful deeds ! [grief ;
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses,
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
If you contend a thousand lives must wither.

SON. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

FATH. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

K. HEN. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd ?

SON. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death ?

FATH. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son ?

K. HEN. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe ?
Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

SON. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[Exit.

FATH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My fighting breast shall be thy funeral bell,
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will ;
For I have murder'd, where I should not kill. (Exit.

K. HEN. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king, more woeful than you are.

SCENE VIII. Alarms. Excursions. Enter the
queen, prince of Wales, and Exeter.

PRIN. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are dead;
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

QUEEN. Mount you, my lord, toward Berwick post a-
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds [main.
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

EXE. Away, for vengeance comes along with them.
—Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. HEN. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. A loud alarm. Enter Clifford wounded.

CLIF. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light,
O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee; [Falling.
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

O Phœbus ! hadst thou never giv'n consent
 That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth ;
 And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 They never then had sprung like summer flies.
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death ;
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air ?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity ?
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold our flight.
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity,
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
 Come, York, and Richard ; Warwick, and the rest ;
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. [He faints.

Alarm and retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard,
 Montague, Clarence, and soldiers.

EDW. Now breathe we, lords, good fortune bids us pause ;
 And smoothe the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gulf,
 Command an argosie to stem the waves.
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them ?

WAR. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :
 For though before his face I speak the word,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave :
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. [Clifford groans.

RICH. Whose soul is that which takes her hearty leave ?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
See who it is.

EDW. And now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

RICH. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford ;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth ;
But sent his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring ;
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

WAR. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there,
Instead whereof, let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.

EDW. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours ;
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speak.

WAR. I think, his understanding is bereft.
—Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?
Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICH. O, would he did ! and so, perhaps he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.

CLA. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

RICH. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

EDW. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

WAR. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

CLA. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

RICH. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

EDW. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

CLA. Where's captain Margaret to fence you now?

WAR. They mock thee, Clifford, swear as thou wast wont.

[hard,

RICH. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath,
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood,
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

WAR. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king,
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen;
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
And having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz t'offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation,
And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
T'effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDW. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat:
And never will I undertake the thing,

Wherein thy counsel, and consent, is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee duke of Glo'ster;
And George, of Clarence; Warwick as ourself
Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

RICH. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Glo'ster;
For Glo'ster's dukedom is too ominous.

WAR. Tut, that's a foolish observation.
Richard, be duke of Glo'ster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross bows in their hands.

SINKLO.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
For through this laund anon the deer will come,
And in this covert we will make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

HUM. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

SINK. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost;
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

HUM. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry with a prayer-book.

K. HEN. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee;
Thy balm washt off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

SINK. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the quondam king, let's seize upon him.

K. HEN. Let me embrace these four adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

HUM. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

SINK. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. HEN. My queen and son are gone to France for aid
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son! your labour is but lost,
For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis, a prince soon won with moving words.

—By this account, then, Margaret may win him,

For she's a woman to be pitied much;

Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast,

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart,

The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn,

And Nero would be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see her complaints, her brinish tears.

—Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick to give;

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says, her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says, his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
While Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen, and support king Edward's place.
—O Marg'ret, thus 'twill be, and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

HUM. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. HEN. More than I seem, and less than I was born to;
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

HUM. Ay, but thou talk'st, as if thou wert a king.

K. HEN. Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.

HUM. But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. HEN. My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Not to be seen; my crown is call'd CONTENT,
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

HUM. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown CONTENT and you must be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd,
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. HEN. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

HUM. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. HEN. Where did you dwell when I was king of England?

HUM. Here, in this country, where we now remain.

K. HEN. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,

And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

SINK. No, we were subjects, but while you were king.

K. HEN. Why am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow;
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
—But do not break your oaths, for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you, kings, command, and I'll obey.

SINK. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. HEN. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

SINK. We charge you in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. HEN. In God's name lead, your king's name be o-
And what God will, that let your king perform; [bey'd?
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to the palace.

Enter king Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and lady Gray.

K. EDW. Brother of Glo'ster, at St. Alban's-field
This lady's husband, sir John Gray, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror;
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because, in quarrel of the house of York,

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLO. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit,
It were dishonour to deny her.

K. EDW. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

GLO. Yea! is it so? [Aside.]

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

CLAR. He knows the game; how true he keeps the
wind?

GLO. Silence.

K. EDW. Widow we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

GRAY. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay,
May't please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

GLO. [Aside.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all
And if what pleases him shall pleasure you. [your lands,
—Fight closer, or, good faith you'll catch a blow.

CLAR. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [Aside.]

GLO. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [Aside.]

K. EDW. How many children hast thou, widow? tell
me.

CLAR. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.]

GLO. [Aside.] Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her
two.

GRAY. Three, my most gracious lord.

GLO. [Aside.] You shall have four, if you'll be ruled
by him.

K. EDW. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

GRAY. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. EDW. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

GLO. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave;

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[Gloucester and Clarence retire to the other side,

K. EDW. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

GRAY. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. EDW. And would you not do much to do them good?

GRAY. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. EDW. Then get thy husband's lands to do them good.

GRAY. Therefore I come unto your majesty.

K. EDW. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

GRAY. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. EDW. What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

GRAY. What you command it rests in me to do.

K. EDW. But you will take exceptions to my boon?

GRAY. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. EDW. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

GRAY. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

GLO. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

CLAR. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

GRAY. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. EDW. An easy task, 'tis but to love a king.

GRAY. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. EDW. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

GRAY. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

GLO. The match is made, she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. EDW. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

GRAY. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. EDW. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

GRAY My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. EDW. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

GRAY. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. EDW. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

GRAY. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. EDW. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

GRAY. To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in prison.

K. EDW. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's
lands.

GRAY. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. EDW. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

GRAY. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, or with AY, or NO.

K. EDW. AY, if thou wilt say, AY, to my request:
No, if thou dost say, NO, to my demand.

GRAY. Then, NO, my lord. My suit is at an end.

GLO. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

CLAR. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. EDW. [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with
Her words do shew her wit incomparable, [modesty.
All her perfections challenge sovereignty;
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

—Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

GRAY. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. EDW. Sweet widow, by my state, I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

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GRAY. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know I am too mean to be your queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. EDW. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

GRAY. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call
you father.

K. EDW. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

GLO. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

CLAR. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. EDW. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have
had.

GLO. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. EDW. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

CLAR. To whom, my lord?

K. EDW. Why, Clarence, to myself.

GLO. That would be ten days wonder at the least.

CLAR. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

GLO. By so much is the wonder in extreams.

K. EDW. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a nobleman.

NOB. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace-gate.

K. EDW. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower;
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him.

To question of his apprehension.

—Widow, go you along—lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Manet Gloucester.

GLO. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for.
And yet between my soul's desire and me,
The lustful Edward's title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward;
And all th' unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myself.
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way;
So do I wish, the crown being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so, I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
—Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impress like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
—Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, t'account this world but hell,
Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown,
And yet I know not how to get a crown,
For many lives stand between me and home,
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desp'rately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown.
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;

And cry, **CONTENT**, to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers, than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor :
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could ;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours ev'n to the camelion ;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages ;
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit

SCENE IV. Changes to France.

Flourish. Enter king Lewis, lady Bona, Bourbon, Edward
prince of Wales, queen Margaret, and the earl of Oxford.
Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. LEW. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis sits.

QUEEN. No, mighty king of France, now Margaret
Must strike her fail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days,
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground ;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. LEW. Why say, fair queen, whence springs this deep
despair ?

QUEEN. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears ;

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And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thou by our side. Yield not thy neck
[Seats her by him.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

QUEEN. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
Now therefore be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid,
And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help.
Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
Our treasures seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

QUEEN. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. LEW. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

QUEEN. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

SCENE V. Enter Warwick.

K. LEW. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

QUEEN. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. EDW. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France? [He descends. She ariseth.

QUEEN. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

WAR. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindness and unfeigned love,
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

QUEEN. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done!

WAR. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
[Speaking to Bona.

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart.
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtues.

QUEEN. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,

Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
 Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
 Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour,
 For tho' usurpers sway the rule a while,
 Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WAR. Injurious Margaret!——

PRINCE. And why not queen?

WAR. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
 And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

OXF. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth
 Who by his prowess conquered all France;
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

WAR. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
 All that which Henry the fifth hath gotten?
 Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
 But, for the rest; you tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years, a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

OXF. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
 Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

WAR. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
 For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

OXF. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was done to death; and more than so, my father;

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WAR. And I the house of York.

K. LEW. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

QUEEN. Heav'ns grant, that Warwick's words bewitch
him not! [They stand aloof.

K. LEW. Now, Warwick, tell me ev'n upon thy con-
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth [science,
To link with him, that were not lawful chosen.

WAR. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. LEW. But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

WAR. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. LEW. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

WAR. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself;
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. LEW. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

BONA. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [Speaking to War.
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. LEW. Then Warwick, this. Our sister shall be Ed-
 And now forthwith shall articles be drawn [ward's.
 Touching the jointure that your king must make,
 Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.
 Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
 That Bona shall be wife to th' English king.

PRINCE. To Edward, but not to the English king.

QUEEN. Deceitful Warwick, it was thy device
 By this alliance to make void my suit;
 Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. LEW. And still is friend to him and Margaret;
 But if your title to the crown be weak,
 As may appear by Edward's good success,
 Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
 From giving aid, which late I promis'd.
 Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
 That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

WAR. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
 Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
 And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
 You have a father able to maintain you;
 And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

QUEEN. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace!
 Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
 I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
 Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
 Thy fly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

[Post, blowing a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. LEW. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

SCENE VI. Enter a post.

POST. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;

[To Warwick.

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.

—These, from our king unto your majesty.

[To king Lewis.

—And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[To the queen. They all read their letters.

OXF. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.
I hope, all's for the best.

K. LEW. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

QUEEN. Mine such, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

WAR. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. LEW. What! has your king marry'd the lady Gray?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance, that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

QUEEN. I told your majesty as much before;
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

WAR. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York,
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 Shame on himself, for my desert is honour!
 And to repair my honour lost for him,
 I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

—My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
 And, henceforth, I am thy true servitor;
 I will revenge this wrong to lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former state.

QUEEN. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
 And I forgive and quite forget old faults, [love;
 And joy, that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
 That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
 And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
 'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him;
 And, as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
 He's very likely now to fall from him,
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
 But by thy help to this distressed queen?

QUEEN. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

BONA. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

WAR. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. LEW. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
 Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
 You shall have aid.

QUEEN. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. LEW. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over markers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

BONA. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

QUEEN. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside;
And I am ready to put armour on.

WAR. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

—There's thy reward, be gone.— [Exit Post.

K. LEW. But, Warwick,
Thyself and Oxford with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle.
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WAR. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy,
To him forthwith, in holy wedlocks' bands.

QUEEN. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE. Yes, I accept it, for she well deserves it,
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.

K. LEW. Why stay we now; these soldiers shall be levy'd,

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And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt. Manet Warwick.]

WAR. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe.
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The palace in England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

GLOUCESTER.

NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Gray?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

CLAR. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

SOM. My lords, forbear this talk. Here comes the
king.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen, Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on one side, and four on the other.

GLO. And his well chosen bride.

CLA. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. EDW. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our
That you stand pensive, as half malecontent? [choice,

CLAR. As well as Lewis of France, or th' earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. EDW. Suppose, they take offence without a cause.
They are but Lewis and Warwick, and I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

GLO. And you shall have your will, because our will.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. EDW. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

GLO. Not I; no. God forbid that I should wish
Them severed whom God hath join'd together;
Pity to sunder them, that yoke so well.

K. EDW. Setting your scorns and your dislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Gray
Should not become my wife, and England's queen?
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

CLAR. Then, this is my opinion; that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

GLO. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. EDW. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

By such invention as I can devise?

MONT. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

HAST. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

MONT. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

HAST. 'Tis better using France than trusting France,
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

CLAR. For this one speech, Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. EDW. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

GLO. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

CLAR. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonvil on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. EDW. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

CLAR. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf:
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. EDW. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

QUEEN. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
And as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. EDW. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands,
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

GLO. [aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but think the
more.

SCENE II. Enter a Post.

K. EDW. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
from France?

POST. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. EDW. Go to, we pardon thee,
So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis to our letters?

POST. At my depart, these were his very words;
—Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. EDW. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.

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But what said lady Bona to my marriage ?

POST. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain;
—Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. EDW. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?
For so I heard, that she was there in place.

POST. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are
And I am ready to put armour on. [done ;

K. EDW. Belike, she means to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

POST. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words ;
—Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. EDW. Ha ! durst the traitor breath out so proud
words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

POST. Ay, gracious sov'reign, they're so link'd in friend-
ship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

[Exit.

CLAR. Belike the younger ; Clarence will have the elder.
Now, brother king, farewell and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
That though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
—You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

GLO. Not I : my thoughts aim at a further matter ;

I stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [Aside.

K. EDW. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will soon be landed;
Myself in person will strait follow you.

[Exe. Pembroke and Stafford.

But ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt: You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him,
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

MON. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

HAST. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

GLO. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. EDW. Why so——Then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,

'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exe.

SCENE III. In Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.

WAR. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people swarm in numbers to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come ;
—Speak suddenly, my lords. are all we friends ?

CLAR. Fear not that, my lord.

WAR. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;
And welcome, Somerset. I hold it cowardise
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine
And now what rests, but in night's overture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure ?
Our scouts have found th' adventure very easy ;
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself, I say not slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry!

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter the Watchmen to guard the king's tent.

1 WATCH. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The king by this has set him down to sleep.

2 WATCH. What, will he not to bed?

1 WATCH. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress.

2 WATCH. To morrow then, belike, shall be the day;
If Warwick be so near, as men report.

3 WATCH. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that?
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 WATCH. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 WATCH. O, is it so?—But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 WATCH. 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.

3 WATCH. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands;
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 WATCH. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 WATCH. Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
Soldiers, silent all.

WAR. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard.
—Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 WATCH. Who goes there ?

2 WATCH. Stay, or thou diest.

[Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick ! Warwick !
and set upon the guard ; who fly, crying, Arms !
Arms ! Warwick and the rest following them.]

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King
out in a gown, sitting in a chair ; Glo'ster and Hastings
flying over the stage.

SOM. What are they that fly there ?

WAR. Richard and Hastings. Let them go, here is the
duke.

K. EDW. The duke ! why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king ?

WAR. Ay, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being king ;
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

K. EDW. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too ?
Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king ;
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WAR. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king,
[Takes off his crown.]

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king, indeed; thou but the shadow.

—My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and lady Bona sent to him.

—Now for a while farewell, good duke of York.

K. ED. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King Edward led out.]

OXF. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

WAR. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. The Palace.

Enter Rivers and the Queen.

RIV. Madam, what makes in you this sudden change?

QUEEN. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befallen king Edward?

RIV. What! loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

QUEEN. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

RIV. Then is my sovereign slain?

QUEEN. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares;

And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

RIV. These news, I must confess, are full of grief,
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

QUEEN. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's off-spring in my womb,
This is't, that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears, I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

RIV. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

QUEEN. I am informed that he comes tow'ards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest, King Edward's friends must down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
For trust not him that once hath broken faith,
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. A Park near Middleham-castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

GLO. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is pris'nér to the bishop, at whose hands,
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make his way,
Under the colour of his usual game;
He shall here find his friends with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

HUNT. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. EDW. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen
stand.

Now, brother Glo'ster, Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

GLO. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready by at the park-corner.

K. EDW. But whither shall we then?

HAST. To Lyn, my lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

GLO. Well guess'd, believe me, for that was my mean-
ing.

K. EDW. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

GLO. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. EDW. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go
along?

HUNT. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

GLO. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. EDW. Bishop, farewell; shield thee from Warwick's
frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Changes to the Tower in London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. HEN. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

LIEU. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sove-
But if an humble prayer may prevail, [reigns,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. HEN. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness.
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure,
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

— But Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee,
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WAR. Your grace has still been fam'd for virtuous,

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

CLAR. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WAR. And I chuse Clarence only for protector.

K. HEN. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your
hands;

Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts;
That no dissention hinder government
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

WAR. What answers Clarence to his sov'reign's will?

CLAR. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease,
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor;
And all his lands and goods confiscated.

CLAR. What else? and that succession be determin'd,

WAR. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. HEN. But with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed,
For till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd,

CLAR. It shall be done, my sov'reign, with all speed.

K. HEN. My lord of Somerset what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care ?

SOM. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. HEN. Come hither, England's hope : if secret powers

[Lays his hand on his head.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

WAR. What news, my friend ?

POST. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WAR. Unfavorable news ; but how made he escape ?

POST. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Glo'ster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest-side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him ;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

WAR. My brother was too careless of his charge.

—But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

A falve for any fore that may betide.

[Exeunt.]

Manent Somersfet, Richmond, and Oxford.

SOM. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond ;
So doth my heart misgive me in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXF. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown :
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

SOM. It shall be so ; he shall to Britany.

Come therefore let's about it speedily.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. Changes to York.

Enter king Henry, Gloucester, Hastings, and soldiers.

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, Hastings and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg, before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom ?

GLO. The gates made fast ! brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. EDW. Tush, man, aboardments must not now affright
By fair or foul means we must enter in, [us :
For hither will our friends repair to us.

HAST. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls, the mayor of York and his brethren.

MAY. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. EDW. But, master Mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

MAYOR. True, my good lord, I know you for no less.

K. EDW. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

GLO. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.

HAST. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates. We are king Henry's friends.

MAYOR. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[He descends.

GLO. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

HAST. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being entered,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. EDW. So, master Mayor, these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.

What fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes the keys.

For Edward will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery with drum and soldiers.

GLO. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. EDW. Welcome, sir John; but why come you in arms?

MON. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. EDW. Thanks, good Montgom'ry; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

MON. Then fare you well, and I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

—Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[The drum begins a march.

K. EDW. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

MON. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight if you pretend no title?

GLO. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. EDW. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. [claim:

HAST. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

GLO. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

—Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. EDW. Then be it as you will, for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MON. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself.

And now will I be Edward's champion.

HAST. Sound, trumpet, Edward shall be here proclaimed:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [Flourish.]

SOLD. "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of
"England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."

MEN. And whoso'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his gauntlet.]

: ALL. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. EDW. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks to all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence, evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. Changes again to London.

Enter king Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford,
and Somerset.

WAR. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas;
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. HEN. Let's levy men and beat him back again.

CLA. A little fire is quickly trodden out,

Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

WAR. In Warwickshire I have true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Those will I muster up ; and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with th' ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him :
—Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
—Farewel, my sovereign.

K. HEN. Farewel, my Hector and my Troy's true hope.

CLA. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness hand.

K. HEN. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate !

MON. Comfort, my lord. And so I take my leave.

OXF. [kissing Henry's hand.] And thus I seal my truth,
and bid adieu.

K. HEN. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

WAR. Farewel, sweet lords ; let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt.]

K. HEN. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship :

Methinks, the pow'r, that Edward hath in field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

EXE. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. HEN. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame;
 I have not stoppt mine ears to their demands,
 Nor posted off their suits with slow delays,
 My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds.
 My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
 My mercy dried their water flowing tears.
 I have not been desirous of their wealth,
 Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
 Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
 Then why should they love Edward more than me?
 No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace,
 And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
 The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! a Lancaster!

EXE. Hark, hark, my lord, what shouts are these?

Enter king Edward, and his soldiers.

K. EDW. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
 And once again proclaim us king of England.
 —You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow,
 Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
 —Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speak.

[Exeunt with king Henry.

And, lords, to Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
 The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
 Cold biting winter mars our hop'd for hay.

GLO. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 Brave warriors, march amain tow'rs Coventry. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the town of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the mayor of Coventry, two messengers,
and others, upon the walls.

WARWICK.

WHERE is the post, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 MES. By this at Dunsmore, marching hither-ward.

WAR. How far off is our brother Montague?

—Where is the post, that came from Montague?

2 MES. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somerville.

WAR. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess how nigh is Clarence now?

SOM. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

WAR. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

SOM. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies.
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

WAR. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd for friends.

SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter king Edward, Gloucester, and
soldiers.

K. EDW. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

GLO. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

WAR. Oh, unbid fight! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. EDW. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WAR. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up, and pluck'd thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

GLO. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

WAR. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

GLO. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WAR. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. EDW. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

WAR. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight,
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. EDW. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

GLO. Alas! that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was silyly finger'd from the deck.
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. EDW. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

GLO. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down.

Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. EDW. Sail how thou canst; have wind and tide thy
This hand fast wound about thy coal-black hair [friend;
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood;
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

SCENE II. Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

WAR. O chearful colours! see, where Oxford comes!

OXF. Oxford! Oxford! for Lancaster!

GLO. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. EDW. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

WAR. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

MON. Montague! Montague! for Lancaster!

GLO. Thou and thy brother both, shall buy this treason
Ev'n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. EDW. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

SOM. Somerset! Somerset! for Lancaster!

GLO. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

WAR. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle,
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call——

[A parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.]

CLA. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee.

I will not ruinate my father's bouse,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful king?

Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath;

To keep that oath were more impiety,

Than Jephthah's, when he sacrific'd his daughter,

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,

To plague thee for the foul mis-leading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.

——Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. EDW. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

GLO. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brother-like.

WAR. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. EDW. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears? [fight?

WAR. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. EDW. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
way.

—Lords, to the field; St. George and victory! [Exeunt.

[March. Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE III. A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarm and excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. EDW. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug, that scar'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast, I seek for thee;
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit.

WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,

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Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres,
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood.
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again;
The queen from France hath brought a puissant pow'r;
Ev'n now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou fly!

WAR. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp cry'd out for Warwick,
And said, commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,

O, farewell, Warwick!——

WAR. Sweetly rest his soul!

Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids

You all farewell, to meet again in heav'n. [Dies.

OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.

[They bear away his body, and exeunt.

SCENE IV. Changes to another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter king Edward in triumph; with Gloucester,
Clarence, and the rest.

K. EDW. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,

That will encounter with our glorious sun,

Ere he attain his easeful western bed;

I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,

And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLA. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came;

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,

For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLO. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset with Oxford, fled to her.

If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd,

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. EDW. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,

That they do hold their course tow'rd Tewksbury.

We having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight; for willingness rids way;

And as we march, our strength will be augmented

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In every county as we go along.

Strike up the drum, cry,—Courage, and away. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to Tewksbury.

March. Enter the queen, prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and soldiers.

QUEEN. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
But chearly seek how to redress their harms. [loft,
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still; is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-full eyes add water to the sea;
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tackling still?
And though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough winds say, no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair;
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit?

And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim, alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the sand, why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock, the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
There there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

PRINCE. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here,
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as, God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

OXF. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may't thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

SOM. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

QUEEN. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

PRINCE. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a messenger.

MES. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXF. I thought no less; it is his policy,
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

SOM. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

QUEEN. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

OXF. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

SCENE VI. March. Enter king Edward, Gloucester,
Clarence, and soldiers on the other side of the stage.

K. EDW. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heav'n's assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

QUEEN. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
My tears gainfay, for every word I speak, [say,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye,
Therefore no more but this: Henry, your sov'reign,
Is pris'ner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent,
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both parties go out.

Re-enter king Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The queen, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. EDW. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils,
Away with Oxford to Hammes-castle straight;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

—Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

OXF. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

SOM. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exit.

QUEEN. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. EDW. Is proclamation made that who finds Edward,
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

GLO. It is, and so where youthful Edward comes.

Enter the prince of Wales.

K. EDW. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
—What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

PRINCE. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair; and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

QUEEN. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!

GLO. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stoln the breech from Lancaster.

PRINCE. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night,

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His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

GLO. By heav'n, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

QUEEN. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

GLO. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

PRINCE. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

K. EDW. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

CLA. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE. I know my duty, you're undutiſul:

Lascivious Edward, and thou, perjur'd George,

And thou, miſſhapen Dick I, tell you all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are,

And thou uſurp'ſt my father's right and mine.

GLO. Take that, thou likenefs of this railer here.

[Stabs him.

K. EDW. And take thou that, to end thy agony.

[Edward ſtabs him.

CLA. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[Clarence ſtabs him.

QUEEN. Oh, kill me too!

GLO. Marry, and ſhall—— [Offers to kill her.

K. EDW. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

GLO. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?

K. EDW. What! doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for her recovery.

GLO. Clarence, excuſe me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a ſerious matter.

Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.

CLA. What? what?

GLO. The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out.

[Exit.

QUEEN. Oh Ned! ſweet Ned! ſpeak to thy mother, boy.

Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!
They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all;
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man; this (in respect) a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off;
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.

K. EDW. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

QUEEN. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here,
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What? wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLA. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

QUEEN. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

CLA. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

QUEEN. Ay, but thou wast to forswear thyself.

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What, wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here; murder is thy alms-deed,
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. EDW. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

QUEEN. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

[Exit queen.]

K. EDW. Where's Richard gone?

CLA. To London all in post; and as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. EDW. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, discharge the common fort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen, how well she fares,
By this I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Changes to the Tower of London.

Enter king Henry with a book, and Gloucester, with the
lieutenant on the Tower walls.

GLO. Good day, my lord; what! at your book so hard?

K. HEN. Ay, my good lord; my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, GOOD was little better;
Good Glo'ster, and good devil, were alike,
And both prepost'rous, therefore not good lord,

GLO. Sir, leave us to ourselves, we must confer.

[Exit lieutenant.

K. HEN. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

GLO. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. HEN. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, was kill'd.

GLO. Why what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. HEN. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos that deny'd our course;
The sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.
—But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life?

GLO. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. HEN. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;
If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Why then thou art an executioner.

GLO. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HEN. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine. [presume,
And thus I prophecy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign,
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees,
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

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Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world :

And, if the rest be true with I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

GLO. I'll hear no more : die, prophet, in thy speech :
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd. [Stabs him.

K. HEN. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
—O God ! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.

GLO. What ! will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground ? I thought, it would have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !

O, may such purple tears be always shed,
From those who with the downfall of our house.

If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and say, I sent thee thither ;

[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear—

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of :

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,

And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?

The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,

O, Jesus blefs us, he is born with teeth !

And so I was ; which plainly signify'd

That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog.

Then, since the heav'ns have snap'd my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I had no father, I am like no father.

I have no brother, I am like no brother ;

And this word Love, which grey-beards call divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me : I am myself alone.——

Clarence, beware ; thou keep'st me from the light ;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee ;

For I will buz abroad such prophecies,

That Edward shall be fearful of his life,

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone ;

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest ;

Counting myself but bad, till I be best.

I'll throw thy body in another room ;

And triumph, Henry ! in the day of doom. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. The Palace in London.

Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, Nurse with the young Prince and Attendants.

K. EDW. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies :

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride !

Three dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions ;

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son ;

And two Northumberlands ; two braver men

Ne'er spur'd their couriers at the trumpets sound.

With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,

And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,

And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.

[Taking the child,

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself

Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night ;

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Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat ;
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace ;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

GLO. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
laid,

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;

And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back ;

} Aside.

Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. EDW. Clarence and Glo'ster, love my lovely queen ;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

CLAR. The duty, that I owe your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

QUEEN. Thanks, noble Clarence ; worthy brother, thanks.

GLO. And that I love the tree, from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —————

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master ;

[Aside.

And cry'd, all hail ! when as he meant all harm.

[Aside.

K. EDW. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

CLAR. What will your grace have done with Margaret ?
Reignier her father to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem ;
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. EDW. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comick shows,
Such as besit the pleasure of the court ?

Sound, drums and trumpets. Farewel, sour annoy !

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt omnes.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
RICHARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

KING EDWARD IV.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards **EDWARD V.** } Sons to Edward IV.

RICHARD, duke of York.

GEORGE, duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV.

RICHARD, duke of Gloucester, brother to Edward IV. afterwards king **Richard III.**

Cardinal, archbishop of **YORK**.

Duke of **BUCKINGHAM**.

Duke of **NORFOLK**.

Earl of **SURREY**.

Marquis of **DORSET**, son to queen Elizabeth.

Earl **RIVERS**, brother to the queen.

Lord **GRAY**, son to queen Elizabeth.

Earl of **RICHMOND**, afterwards king **Henry VII.**

Bishop of **ELY**. Lord **HASTINGS**. Sir **THOM. VAUGHAN**.

Sir **RICHARD RATCLIFF**. Lord **LOVEL**. **CATESBY**.

Sir **JAMES TYRREL**. **THOMAS**, lord Stanley. Earl of **OXFORD**. **BLOUNT**. **HERBERT**.

Sir **WILLIAM BRANDON**.

BRAKENBURY, Lieut. of the Tower.

Two children of the duke of **CLARENCE**.

Sir **CHRISTOPHER URSWICK**, a priest.

Lord Mayor.

ELIZABETH, queen of Edward IV.

Queen **MARGARET**, widow of Henry VI.

ANNE, widow of Edward prince of Wales, son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the duke of Gloucester.

Dutcheſs of **YORK**, mother to Edward IV. Clarence and **Richard III.**

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by **Richard III.** with soldiers, and other attendants.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter Richard duke of Gloucester, solus.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds, that low'r'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass,—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them :
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace
 Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days,
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate, the one against the other :
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up ;
 About a prophesy, which says, that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 —Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here Clarence comes,

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day, what means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your grace ?

CLA. His majesty,

Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLO. Upon what cause ?

CLA. Because my name is George.

GLO. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours :
 He should for that commit your godfathers.

Belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence, may I know?

CLA. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G;
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be.

And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

GLO. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,
My lady Gray, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower?
From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

CLA. By heav'n, I think, there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the king, and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

GLO. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what;—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:

The jealous, o'erworn widow, and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

BRAK. I beg your graces both to pardon me:
 His majesty has straitly giv'n in charge,
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with your brother.

GLO. Ev'n so, an't please your worship. Brackenbury,
 You may partake of any thing we say,
 We speak no treason, man—we say, the king
 Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
 Well strook in years; fair, and not jealous—
 We say, that Shroe's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue;
 That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folk.
 How say you, sir? Can you deny all this?

BRAK. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

GLO. What, fellow? nought to do with mistress Shore?
 I tell you, sir, he that doth naught with her,
 Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

BRAK. What one, my lord?

GLO. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me?

BRAK. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
 And to forbear your conference with the duke.

CLA. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

GLO. We are the queen's subjects, and must obey.
 Brother, farewell: I will unto the king,
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
 Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,
 I will perform it to infranchise you.
 Mean time this deep disgrace of brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

CLA. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

GLO. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you :
Mean time, have patience.

CLA. I must perforce ; farewell. [Exe. Brack. Clar.

GLO. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return :
Simple, plain Clarence !—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the present at our hands.
—But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

Enter Lord Hastings.

HAST. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

GLO. As much unto my good lord Chamberlain :
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

HAST. With patience, noble lord, as pris'ners must :
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

GLO. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

HAST. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

GLO. What news abroad ?

HAST. No news so bad abroad, as this at home ;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

GLO. Now, by St. Paul, that news is bad, indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he, in his bed ?

HAST. He is.

GLO. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit Hastings.]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,
 'Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n
 I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
 With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
 And if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Clarence hath not another day to live :
 Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy ;
 And leave the world for me to bustle in !
 For then, I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter ;
 What though I kill'd her husband, and her father ?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends,
 Is to become her husband and her father :
 'The which will I, not all so much for love,
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 —But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns ;
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [Exit]

SCENE II. Changes to a Street.

Enter the corpse of Henry the sixth, with halberts to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.

ANNE. Set down, set down your honourable load,
 If honour may be shrouded in a herse ;
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 —Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be't lawful, that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son ;
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Curs'd be the hand that made these fatal holes !
 Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee !
 —Come, now tow'rds Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there.
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, while I lament king Henry's coarſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

GLO. Stay you, that bear the coarſe, and ſet it down.

ANNE. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To ſtop devoted charitable deeds ?

GLO. Villains, ſet down the coarſe ; or, by St. Paul,
 I'll make a coarſe of him that diſobeys.

GEN. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

GLO. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
Or, by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

ANNE. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil
—Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

GLO. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

ANNE. Foul dev'l! for God's sake hence, trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell;
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen, see! see dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood,
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural
Provoke this deluge most unnatural.

O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death,
O earth! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death,
Or heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead,
Or earth gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

GLO. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

GLO. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

ANNE. O wonderful! when devils tell the truth!

GLO. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

ANNE. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

GLO. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou can'st
No excuse current but to hang thyself. [make

GLO. By such despair I should accuse myself.

ANNE. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

GLO. Say, that I slew them not.

ANNE. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are; and, devilish slave, by thee.

GLO. I did not kill your husband.

ANNE. Why then he is alive.

GLO. Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hands.

ANNE. In thy foul throat thou ly'st. Queen Margaret
Thy murderous faulchion smoaking in his blood: [saw
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLO. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANNE. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

GLO. I grant ye.

ANNE. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? Then God grant me
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed ! [too,
O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.—

GLO. The fitter for the king of heav'n, that hath him.

ANNE. He is in heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

GLO. Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

ANNE. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

GLO. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

ANNE. Some dungeon.

GLO. Your bed-chamber.

ANNE. I'll rest betide the chamber where thou lyest !

GLO. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

ANNE. I hope so.

GLO. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And something fall into a slower method :
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

ANNE. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect.

GLO. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

GLO. These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's wreck.
You should not blemish it, if I stood by ;

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

ANNE. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

GLO. Curse not thyself, fair creature : thou art both.

ANNE. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

GLO. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

ANNE. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

GLO. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

ANNE. His better doth not breath upon the earth.

GLO. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

ANNE. Name him.

GLO. Plantagenet.

ANNE. Why, that was he.

GLO. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

ANNE. Where is he ?

GLO. Here : [She spits at him.] Why dost thou spit at
me ?

ANNE. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake !

GLO. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

—Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

GLO. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead ?

GLO. I would they were, that I might die at once :
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears ;
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops,
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made ;
 When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :
 Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
 Told the sad story of my father's death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep.
 That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
 Like trees bedash'd with rain ; in that sad time,
 My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
 I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my see,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
 Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;
 But 'twas thy beauty that provok'd me.
 Nay, now dispatch : 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;
 But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE. Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

GLO. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE. I have already.

GLO. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and even with thy word,

This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

ANNE. I would I knew thy heart.

GLO. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

ANNE. I fear me, both are false.

GLO. Then never man was true.

ANNE. Well, well, put up your sword.

GLO. Say then, my peace is made.

ANNE. That shalt thou know hereafter.

GLO. But shall I live in hope ?

ANNE. All men, I hope, live so.

GLO. Vouchsafe to wear this ring. [She puts on the ring.

Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Ev'n so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted suppliant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

ANNE. What is it ?

GLO. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner ;

And presently repair to Crosby-place :

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you.

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

ANNE. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.

Traffell and Barkley, go along with me.

GLO. Bid me farewell.

ANNE. 'Tis more than you deserve :

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine, I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt two with Anne.

GLO. Sirs, take up the corpse.

GENT. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

GLO. No, to White-Fryars, there attend my coming.

[Exeunt with the corpse.

Was ever woman in this humour woe'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.

What ! I that kill'd her husband, and his father !

To take her in her heart's extreamest hate,

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by :

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil and dissembling looks :

And yet to win her—All the world to nothing !

Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal

The spacious world cannot again afford :—

And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That crompt the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while ;
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of taylor's,
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III. Changes to the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

RIV. Have patience, madam, there's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

GRAY. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse ;
Therefore, for God's lake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry eyes.

QUEEN. If he were dead what would betide of me ?

GRAY. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

QUEEN. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

GRAY. The heav'ns have blest you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

QUEEN. Ah! he is young, and his minority

Is put into the trust of Richard Glo'ster.

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIV. Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

QUEEN. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:

But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

GRAY. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

BUCK. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

STAN. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

QUEEN. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good pray'r will scarcely say, Amen ;

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

STAN. I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers :

Or, if she be accused on true report,

Bear with her weakness ; which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

QUEEN. Saw you the king to day, my lord of Stanley ?

STAN. But now the duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visiting his majesty.

QUEEN. What likelihood of his amendment, lords ?

BUCK. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks chearfully.

QUEEN. God grant him health ! Did you confer with him ?

BUCK. Madam, we did ; he seeks to make atonement
Between the duke of Glo'ster and your brothers.

And between them and my lord Chamberlain ;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

QUEEN. 'Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

GLO. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By filken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

GRAY. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

GLO. To thee, that hast not honesty, nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

QUEEN. Brother of Glo'ster, you mistake the matter;
The king of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shews itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself;
Makes him to send that he may learn the ground
Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.

GLO. I cannot tell ; the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch,
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

QUEEN. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Glo'ster.

You envy my advancement and my friends :
God grant we never may have need of you !

GLO. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you !
Our brother is imprison'd by your means ;
Myself disgrac'd ; and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while many fair promotions
Are daily giv'n to ennoble those,
That scarce some two days since were worth a noble.

QUEEN. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence ; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

GLO. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

RIV. She may, my lord, for——

GLO. She may, lord Rivers——why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not ? she may——ay, marry, may she——

RIV. What, marry, may she ?

GLO. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,

A batchelor, a handsome stripling too :
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.——

QUEEN. My lord of Glo'ster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those grofs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid,
Than a great queen with this condition ;
To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being England's queen,

SCENE IV. Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. MAR. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee !
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

GLO. What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?
Tell him, and spare not ; look, what I have said ;
I will avouch in presence of the king :
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. MAR. Out, devil ! I remember thee too well .
Thou kill'st my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

GLO. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends ;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. MAR. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

GLO. In all which time you and your husband Gray
Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;
And, Rivers, so were you ;—was not your husband,
In Marg'ret's battle, at St. Albans slain ?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are :
Whithal what I have been, and what I am.

Q. MAR. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

GLO. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself, which, Jesu pardon!—

Q. MAR. Which God revenge!—

GLO. To fight on Edwards's party for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up :
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. MAR. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
world,

Thou Cacodæmon, there thy kingdom is.

RIV. My lord of Glo'ster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king,
So should we you, if you should be our king.

GLO. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart the thought thereof.

QUEEN. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. MAR. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?
If not that I being queen, you bow like subjects ;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away !

GLO. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight ?

Q. MAR. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me ; [To Glo.
And thou, a kingdom ; [To the queen] all of you allegiance ;

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours ;
And all the pleasures, you usurp, are mine.

GLO. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee,
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

QUEEN. So just is God to right the innocent.

HAST. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

RIV. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DORS. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

BUCK. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. MAR. What ! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n ?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king !
 Edward thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
 For Edward our son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self ;
 Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine :
 Long die thy happy days before thy death,
 And after many length'ned hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

GLO. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. MAR. And leave out thee ? Stay, dog, for thou shalt
 hear me.

If heav'ns have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul !
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends :
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !

Thou elvish-markt abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested——

GLO. Margaret.——

Q. MAR. Richard.——

GLO. Ha?——

Q. MAR. I call thee not.

GLO. I cry thee mercy then! for, I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. MAR. Why so I did; but look'd for no reply.
Oh, let me make the period to my curse.

GLO. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

QUEEN. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your-
self.

Q. MAR. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

HAST. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. MAR. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

RIV. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty.

Q. MAR. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

DOR. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. MAR. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

GLO. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, marquis.

DOR. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

GLO. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. MAR. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest;
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

BUCK. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. MAR. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still live my sorrows rage!

BUCK. Have done, have done.

Q. MAR. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

BUCK. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. MAR. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom-tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him;
And all their ministers attend on him?

GLO. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

BUCK. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. MAR. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And sooth the devil, that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Marg'ret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to you, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

BUCK. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

RIV. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.

GLO. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

DOR. I never did her any to my knowledge.

GLO. Yet you have all the 'vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do somebody good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, for Clarence, he is well repay'd;

He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,

God pardon them, that are the cause thereof!

RIV. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion.
To pray for them, that have done scathe to us.

GLO. So did I ever, being well advis'd;

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For had I curst now, I had curst myself.

[Aside.

Enter Catesby.

CATE. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,
And for your grace, and you, my noble lord.

QUEEN. Catesby, we come; lords, will you go with us?

RIV. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

GLO. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs, that I set a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls,
Namely to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them 'tis the queen, and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset, Gray.
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 VIL. We are, my lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

GLO. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

VIL. Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate.
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

GLO. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop
tears,

I like you lads—about your business—go. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury.

BRAK. Why looks your grace so heavily to day?

CLA. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

BARK. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you,
tell me?

CLA. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who, from my cabin, tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Glo'ster stumbled; and in falling

Struck me, that fought to stay him, over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What fights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 I thought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAK. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

CLA. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

CLA. No, no, my dream was length'n'd after life;
 O then began the tempest to my soul.
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferry-man, which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?

And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—]
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impresson made my dream.

BRAK. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLA. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and, see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
—I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

BRAK. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!

[Clarence sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night,
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

SCENE VI. Enter the two murderers.

1 VIL. Ho, who's there?

BRAK. In God's name, what art thou? How cam'st thou hither?

2 VIL. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

BRAK. What, so brief?

1 VIL. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

BRAK. [reads.] I am in this commanded, to deliver The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the king, and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 VIL. You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom. Fare you well. [Exit Brakenbury.]

2 VIL. What shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 VIL. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.

2 VIL. When he wakes? why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 VIL. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 VIL. The urging of that word, JUDGMENT, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 VIL. What, art thou afraid?

2 VIL. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it:

But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 VIL. I'll back to the duke of Glo'ster, and tell him so.

2 VIL. Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 VIL. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 VIL. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 VIL. Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 VIL. Come, he dies. I had forgot the reward.

1 VIL. Where's thy conscience now?

2 VIL. O, in the duke of Glo'ster's purse.

1 VIL. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 VIL. 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 VIL. What if it come to thee again?

2 VIL. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 VIL. 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 VIL. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 VIL. I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 VIL. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 VIL. Take him over the costard, with the hilt of thy sword; and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 VIL. O excellent device, and make a sop of him.

1 VIL. Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 VIL. No, we'll reason with him.

CLA. Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2 VIL. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLA. In God's name, what art thou?

1 VIL. A man, as you are.

CLA. But not, as I am, royal.

1 VIL. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLA. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 VIL. My voice is now the king's, my looks my own.

CLA. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?

—Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

BOTH. To, to, to——

CLA. To murder me?

BOTH. Ay, ay.

CLA. Ye scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 VIL. Offended us you have not, but the king.

CLA. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 VIL. Never, my lord, therefore prepare to die —

CLA. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence, that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me :
The deed, you undertake, is damnable.

1 VIL. What we will do, we do upon command.

2 VIL. And he that hath commanded, is our king.

CLA. Erroneous vassals ! the great king of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
" That thou shalt do no murder ;" will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 VIL. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too ;
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 VIL. And like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow ; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'd the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 VIL. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 VIL. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree ?

CLA. Alas ! for whose sake did I that ill deed ?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this,
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly ;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;
He needs no indirect, nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

I VIL. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant, springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

CLA. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

I VIL. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

CLA. If you love my brother, hate not me :
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Glo'ster,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 VIL. You are deceiv'd, your brother Glo'ster hates you.

CLA. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear,
Go you to him from me.

BOTH. Ay, so we will.

CLA. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Blest his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship.
Bid Glo'ster think on this, and he will weep.

I VIL. Ay, mill-stones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

CLA. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

I VIL. As snow in harvest :—you deceive yourself ;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

CLA. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

I VIL. Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earl's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 VIL. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

CLA. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,

To counfel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own fouls fo blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O firs, confider, they that fet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 VIL. What fhall we do?

CLA. Relent, and fave your fouls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's fon,
Being pent for liberty, as I am now,
If two fuch murderers, as yourfelves, came to you,
Would not intreat for life? Ah! you would beg,
Were you in my diftrefs——

1 VIL. Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanifh.

CLA. Not to relent, is beaftly, favage, devilifh.
My friend, I fpy fome pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my fide, and entreat for me.
A begging prince, what beggar pities not?

2 VIL. Look behind you, my lord.

1 VIL. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

[Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmfie-butt within.

[Exit.

2 VIL. A bloody deed, and defp'rately difpatch'd.
—How fain, like Pilate, would I wafh my hands
Of this moft grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter firft villain.

1 VIL. How now? what mean'ft thou, that thou help'ft
me not?

By heav'n, the duke fhall know how flack you've been.

2 VIL. I would he knew, that I had fav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I fay;

For I repent me, that the duke is slain.

[Exit.

I VIL. So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.
—Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And, when I have my meed, I must away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The C O U R T.

Enter king Edward sick, the queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodville.

K. E D W A R D.

WHY so!—Now have I done a good day's work,
You peers, continue this united league.

I every day expect an embassy
From my redeemer to redeem me hence.
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Hastings and Rivers, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred; swear your love.

RIV. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

HAST. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. EDW. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Lest he, that is the supreme king of kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

HAST. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

RIV. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. EDW. Madam, yourself is not exempt from this;

Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

QUEEN. There, Hastings.—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine.

K. EDW. Dorset, embrace him.—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

DOR. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

HAST. And so swear I.

K. EDW. Now, princely Buckingham, seal you this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

BUCK. When ever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, and not with duteous love [To the queen.
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[Embracing Rivers, &c.]

K. EDW. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Glo'ster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

BUCK. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloucester with Ratcliff.

GLO. Good-morrow to my sovereign.—king and queen;

And princely peers, a happy time of day.

K. EDW. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

GLO. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'Tis death to me to be at enmity,
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge was lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you lord Woodville, and lord Scales; of you,
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to night;
I thank my God for my humility.

QUEEN. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded!
—My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

GLO. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[They all start.

You do him injury to scorn his coarse.

K. EDW. Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?

QUEEN. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

BUCK. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

DOR. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. EDW. Is Clarence dead?—the order was revers'd.

GLO. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear.

Some tardy cripple had the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve no worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter lord Stanley.

STAN. A boon, my sov'reign, for my service done.

K. EDW. I pr'ythee peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

STAN. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. EDW. Then say at once, what is it thou requestest.

STAN. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who flew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. EDW. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,

Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me?
 And said, dear brother, live, and be a king?
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself
 All thin, and naked, to the numb cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear redeemer;
 You strait are on your knees for pardon, pardon,—
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you;
 But for my brother, not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life,
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
 —O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
 —Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!
 Poor Clarence!

[Exeunt some with the king and queen.]

GLO. These are the fruits of rashness. Mark'd you not,
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the king.

God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
To comfort Edward with our company? [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Enter the dutchess of York, with the two
children of Clarence.

SON. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

DUTCH. No, boy.

DAUGH. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
And cry—O Clarence! my unhappy son! [breast?

SON. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

DUTCH. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickness of the king,

As loth to lose him; not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

SON. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king, mine uncle, is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earnest prayers.

DAUGH. And so will I.

DUTCH. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
Incapable and shallow innocents! [you well.
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

SON. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glo'ster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek,
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

DUTCH. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

SON. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

DUTCH. Ay, boy.

SON. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?
Enter the queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers and
Dorset after her.

QUEEN. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—

DUTCH. What means this scene of rude impatience?

QUEEN. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

DUTCH. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrours of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries.

SON. Ah, aunt! [to the queen.] you wept not for our
father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

DAUGH. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

QUEEN. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

CHIL. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

DUTCH. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

QUEEN. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

CHIL. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

DUTCH. What stays had I but they? and they are gone?

QUEEN. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

CHIL. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

DUTCH. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs,

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I!

Alas! you three, on me threefold-disstress

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

DOR. Comfort, dear mother, God is much displeased,

That with unthankfulness you take his doing:
 In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
 With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven;
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

RIV. Madam, bethink you like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son; send strait for him,
 Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
 Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

SCENE III. Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley,
 Hastings, and Ratcliff.

GLO. Sister, have comfort. All of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star;
 But none can he'p our harms by wailing them.
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
 I did not see you.—Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

DUTCH. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

GLO. Amen, and make me die a good old man;—
 That is the butt end of a mother's blessing!
 I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

BUCK. You cloudy princes, and heart sorrowing peers,
 That bear this mutual heavy lead of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love;
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd,
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

RIV. Why with some little train, my lord of Bucking-
 ham ?

BUCK. Marry, my lord, left by a multitude
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is yet ungovern'd.
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself.
 As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
 In my opinion ought to be prevented.

GLO. I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;
 And the compact is firm, and true in me.

RIV. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all.
 Yet since it is but green, it should be put
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,
 Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd ;
 Therefore, I say, with noble Buckingham,
 That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

HAST. And so say I.

GLO. Then be it so ; and go we to determine,
 Who they shall be that strait shall post to Ludlow.
 —Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
 To give your censures in this weighty business ? [Exeunt.

[Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.

BUCK. My lord, whoever journies to the prince,
 For God's sake, let not us two stay at home ;
 For by the way, I'll fort occasion,
 As index to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

GLO. My other self, my council's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet;—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Changes to a Street near the Court.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 CIT. Good morrow, neighbour, whither away so fast?

2 CIT. I promise you, I hardly know myself;
Hear you the news abroad?

1 CIT. Yes, the king's dead.

2 CIT. Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 CIT. Neighbours, God speed!

1 CIT. Give you good morrow, sir.

3 CIT. Does the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 CIT. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 CIT. Then, masters, look too see a troublous world.

1 CIT. No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 CIT. Wo to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 CIT. In him there is a hope of government,
Which in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 CIT. So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3 CIT. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
For then this land was famously enrich'd [wot;
With politick grave counsel; then the king

Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 CIT. Why so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 CIT. Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all :

For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Glo'ster ;
And the queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud ;
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 CIT. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be well.

3 CIT. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ; [cloaks ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

All may be well ; but if God fort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 CIT. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear,
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 CIT. Before the day of change, still is it so ;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as by proof we see,
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 CIT. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 CIT. And so was I, I'll bear you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to the Court.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the
Queen, and the Dutchess of York.

ARCH. I heard they lay the last night at Northampton,

At Stony Stratford they do rest to night ;
To morrow or next day, they will be here.

DUTCH. I long with all my heart to see the prince ;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

QUEEN. But I hear, not ; they say, my son of York
Has almost over-ta'n him in his growth.

YORK. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

DUTCH. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

YORK. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle Glo'ster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

DUTCH. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young ;
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

YORK. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

DUTCH. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

YORK. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd
I could have giv'n my uncle's grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

DUTCH. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee, let me hear

YORK. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast, [it.
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old ;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUTCH. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

YORK. Grandam, his nurse.

DUTCH. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

YORK. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

QUEEN. A per'lous boy—go to, you are too shrewd.

DUTCH. Good madam, be not angry with a child.

QUEEN. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger,

ARCH. Here comes a messenger: what news?

MES. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

QUEEN. How doth the prince?

MES. Well, madam, and in health.

DUTCH. What is thy news?

MES. Lord Rivers and lord Gray are sent to Pomfret,
With them, sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

DUTCH. Who hath committed them?

MES. The mighty dukes,
Glo'ster and Buckingham.

QUEEN. For what offence?

MES. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

QUEEN. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne;
Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUTCH. Accur'd and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss.
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves the conquerors

Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self; O most preposterous
And frantic outrage; end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

QUEEN. Come, come, my boy, we'll to sanctuary.
—Madam, farewell.

DUTCH. Stay, I will go with you.

QUEEN. You have no cause.

ARCH. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you and all of yours!
—Go, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

The trumpets sound. Enter prince of Wales, the dukes of
Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.

BUCKINGHAM.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your
chamber.

GLO. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLO. Sweet prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit,
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.

God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

PRINCE. God keep me from false friends ! but they
were none.

GLO. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet you,

Enter Lord Mayor.

MAYOR. God bless your grace with health and happy
days.

PRINCE. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you all :

I thought my mother and my brother York,

Would long ere this have met us on the way.

Fie, what a slug is Hastings ? that he comes not

To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

BUCK. And in good time here comes the sweating lord.

PRINCE. Welcome, my lord ; what, will our mother
come ?

HAST. On what occasion God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary ; the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

BUCK. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ? Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?

If she deny, lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

ARCH. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid,
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

BUCK. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord;
Too ceremonious and traditional.

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those, whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those, who have the wit to claim the place;
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it;
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men,

But sanctuary-children ne'er till now;

ARCH. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

HAST. I go, my lord.

PRINCE. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.]

Say, uncle Glo'ster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

GLO. Where it seems best unto your royal self:
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE. I do not like the Tower of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

BUCK. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

PRINCE. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

BUCK. Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity;
Even to the general all-ending day.

GLO. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

PRINCE. What say you, uncle?

GLO. I say, without characters fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal vice, iniquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

PRINCE. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
—I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

BUCK. What, my gracious lord?

PRINCE. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

GLO. Short summer lightly has a forward spring. [Aside.]

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

BUCK. Now in good time here comes the duke of York.

PRINCE. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

YORK. Well, my dread lord, so must I call you now.

PRINCE. Ay, brother to our grief, as it is yours;
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

GLO. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

YORK. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth,
The prince, my brother, hath outgrown me far.

GLO. He hath, my lord.

YORK. And therefore is he idle?

GLO. Oh, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

YORK. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

GLO. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

YORK. I pray you, uncle, give me this your dagger.

GLO. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

PRINCE. A beggar, brother?

YORK. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

GLO. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

YORK. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

GLO. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK. O, then I see you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

GLO. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

YORK. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

GLO. What would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

GLO. How?

YORK. Little.

PRINCE. My lord of York will still be cross in talk ;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me ;
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me.

Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

BUCK. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons !
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself ;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

GLO. My lord, will't please you pa's along.
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

YORK. What will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

PRINCE. My lord Protector, needs will have it so.

YORK. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLO. Why, what should you fear ?

YORK. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

PRINCE. I fear no uncles dead.

GLO. Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

—But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.]

SCENE II. Manent Gloucester, Buckingham, and Catesby.

BUCK. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

GLO. No doubt, no doubt. Oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
 Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
 He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

BUCK. Well, let them rest. Come, Catesby, thou art
 As deeply to effect what we intend, [sworn
 As closely to conceal what we impart,
 Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
 What think'st thou? Is it not an easy matter
 To make lord William Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle?

CAT. He, for his father's sake, so loves the prince,
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

BUCK. What think'st thou then of Stanley? Will not he?

CAT. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCK. Well then, no more than this. Go, gentle
 Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the coronation.
 If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons;
 If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination;
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

GLO. Commend me to lord William; tell him, Catesby,
 His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,

Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

BUCK. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

CAT. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

GLO. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

CAT. You shall, my lord.

GLO. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

(Exit Catesby.)

BUCK. My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive,
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

GLO. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do;
And look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof, the king, my brother, stood possessor.

BUCK. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

GLO. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that, afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Before Lord Hastings's house.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

MES. My lord, my lord.——

HAST. [within.] Who knocks?

MES. One from lord Stanley.

HAST. What is't o'clock?

MES. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

HAST. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

MES. So it appears, by what I have to say.

First he commends him to your noble self.

HAST. What then?

MES. Then certifies your lordship, that this night

He dreamt, the boar had ras'd off his helm.
 Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
 And that may be determin'd at the one,
 Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
 Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
 If you will presently take horse with him,
 And with all speed post with him towards the north;
 To shun the danger that his soul divines.

HAST. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord,
 Bid him not fear the separated councils:
 His honour, and myself, are at the one;
 And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance;
 And for his dreams, I wonder, he's so fond
 To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar, to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

MES. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [Exit.

Enter Catesby.

CAT. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

HAST. Good morrow, Catesby. You are early stirring;
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

CAT. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm,

HAST. How ! wear the garland ? dost thou mean the crown ?

CAT. Ay, my good lord.

HAST. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders, Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd. But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

CAT. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you forward Upon his party, for the gain thereof ; And thereupon he sends you this good news, That this same day your enemies, The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

HAST. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news, Because they have been still my adversaries ; But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side, To bar my master's heirs in true descent, God knows I will not do it, to the death.

CAT. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind !

HAST. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence, That they, who brought me in my master's hate, I live to look upon their tragedy. Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older, I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

CAT. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord, When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

HAST. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray ; and so 'twill do With some men else, who think themselves as safe As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

CAT. The princes both make high account of you—— For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.]

HAST. I know they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear man ?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

STAN. My lord, good morrow ; and, good morrow,
Catesby ;

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

HAST. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours.
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now ;
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

STAN. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure ;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast,
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
What, shall we tow'rd the Tower ? the day is spent.

HAST. Come, come, have with you. — Wot ye what,
my lord ?

To day the lords, you talk of, are beheaded.

STAN. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads,

Than some that have accus'd them, wear their hats.

—But come, my lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

HAST. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt lord Stanley and Catesby.]

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

PUR. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

HAST. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies,
But now I tell thee (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state, than e'er I was.

PUR. God hold it to your honour's good content!

HAST. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.

[Throws him his purse.

PUR. I thank your honour.

[Exit Pur.

Enter a priest.

PRIEST. Well met, my lord, I'm glad to see your honour.

HAST. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I'm in your debt for your last exercise:
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[He whispers.

Enter Buckingham.

BUCK. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need a priest,
Your honour hath no thriving work in hand.

HAST. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men, you talk of, came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the Tower?

BUCK. I do, my lord, but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

HAST. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

BUCK. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.

[Aside.

Come, will you go?

HAST. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Changes to Pomfret-castle.

Enter sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying lord Rivers, lord Richard Gray, and sir Thomas Vaughan to death.

RAT. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

RIV. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this;
To day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

GRAY. God keep the prince from all the pack of you,
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

VAU. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

RAT. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

RIV. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second, here, was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

GRAY. Now, Marg'ret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son,

RIV. Then curs'd the Richard, curs'd the Buckingham,
Then curs'd the Hastings. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us.
As for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

RAT. Make haste, the hour of death is now expired.

RIV. Come, Gray; come Vaughan; let us all embrace.

[They embrace.

Farewel, until we meet again in heav'n. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. The Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, bishop of Ely.

Catesby, Lovel, with others, at a table.

HAST. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the coronation.

In God's name speak, when is the royal day?

BUCK. Are all things ready for that royal time?

STAN. They are, and want but nomination.

ELY. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

BUCK. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

ELY. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

BUCK. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.

—Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HAST. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein;
But you my noble lord, may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

ELY. In happy time here comes the duke himself.

GLO. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow;
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCK. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part;
I mean, your voice for crowning of the king.

GLO. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder.
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

—My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holbourn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

ELY. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[Exit Ely.]

GLO. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

—Catesby hath founded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

BUCK. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt Glo. and Buck.]

STAN. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter bishop of Ely.

ELY. Where is my lord the duke of Gloucester?
I have sent for these strawberries.

HAST. His grace looks chearfully and smooth this morn-
There's some conceit, or other, likes him well, [ing:
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in christendom

Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, than he,
For by his face ſtrait ſhall you know his heart.

STAN. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhew'd to day?

HAST. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Glouceſter and Buckingham.

GLO. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms.

HAST. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this princely preſence,
To doom th' offenders. Whoſoe'er they be,
I ſay, my lord, they have deſerved death.

GLO. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil.
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blaſted ſapling, wither'd up;
And this is Edward's wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

HAST. If they have done this deed, my noble lord——

GLO. If?—thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs?—thou art a traitor.

—Off with his head. Now, by St. Paul I ſwear,

I will not dine until I ſee the ſame;

Lovel and Cateſby, look that it be done:

The reſt, that love me, riſe and follow me. [Exeunt.

Manent Lovel and Cateſby, with the lord Haſtings.

HAST. Woe, woe, for England, not a whit for me!

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase our helms;
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.
Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower;
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
—O, now I need the priest that spake to me.
—I now repent, I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
Oh, Marg'ret, Marg'ret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

CAT. Come, come, dispatch. The duke would be at
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head. [dinner,

HAST. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep,

LOV. Come, come, dispatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.

HAST. Oh, bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [Exeunt

SCENE VI. Changes to the Tower-walls.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour, marvelous
ill-favour'd.

GLO. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy
Murder thy breath in middle of a word, [colour,

And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

BUCK. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

GLO. Here comes the mayor.

BUCK. Let me alone to entertain him.
Lord mayor,——

Enter lord mayor, attended.

GLO. Look to the draw-bridge there.

BUCK. Hark, a drum!

GLO. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

BUCK. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent——

GLO. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

BUCK. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings's head.

GLO. Be patient, they are friends; Catesby and Lovel.

LOV. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

GLO. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep;
I took him for the plainest, harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a christian,
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

BUCK. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good lord of Glo'ster?

MAY. What?—Had he so?

GLO. What! think you, we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our person's safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

MAY. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

BUCK. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented;
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak; and tim'rously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons,
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

MAY. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak;
And do not doubt, right-noble princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your just proceedings in this case.

GLO. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T' avoid the censures of the carping world,

BUCK. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness, what, you hear, we did intend
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit mayor.]

GLO. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post;
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye or savage heart
Without controul, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person;
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father, then had wars in France,
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke, my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

BUCK. Doubt not, my lord. I'll play the orator

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

GLO. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

BUCK. I go, towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords. [Exit Buck.

GLO. Go, Lovel, and with all speed to Dr. Shaw.
Go thou to friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[Exeunt Lov. and Cat. severally.

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exit.

Enter a scrivener.

SCRIV. Here is th' indictment of the good lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairly is ingross'd;
That it may be to day read o'er in Pauls.
And, mark, how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd
Untainted, unexamined, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while.—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. Exit.

SCENE VII. Changes to Baynard's castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham at several doors.

GLO. How now, how now, what say the citizens ?

BUCK. Now by the holy mother of our lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

GLO. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

BUCK. I did with his contract with lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France ;
Th' unsatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
As being begot, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility,
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
And when my oratory grew tow'rd end
I bid them, that did love their country's good,
Cry, God save Richard, England's royal king.

GLO. And did they so ?

BUCK. No ; so God help me, they spake not a word ;
But like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale ;
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the May'r, what meant this wilful silence ?
His answer was, the people were not us'd

To be spoke to, except by the recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :
 " Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd,"
 But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o'th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, God save king Richard !
 And thus I took the vantage of those few.
 " Thanks, gentle citizens end friends," quoth I,
 " This general applause and chearful shout
 " Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard."
 And even here brake off and came away.

GLO. What tongueless blocks were they, would they not
 Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ? [speak ?

BUCK. The mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ;
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord,
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant,
 And be not easily won to our requests,
 Play the maid's part, still answer NAY, and take it.

GLO. I go : and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say, NAY to thee, for myself ;
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue. [Exit Glo.

BUCK. Go, go up to the leads, the lord mayor knocks,

Enter lord mayor and citizens.

—Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance here ;
 I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

CAT. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow, or next day.

He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

BUCK. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matters of great moment,
No less importing than our gen'ral good,
Are come to have some conf'rence with his grace.

CAT. I'll signify so much unto him strait. [Exit.]

BUCK. Ah, ah! my lord, this prince is not an Edward;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of curtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sov'reignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

MAY. Marry, God shield, his grace should say us NAY!

BUCK. I fear, he will; here Catesby comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his grace?

CAT. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before.
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

BUCK. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him;
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,

And so once more return, and tell his grace. [Exit Cat,
 When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

SCENE VIII. Enter Gloucester above, between two
 bishops. Catesby returns.

MAY. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen.

BUCK. Two props of virtue, for a christian prince,
 To stay him from the fall of vanity;
 And see, a book of prayer in his hand,
 True ornaments to know a holy man.
 —Famous Plantagenet! most gracious prince,
 Lend favourable ear to our requests;
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion and right-christian zeal.

GLO. My lord, there needs no such apology;
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,
 Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
 But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

BUCK. Ev'n that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

GLO. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
 That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCK. You have, my lord; would it might please your
 On our intreaties, to amend your fault. [grace]

GLO. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land?

BUCK. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
 The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock,
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion;
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land,
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain,
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consoled with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

GLO. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to answer, you might, haply, think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.

Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty;
And make us, doubtless, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!
BUCK. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife,
For first was he contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to that vow;
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.

These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining, and distressed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence of some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity,
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

MAY. Do, good my lord, your citizens intreat you.

BUCK. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

CAT. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

GLO. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty,
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

BUCK. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son,
(As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates)
Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house ;
And in this resolution here we leave you.

—Come. citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt.

CAT. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suits ;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

GLO. Will you inforce me to a world of cares ?

—Call them again ; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind intreaties ;
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Exit. Re-enter Buckingham and the rest.

—Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

MAY. God blefs your grace ; we see it, and will say it.

GLO. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

BUCK. Then I salute you with this royal title,
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king !

ALL. Amen.

BUCK. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

GLO. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

BUCK. To morrow then we will attend your grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

GLO. [To the clergymen.] Come, let us to our holy work again.

—Farewel, my cousin; farewel, gentle friends. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter queen, dutchess of York, and marquiss of Dorset, at one door; Anne, dutchess of Gloucester, leading lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.

DUTCHESS.

WHO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ster?
Now, for my life she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

ANNE. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

QUEEN. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

ANNE. No farther than the Tower; and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

QUEEN. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the lieutenant.

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.

—Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

LIEUT. Right well.—Dear madam; by your patience
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

QUEEN. The king? who's that?

LIEUT. I mean, the lord protector.

QUEEN. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

DUTCH. I am their father's mother. I will see them.

ANNE. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear the blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

LIEUT. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so.

I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit Lieut.]

Enter Stanley.

STAN. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair queens.

—Come, madam, you must strait to Westminster,

[To the dutchess of Gloucester.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

QUEEN. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead killing news!

ANNE. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

DOR. Be of good chear. Mother, how fares your grace?

QUEEN. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,

Thy mother's name is ominous to children,

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas;

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse;
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

STAN. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
—Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

DUTCH. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

STAN. Come, madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

ANNE. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, 'would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, "God save the queen!"

QUEEN. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed thy humour, wish thyself no harm.

ANNE. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's coarse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint, which then I weeping follow'd,
O when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish; "Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
"For making me so young, so old a widow!
"And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
"And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
"More miserable by the life of thee,
"Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest.
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.
Beside, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

QUEEN. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

ANNE. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

DOR. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

ANNE. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

DUTCH. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide
thee! [To Dorset.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee. [To Anne.
Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possess thee!

[To the queen.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

QUEEN. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old fullen play-fellow,

For tender princes! use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to the court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Gloucester as king, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. RICH. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

BUCK. My gracious sovereign !

K. RICH. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated.

But shall we wear these glories for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

BUCK. Still live they, and for ever let them rest !

K. RICH. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.

Young Edward lives—think now, what I would speak.

BUCK. Say on, my loving lord.

K. RICH. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

BUCK. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. RICH. Ha ! am I king ? 'tis so—but Edward lives—

BUCK. True, noble prince.

K. RICH. O bitter consequence !

That Edward still should live—true, noble prince ?

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

—Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? Speak suddenly, be brief.

BUCK. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. RICH. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

BUCK. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear
Before I positively speak in this ; [lord,

I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit Buck.

CATES. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. RICH. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespectful boys ; none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy,——

PAGE. My lord.

K. RICH. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

PAGE. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit ;
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. RICH. What is his name ?

PAGE. His name, my lord, is Tirrel.

K. RICH. I partly know the man ; go call him hither.

[Exit Boy.]

—The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath ?——well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord Stanley, what's the news ?

STAN. My lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. RICH. Come hither, Catesby ; rumour is abroad,
That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.——
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.——
Look, how thou dream'st—I say again, give out,

That Anne, my queen, is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.

[Exit Catesby.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.

Enter Tirrel.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Is thy name Tirrel?

TIR. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. RICH. Art thou indeed? [He takes him aside.]

TIR. Prove me, my gracious lord. [He kneels.]

K. RICH. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

TIR. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. RICH. Why then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;
Tirrel, I mean those bastards in the tower.

TIR. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. RICH. Thou sing'st sweet musick.—Hark, come hither, Tirrel.—

Go, by this token—rise, and lend thine ear— [Whispers.
There is no more but so—say, it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

TIR. I will dispatch it strait. [Exit.]

Re-enter Buckingham.

BUCK. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand, that you did sound me in.

K. RICH. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

BUCK. I hear the news, my lord.

K. RICH. Stanley, he is your wife's son. Well, look to it.

BUCK. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour, and your faith is pawn'd;
Th'earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised, I should possess.

K. RICH. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCK. What says your highness to my just request?

K. RICH. I do remember me—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy:
A king perhaps——

BUCK. My lord?

K. RICH. How chance, the prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

BUCK. My lord, your promise for the earldom——

K. RICH. Richmond? when I was last at Exeter,
The mayor in curtesy shewed me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont, at which name I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

BUCK. My lord.——

K. RICH. Ay, what's o'clock?

BUCK. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. RICH. But what's o'clock?

BUCK. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. RICH. Well, let it strike.

BUCK. Why, let it strike ?

K. RICH. Because, that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation. [stroke
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

BUCK. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

K. RICH. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein.

[Exit.

BUCK. Is it ev'n so ? repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit.

SCENE III. Enter Tirrel.

TIR. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of !
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were sleight villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes ;—
Thus, thus, (quoth Forrest) girding one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms.
Their lips were four red roses on a stock,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once, (quoth Forrest) almost chang'd my mind.
But, oh ! the devil—there the villain stopt,
When Dighton thus told on—we smother'd
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;

They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter king Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign lord!

K. RICH. Kind Tirrel—am I happy in the news?

TIR. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. RICH. But didst thou see them dead?

TIR. I did, my lord.

K. RICH. And, buried, gentle Tirrel?

TIR. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. RICH. Come, to me, Tirrel, soon, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time—but think, how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel till then.

TIR. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. RICH. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom:
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Briton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown;
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

CAT. My lord——

K. RICH. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

KING RICHARD III. - 513

CAT. Bad news, my lord; Morton is fled to Richmond :
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. RICH. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Joves's Mercury, and herald for a king.
Go, muster men : my council is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. MAR. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France ; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Marg'ret ! who comes here ?

Enter the Dutchess of York, and the Queen.

QUEEN. Ah, my poor Princes ! ah, my tender babes ;
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. MAR. Hover about her ; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant-morn to aged night.

DUTCH. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. MAR. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

QUEEN. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
Why didst thou sleep when such a deed was done ?

Q. MAR. When holy Henry died, and my sweet son.

DUTCH. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

QUEEN. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we ?

Q. MAR. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of signiory ;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him :
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou had'st an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou had'st a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

DUTCH. I had a Richard too, and thou did'st kill him :
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. MAR. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death;
 That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
 That foul-defacer of God's handy-work
 Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
 O upright, just, and true disposing God,
 How do I thank thee that this carnal cur,
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body;
 And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!

DUTCH. Oh, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes,
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. MAR. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward,
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward,
 Young York he is but boot, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
 And the beholders of this tragic play
 Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gray,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
 Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
 And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
 Insues his piteous and unpitied end;
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for ven-
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray, [geance
 That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

QUEEN. Oh! thou did'st prophesy, the time would come,
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottl'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. MAR. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune,

I call'd thee then poor shadow painted queen,
The presentation of but what I was ;
The flatt'ring index of a direful page ;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below ;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the queen ?
Where be the bending peers, that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art ;
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues :
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none,
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
From which, even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance,

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

QUEEN. O thou well skill'd in curses! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. MAR. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think, that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is;
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse,
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

QUEEN. My words are dull, O! quicken them with thine.

Q. MAR. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. [Exit Margaret.]

DUTCH. Why should calamity be full of words?

QUEEN. Windy attorneys to their client-woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

DUTCH. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me.
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.]

I hear his drum, be copious in exclams.

SCENE V. Enter King Richard, and his train.

K. RICH. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

DUTCH. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

QUEEN. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that own'd that crown,

And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

DUTCH. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ? [Clarence ?

QUEEN. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Gray ?

K. RICH. A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarm, drums !
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[Flourish, Alarms.

—Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

DUTCH. Art thou my son ?

K. RICH. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

DUTCH. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. RICH. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUTCH. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. RICH. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

DUTCH. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. RICH. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

DUTCH. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious ;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous ;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody.
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company ?

K. RICH. Faith none but Humphry Houre, that call'd
your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

—Strike up the drum.

DUTCH. I pry'thee, hear me speak.

K. RICH. You speak too bitterly.

DUTCH. Hear me a word,

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. RICH. So? —————

DUTCH. Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or I with grief or extream age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;

Which, in the day of battle tire thee more,

Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight,

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory !

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end !

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [Exit.

QUEEN. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me. I say Amen to her. [Going.

K. RICH. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

QUEEN. I have no more sons of the royal blood

For thee to slaughter ; for my daughters, Richard,

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. RICH. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

QUEEN. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy;
So she may live un'carr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. RICH. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

QUEEN. To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.

K. RICH. Her life is safest only in her birth.

QUEEN. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. RICH. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

QUEEN. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. RICH. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

QUEEN. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. RICH. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins?

QUEEN. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly gave direction.

No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom,

K. RICH. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

QUEEN. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. RICH. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

QUEEN. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. RICH. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

QUEEN. Flatter my sorrows with report of it.
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. RICH. Ev'n all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs;
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

QUEEN. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. RICH. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

QUEEN. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. RICH. What do you think?

QUEEN. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul.
So from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. RICH. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

QUEEN. Say then who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. RICH. Ev'n he that makes her queen; who else
should be?

QUEEN. What, thou!

K. RICH. Even so; how think you of it?

QUEEN. How canst thou woo her?

K. RICH. I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

QUEEN. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. RICH. With all my heart.

QUEEN. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime Marg'ret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,
A handkerchief; which say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. RICH. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

QUEEN. There's no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. RICH. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

QUEEN. Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee;
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. RICH. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood :
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being king ;
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother.
Again shall you be mother to a king ;
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed,
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl ;
Advantaging their loss with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys.
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress ; Cæsar's Cæsar.

QUEEN. What were I best to say, her father's brother
 Would be her Lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. RICH. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

QUEEN. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. RICH. Tell her, the King, that may command, in-
 treats—

QUEEN. That at her hands, which the king's King for-
 bids.

K. RICH. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen.—

QUEEN. To wail her title, as her mother doth.

K. RICH. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

QUEEN. But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

K. RICH. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end,

QUEEN. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last ?

K. RICH. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

QUEEN. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. RICH. Say I, her sov'reign am her subject now.

QUEEN. But she; your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. RICH. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

QUEEN. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. RICH. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

QUEEN. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a stile.

K. RICH. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

QUEEN. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;

Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. RICH. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.

Now by my George, my garter, and my crown——

QUEEN. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. RICH. I swear.

QUEEN. By nothing, for this is no oath.

The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. RICH. Now by the world——

QUEEN. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. RICH. My father's death——

QUEEN. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. RICH. Then by myself.

QUEEN. Thyself thyself misuseth.

K. RICH. Why then, by heav'n——

QUEEN. Heav'n's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,

The unity the king my husband made

Thou had'st not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,

Th' imperial metal circling now thy head
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;
 And both the princes had been breathing here ;
 Which now two tender bed-fellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
 What canst thou swear by now ?

K. RICH. By time to come.

QUEEN. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast,
 For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
 The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.
 Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er past.

K. RICH. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms ! myself, myself confound,
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours,
 Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding ; if with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter.
 In her consists my happiness, and thine ;
 Without her, follows to myself and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
 It cannot be avoided, but by this ;
 It will not be avoided, but by this '
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)

Be the attorney of my love to her ;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been,
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

QUEEN. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus ?

K. RICH. Ay, if the Devil tempt thee to do good.

QUEEN. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. RICH. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

QUEEN. But thou didst kill my children.

K. RICH. But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

QUEEN. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. RICH. And be a happy mother by the deed.

QUEEN. I go, write to me shortly.

K. RICH. Bear her my true love's kifs, and so farewell.
—Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

[Kissing her.

[Exit Queen.

S C E N E VI. Enter Ratcliff.

RAT. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back ;
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral,
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. RICH. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk,

Ratcliff, thyself ; or Catesby ; where is he ?

CATES. Here, my good lord.

K. RICH. Catesby, fly to the duke.

CATES. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. RICH. Ratcliff, come hither, post to Salisbury ;
When thou com'st thither——dull unmindful villain,

To Catesby,
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ? [sure,

CATES. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' plea-
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. RICH. O true, good Catesby. Bid him levy strait
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

CATES. I go.

[Exit.

RAT. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. RICH. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go ?

RAT. Your highness told me, I should post before.

K. RICH. My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you ?

STANL. None good, my liege, to please you with the
hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. RICH. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad.
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ;
Once more what news ?

STANL. Richmond is on the seas.

K. RICH. There let him sink, and be the seas on him ?
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

STANL. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. RICH. Well, as you guess.

STANL. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. RICH. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir;
Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?

STANL. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. RICH. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welsh-man comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

STANL. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. RICH. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

STANL. No, my good lord, my friends are in the North.

K. RICH. Cold friends to me. What do they in the
North,
When they should serve their sov'reign in the West?

STANL. They have not been commanded, mighty king;
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends and meet your grace,
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. RICH. Ay, thou would'st fain be gone to join with
Richmond.

But I'll not trust thee.

STANL. Mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. RICH. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son George Stanley: look, your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

STANL. So deal with him, as I prove true to you!

[Exit Stanley.]

Enter a Messenger.

MES. My gracious sov'reign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am very well advertised,
Sir Edmund Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

MES. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms,
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

MES. My lord the army of the duke of Buckingham.—

K. RICH. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death!

[He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, 'till thou bring better news.

MES. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. RICH. O! I cry thee mercy.

There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.

Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

MES. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

MES. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd, by tempest.
 Richmond in Dorsetshire sent out a boat
 Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
 If they were his assistants, yea, or no:
 Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
 Upon his party; he mistrusting them,
 Hois'd sail, and made his course for Bretagne.

K. RICH. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

CATES. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;
 That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond
 Is with a mighty pow'r landed at Milford,
 Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. RICH. Away tow'rd Salisbury; while we reason here,
 A royal battle might be won and lost.
 Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
 To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Changes to the Lord Stanley's house.

Enter Lord Stanley, and sir Christopher Urswick.

STANL. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me;
 That in the sty of this most bloody Boar,
 My son George Stanley is frantk up in hold;
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
 The fear of that holds off my present aid.
 So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
 Say too, the queen hath heartily consented
 He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 But tell me where is princely Richmond now?

CHRIST. At Pembroke, or at Hartford-west in Wales.

M m 2

STAN. What men of name resort to him ?

CHRI. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth ;
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

STAN. Well, hie thee to thy lord, I kiss his hand,
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SALISBURY.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberts, led to
Execution.

WILL not king Richard let me speak with him ?

SHER. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

BUCK. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscaried
By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice ;
If that your moody, discontented, souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction.
This is All-Souls day, fellows, is it not ?

SHER. It is, my lord.

BUCK. Why, then All-Souls day is my body's Doomsday.
This is the day, which in king Edward's time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This this is All-Souls day to my fearful Soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest, what I beg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.
Thus Marg'ret's curse falls heavy on my head,
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Marg'ret was a prophetess.
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[Exeunt Buckingham, Sheriff and officers.]

SCENE II. Tamworth, on the borders of Leicester-shire.
Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with
drum and colours.

RICHM. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine
Lies now ev'n in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn;

M m 3

From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In god's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace,
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXF. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords
 To fight against that bloody homicide.

HERB. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

BLUNT. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
 Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

RICH. All for our vantage—then, in God's name, march.
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Exeunt*

S C E N E III. Changes to Bosworth Field.

*Enter king Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff,
 Catesby, and others.*

K. RICH. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth.
 My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad? [*field*]

SURR. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. RICH. My lord of Norfolk——

NOR. Here, most gracious liege.

K. RICH. Norfolk, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?

NOR. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. RICH. Up with my tent, here will I lie to night;
 But where to-morrow?—well, all's one for that.

—Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

NOR. Six, or sev'n thousand is their utmost power.

K. RICH. Why, our Battalion trebles that account;
 Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent. Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction;
Let's want no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt

SCENE changes to another part of Bosworth field.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

RICH. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
—Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
The earl of Pembroke keep his regiment;
—Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.

—Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou goest;
Where is my lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

BLUNT. Unless I have mista'en his quarters much,
Which well I am assur'd, I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king

RICHM. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make good some means to speak with him
And give him from me this most needful note.

BLUNT. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

RICHM. Give me some ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.

—Into our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

SCENE changes back to King Richard's tent.

Enter king Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. RICH. What is't o'clock?

CATES. It's supper time, my Lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. RICH. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was,

And all my armour laid into my tent?

CATES. It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. RICH. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge,
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

NOR. I go, my lord.

K. RICH. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

NOR. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. RICH. Catesby——

CATES. My lord.

K. RICH. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine——give me a watch——

[To Ratcliff.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look, that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff——

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

RAT. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. RICH. I am satisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

—There, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

RAT. It is, my lord.

K. RICH. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say. [Exit Ratcliff.]

SCENE IV. Changes back to Richmond's tent.

Enter Stanley to Richmond, Lords, &c.

STANL. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

RICHM. All comfort, that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our loving mother?

STANL. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Left, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewel. The leisure, and the fearful time,
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so-long-sundred friends should dwell upon.
 God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more, adieu. Be valiant, and speed well.

RICHM. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
 Lest leaden slumber poize me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory.
 —Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.

[Exeunt. Manet Richmond.

—O thou ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye,
 Put in their hands thy brusing irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory.
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
 Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still !

[Sleeps,

SCENE V. Between the Tents of Richard and
 Richmond : They sleeping.

Enter the Ghost of prince Edward, son to Henry the Sixth.

GHOST. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[To K. Rich

Think, how thou stabd'st me in the prime of youth

At Tewksbury ; therefore despair and die.

—Be chearful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls

[To Richm

O' butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf ;

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

GHOST. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[To K. Rich.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes ;

Think on the Tower, and me ; despair, and die.

Henry the sixth bids thee despair, and die.

—Virtuous and holy, be thou, conqueror.

[To Richm

Henry that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,

Doth comfort thee in sleep ; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

GHOST. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[To K. Rich.

I, that was wash'd to death in fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair and die.

—Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster.

[To Richm

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;

Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

RIV. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow ;

[To K. Rich

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret, despair and die.

GRAY. Think upon Gray, and let thy soul despair.

[To K. Rich.

VAUGH. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy lance ! Richard, despair, and die.

[To K. Rich.

ALL. Awake ! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him,—Awake and win the day.

[To Richm.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings

GHOST. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;

[To K. Rich.

And in a bloody battle end thy days.

Think on lord Hastings, and despair, and die.

—Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [To Richm,
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

GHOST, Dream on thy cousinsmo:her'd in the Tower.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard [To K. Rich.

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

—Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace ; and wake in joy,

[To Richm.

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live and beget a happy race of kings——

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his wife.

GHOST. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,

[To K. Rich

That never slept a quiet hour by thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die.
—Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep, [To Richm.
Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

GHOST. The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown
[To K. Rich.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O, in the battle think of Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.
—I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid; [To Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish

[K. Richard starts out of his dream.

K. RICH. Give me another horse—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu—soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What! do I fear myself? there's none else by;
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here? no—yes, I am.
Then fly—what, from myself? great reason; why?
Lest I revenge. What! myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself?
 O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful deeds committed by my self.
 I am a villain; yet I lye, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well——Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
 And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral tale,
 And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,
 Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree,
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, all crying, Guilty! Guilty!
 I shall despair—there is no creature loves me:
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me.
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff:

RAT. My lord. ———

K. RICH. Who's there?

RAT. Ratcliff, my lord. The early village-cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. RICH. Ratcliff I fear, I fear——

RAT. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows:

K. RICH. By the apostle Paul, shadows to night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand foldiers
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

It is not yet near day; come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper;
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.]

SCENE VI. Enter the lords to Richmond, sitting in
his tent.

LORDS. Good morrow, Richmond.

RICHM. 'Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

LORDS. How have you slept, my lord?

RICHM. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! Victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

LORDS. Upon the stroke of four.

RICHM. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side,
The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he, they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide,
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set,
 One, that hath ever been God's enemy;
 Then if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will in justice ward you as his soldiers:
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire.
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your childrens' children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards; draw your willing swords:
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
 God, and St. George, Richmond, and victory.

S C E N E VII. Enter King Richard, Ratcliff and
 Catesby.

K. RICH. What said Northumberland, as touching
 Richmond?

RAT. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. RICH. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

RAT. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. RICH. He was i'th'right, and so, indeed, it is:

—Tell the clock there—give me a kalendar. [Clock strikes.
Who saw the sun to-day?

RAT. Not I, my lord?

K. RICH. Then he disdains to shine: for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago.

A black day it will be to somebody.

Ratcliff.

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. The sun will not be seen to day;
The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

—Not shine to day? why what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heav'n
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

NOR. Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. RICH. Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse.

—Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surry,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chieftest horse:
This and St. George to boot!—What think'st thou Norfolk?

NOR. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

—This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scowl.]

"Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold, [Reads.
"For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

K. RICH. A thing devised by the enemy.

—Go, gentlemen, go, each man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe :

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,

If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?

Remember, whom you are to cope withal ;

A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, runaways,

A scum of Britons, and base lackey-peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate adventures and destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest :

You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,

They would diftrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at his mother's cost ?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not those bastard Britons, whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd ;
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
Ravish our daughters ?——hark, I hear their drum.

[Drum afar off.

Fight, gentlemen of England, fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head ;
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley, will he bring his power ?

MES. My lord he doth deny to come.

K. RICH. Off with his son George's head.

NOR. My lord, the enemy hath past the marsh ;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. RICH. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Alarm. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

CAT. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk ! rescue ! rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger !
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
—Rescue, fair lord. or else the day is lost.

Alarm. Enter King Richard.

K. RICH. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

CAT. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. RICH. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye.
—I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to day instead of him.

—A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.

Alarms. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight,
Richard is slain.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing
the crown, with divers others lords.

RICH. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.

STAN. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee:
Lo, here these long usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

RICH. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!
But tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

STAN. He is my lord, and safe in Lei'ster town;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

RICH. What men of name are slain on either side?

STAN. John duke of Norfolk, Walter the lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Brandon.

RICH. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us.
And then as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red;
Smile heav'n upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The sons, compell'd, been butchers to their fire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious lord !
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood.
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen ;
That she may long live here, God say, Amen ! [Exeunt,

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N O T E S

ON THE

THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.

 The reader to find the Line referred to, must reckon the Lines of the Text only, beginning at the top of the Page, and omitting all Lines relating to the Entry of Characters, &c.

The Notes not in Dr. JOHNSON's Edition are marked with an *Asterisk* [*] thus.

PAGE 321. *The third part, &c.*] First printed under the title of "the true tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the sixth, or the second part of the Contention between York and Lancaster, 1590. POPE.

Ibid.] The action of this Play (which was at first printed under this Title, "The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good K. Henry VIth: or, the Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaster") opens just after the first Battle at St. Albans, wherein the York faction carried the day; and closes with the murder of K. Henry VI. and the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. So that this History takes in the space of full sixteen years. THEOB.

L. 1. *I wonder how the King—*] This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. JOHNS.

P. 322. l. 29. — *if Warwick shake his bells,*] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising.

JOHNS.

P. 323. l. 21. Westm. *But when the Duke is slain, &c.*] Ever since the old edition by the players, hath this line been given to *Westmorland*: but, 'tis plain, the King in his speech immediately following replies as to Exeter, who in the modern books has not as yet spoke a word. I have, upon the authority of the oldest Quarto, restor'd this line, therefore, to Exeter.

THEOB.*

P. 325. l. 2. *I am the son of Henry the fifth.*] The military merit of *Henry* the fifth is the sole support of his son. The name of *Henry* the fifth dispersed the followers of *Cade*.

JOHNS.

P. 326. l. 9. *Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?*] The phrase *prejudicial to his Crown*, if it be right, must mean, *detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty*; but I rather think that the transcriber's eye caught *crown* from the line below, and that we should read *prejudicial to his son, to his next heir*.

JOHNS.

P. 327. l. 23. *They seek revenge,*] They go away not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

JOHNS.

P. 329. l. 16. *What is it but to make thy Sepulchre,*] The Queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a King's power is soon followed by loss of life.

JOHNS.

P. 330. l. 16. *Whose baughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown; and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh* —] Read, *coast*, i. e. hover over it.

WARE. & REVIS.

Ibid.] To *tire* is to *fasten*, to *fix* the talons, from the French *tirer*.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *Those three Lords,*] That is, of *Northumberland*, *Westmorland*, and *Clifford*, who had left him in disgust.

JOHN.

P. 331. l. 2. *No quarrel, but a slight Contention,*] Thus the players, first, in their edition; who did not understand, I presume, the force of the epithet in the old quarto, which

I have restor'd; — sweet *Contention*, i. e. the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful Topick; the question of their Father's immediate right to the Crown. THEOB.

L. 18. *An oath is of no moment* —] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just. JOHNS.

P. 332. l. 7. In former Editions:

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.] What a blessed harmonious line have the editors given us, and what a promising epithet, in York's behalf, from the Kentishmen being so *witty*? I can't be so partial, however, to my own County, as to let this compliment pass. I make no doubt to read,

—— for they are Soldiers,

Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.

Now these five characteristicks answer to Lord Say's description of them in the preceding play,

Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ,

Is term'd the *civil* place in all this isle;

The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy. THEOB.

Ibid.] This is a conjecture of very little import. JOHNS.

L. 13. *The Queen, with all her, &c.*] I know not whether the author intended any moral instruction, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had York staid but a few moments he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury. JOHNS.

P. 334. l. 1. *So looks the pent-up lion,*] That is, the lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. JOHNS.

P. 335. l. 6. *Dii faciant, laudis, &c.*] This is the 66th verse of Phillis her epistle to Demophoon, in Ovid. It is a signal instance, I think, that the author knew perfectly well how to apply his Latin. THEOB.

L. 29. *We bodg'd again;* —] Of this word the mean-

ing is plain, but I never saw it in any other place. I suppose it is only the word *budged*, perhaps misprinted. JOHNS.

P. 336. l. 15. *Noon-tide prick*, or *noon-tide point on the dial*. JOHNS.

P. 337. l. 3. *And buckler with thee blows twice two for one*,] This is the reading of all the impressions, from the first folio downwards. But, to *buckler*, is to defend; which certainly is not Clifford's meaning here. Mr. Pope, who pretends to have collated the old quarto, might have observ'd the reading is there, as I have restor'd it to the text, *buckle*; i. e. *cope*, *struggle with*. THEOB.*

L. 12. *It is war's prize*—] Read *praise*. WARB.

Ibid.] I think the old reading right, which means, that all advantages are in *war lawful prize*; that is, *may be lawfully taken and used*. JOHNS.

P. 338. l. 3. *This napkin*,] A napkin is an handkerchief. JOHNS.

P. 339. l. 27. *'Tis government, that makes them seem divine*,] *Government*, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNS.

P. 340. l. 16. *Would not have stain'd the roses just with blood*,] This reading we deriv'd from the 2d folio edition. The old 4to and the first folio impression exhibit the passage thus,

That face of his the hungry canibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood. But how are we to understand, *staining the roses just with blood*? Can the poet mean, that the canibals would not have *just* stain'd the roses in his cheeks with blood? The position of the words is forc'd, to admit of this construction: and *just*, seems a very idle expletive. The conjecture, which I gave in print sometime ago, and with which I have now restor'd the text, I am very willing to think, retrieves the poet's thought.

Would not have stain'd the roses juic'd with blood.

i. e. would not have spilt that blood, whose juices shone thro' his young cheeks, bright as the vermilion dye in roses. THEOB.*

Ibid.] So the second folio nonsensically reads the passage;

but the old quarto, and first folio editions of better authority have it thus,

That face of his the hungry canibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood. And this is sense. Could any one now have believed that an editor of common understanding should reject this, and fasten upon the nonsense of a latter edition only because it afforded matter of conjecture: and yet Mr. Theobald will needs correct, *roses just with blood*, to *roses juic'd with blood*, that is, change one blundering editor's nonsense for another. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus expressed,

Would not have stain'd the *roses just in bud*.

And this the Oxford editor hath espoused. WARB.

P. 342. l. 9. *Mitbinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.*] The old quarto reads *pride*, which is right, for *ambition*. i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this. WARB.

Ibid.] I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's sense is, though we have missed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left that may content us. JOHNS.

L. 11. *And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,*] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course. JOHNS.

L. 25. *Blazing by our meeds,*] Illustrious and shining by the armorial ensigns granted us as *meeds* of our great exploits.

It might be plausibly read,

Blazing by our *deeds*.

JOHNS.

P. 343. l. 6. *Ob, speak no more!*] The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

JOHNS.

P. 345. l. 2. *Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death,*] Done to death, for killed, was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time.

Thus Chaucer,

And seide, that if ye *done* us both to dien. GRAY.

L. 28. *Like the night-owl's lazy flight,*] The image is not very congruous to the subject, nor was it necessary to the comparison, which is happily enough completed by the *thresher*.

JOHNS.

P. 347. l. 5. — *The easy melting King, like wax,*] So again in this play, of the lady Gray,

As red as fire, nay, then her wax must melt. JOHNS.

P. 348. l. 11. *Why then it sorts,*] Why then things are as they should be. JOHNS.

L. 22.] *And harmless pity must be laid aside,*] This reading, I don't know for what reason, was introduc'd by Mr. Rowe, and follow'd by Mr. Pope: but all the old books have it rightly, *harmful*: meaning, that the King's lenity and pity were prejudicial to his interest. THEOB.*

P. 350. l. 1. *That things ill got had ever bad success ?*] The Oxford editor is scandalized at the harshness of this maxim, and therefore softens it thus,

That things ill-gotten *have* bad bad success. WARB.*

L. 2. *And happy always was it for that son,*

Whose father for his boarding went to bell.] Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope in this pointing have erred with some of the old impressions, and quite subverted the poets meaning. They make the King assert a sentiment, which he, in fact is calling in question. I have restor'd the true pointing from the old quarto, which Mr. Pope would have us believe he had collated. The King would argue thus; "Tho' 'tis a general saying, that the son is happy, whose miserly father goes to the devil; yet is every such son, without exception, happy, in having had such a parsimonious father." THEOB.*

L. 27. *Darraign,*] That is, *range* your host, put your hosts in order. JOHNS.

Darraign your battle——]

But stint I woll of Theseus alite,
And speke of Palamon, and of Arcite,
The day approacheth of ther returning,
That everich should a hundred knights bring,
The battaile to darrein, as I you told. Chaucer.

Skelton uses the word in the same sense. Speaking of the duke of Albany' Works, p. 83.

Thou durst not felde derayne,
Nor a battayle mayntaine,
With our stronge Captayne.
For you ran home agayne.

GRAY.

P. 352. l. 24. — *I am resolv'd,*] It is my firm persuasion;
I am no longer in doubt. JOHNS.

P. 353. l. 11. *To let thy tongue detect,*] To shew thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou raillest at my deformity. JOHNS.

L. 12. *A wisp of straw,*] I suppose for an instrument of correction that might disgrace but not hurt. JOHNS.

L. 13. *To make this shameless callat know herself,*] Shakespeare uses the word *callat* likewise in the *Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. iii.

Leonatus of Paulina. *A callat*——
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat
Her husband, and now beats me.

Callat, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress, worn by country girls. See Glossary to Urry's Chaucer.

A cold old knave cuckolded himself winyng,
And *calot* of lewd demenyng. Chaucer's Prologue
to the Remedy of Love, 308.

So Skelton, in his *Elinour Rymming*, works, p. 133.

Then Elinour said, ye *callettes*,
I shall break your palettes.

And again, p. 136.

She was a cumlye *callet*.

Gammar. Vengeance on those *callets* whose conscience is so large. *Gammar Gurton's Needle*, act iii. sc. iii. Old Plays, published 1744, vol. i, p. 154.

A cart for a *callet*, *Id.* ib.

I have tane disguis'd.

Ben Johnson's *Volpone*, act iv. sc. iii.

GRAY.*

L. 31. *We saw our sun-shine made thy spring,*

And that thy summer bred us no increase.] When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determine to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. JOHNS.

P. 355. l. 5. *Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty Earth bath drunk,*] This passage, from the variation of the copies, gave me no little perplexity. The old 4to applies the description

to the death of Salisbury, Warwick's father. But this was a notorious deviation from the truth of history. For the earl of Salisbury in the battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard duke of York lost his life, was taken prisoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his head, together with the duke of York's, fix'd over York-gates. Then, the only brother of Warwick, introduc'd in this play, is the marquis of Montacute; (or Mountague, as he is call'd by our author:) but he does not dye, till ten years after, in the battle at Barnet; where Warwick likewise was kill'd. The truth is, the brother here mention'd, is no person in the drama: and his death is only an incidental piece of history. Consulting the chronicles, upon this action at Ferribridge, I find him to have been a natural son of Salisbury, (in that respect, a brother to Warwick;) and esteem'd a valiant young gentleman.

THEOB.

P. 357. l. 21. — *methinks it were a happy life*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.

JOHNS.

P. 358. sc. vii. These two horrible incidents are selected to show the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNS.

P. 359. l. 17. *And let our hearts and eyes like civil war,*

Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.] The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves.

JOHNS.

L. 29. *What stratagems,—*] *Stratagem* seems to stand here only for an event of war, or may intend *snare* and *surprises*.

JOHNS.

P. 360. l. 1. *O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,*] Because had he been born later he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

JOHNS.

And bath bereft thee of thy life too late] i. e. he should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. This is the sense, such as it is, of

the two lines, however an indifferent sense was better than none, as it is brought to by the Oxford editor by reading the lines thus,

O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon.

WARB.

Ibid.] I rather think the meaning of the line, *And hath bereft thee of thy life too late*, to be this. Thy father exposed thee to danger by *giving thee life too soon*, and hath *bereft thee of life* by living himself too long.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] Dr. Warburton's interpretation is strange indeed! *He should have taken away life, before he had given it!*"

The father, having killed his son, is lamenting those times of misery and confusion, occasioned by the civil war: the general purport of these lines, therefore, seems to be no more than this; that, in such disastrous times, a short life is the most desirable; and, the sooner one is out of them, the better. There is a passage much of the same cast, in Tarquin and Lucrece. Stanz. 258.

O! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life;

Which she too early and too late hath spilled. CAN.*

L. 27. *And so obsequious will thy father be,*] *Obsequious* is here careful of *obsequies*, or of funeral rites.

JOHNS.

L. 29. *As Priam was for all*] I having but *one* son, will grieve as much for that *one*, as Priam, who had *many*, could grieve for *many*.

JOHNS.

P. 361. sc. ix. *Enter Clifford wounded.*] In the 1st quarto, there is this circumstance added; *Enter Clifford wounded, with an arrow in his neck*. The players, in their edition, had reason to make a retrenchment of this; for, no doubt, 'twas a point of ridicule to see an actor come upon the stage to die, with an arrow fixt in his neck. And this passage I find rallied by Beaumont and Fletcher in their knight of the *Burning Pestle*. For Ralph, the grocer's prentice, is there introduc'd, *with a forked arrow through his head*; and makes a long burlesque harangue in a bantering imitation of Clifford's speech here. Take a short sample of his last dying words.

Farewel, all you good boys in merry London,
Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-tuesday meet,
And pluck down houses of iniquity.

My pain encreaseth : — I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs ;
Nor daub a fatten gown with rotten eggs.
Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall ;
I die: fly, fly, my soul, to Gro. er's-Hall. [dies.

L. 23. — *thy tough commixtures*] Perhaps better, *the tough commixtures*. THEOB.³ JOHNS.

L. 25. *The common people swarm like summer flies.*] This line, which is a necessary introduction to that which follows, and which is left out in all the other impressions, I have restor'd from the old quarto. THEOB.³

P. 362. l. 14. *No way to fly, nor strength to bold our flight.*] This line is clear and proper as it is now read, yet perhaps an opposition of images was meant, and Clifford said,

No way to fly, nor strength to bold out fight. JOHNS.

P. 363. l. 4. — *like life and death's departing.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *like life in death departing*, which Dr. Warburton has received. JOHNS.

L. 30. *Eager words*] Sour words; words of asperity.

P. 365. l. 6. *For Glo'ster's dukedom is too ominous.*] This passage seems sneer'd at by B. Jonson in his *Devil's an Ass*: where a foolish fellow is duped into the opinion of being created a duke. JOHNS.

Meer-cr. I think, we ha' found a place to fit you now,
Sir: Gloucester. —

Fitz-dot. O, no; I'll none.

Meer-cr. Why, Sir?

Fitz-dot. 'Tis fatal.

Meer-cr. That you say right in. Spencer, I think, the younger, had his last honour thence. But he was but an earl.

Fitz-dot. I know not that, Sir: But Thomas of Woodstock, I'm sure, was duke; and he was made away at Calice, as duke Humphry was at Bury: And Richard the Third; you know, what end he came to.

Meer-cr. By my faith, you're cunning in the chronicle, Sir.

Fitz-dot. No, I confess, I ha't from the *play-books*; and

think, they're more authentick.

THEOB.*

P. 366. l. 3. *Thy balm washt off, —*] This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakespeare. So again in this scene,

I was anointed king.

It is common in these plays to find the same images, whether jocular or serious, frequently recurring. JOHNS.

P. 367. l. 3. In the former act was the same line,

Inferring arguments of mighty force. JOHNS.

P. 368. l. 25. *Sir John Gray.*] Vid. Hall, 3d year of Edward IV. folio 5. It was hitherto falsely printed Richard.

POPE.

L. 29. *Because, in quarrel of the house of York,*

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.] I am afraid, our poet puts false colours on the death of Sir John Gray, to palliate king Edward's marriage with the widow. Sir John Gray was slain at the last battle of St. Albans, by the power of king Edward; as Hall expressly says: so that he was in queen Margaret's army, and really slain on the quarrel of Lancaster. And king Edward's Queen, in Richard III. is reproach'd with this by Gloucester.

In all which time you and your husband Gray

Were factious for the house of Lancaster.

—— Was not your husband

In Marg'ret's battle at St. Alban's slain? THEOB.*

P. 369. l. 11. *Widow, we will consider.*] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakespeare. JOHNS.

P. 374. l. 11. *Unlick'd bear-whelp.*] It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures. JOHNS.

L. 16. ——— *To o'er-bear such*

As are of better person than myself.] Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatised with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counter-balance by some other superiority these advantages which they feel themselves to want. Bacon re-

marks that the deformed are commonly daring, and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNS.

P. 375. l. 11. *And set the murth'rous Machiavel to school.* As this is an Anachonism, and the old quarto reads,

And set th' aspiring Catiline to school,

I don't know why it should not be preferr'd.

WARB.

P. 376. l. 30. *O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow;*

And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

How does *impatience*, more particularly, *wait on true sorrow*? On the contrary, such sorrow as the Queen's, which came gradually on, through a long course of misfortunes, is generally less impatient than that of those who have fallen into sudden miseries. The true reading seems to be,

O, but impatience waiting, rues to morrow:

And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

i. e. When impatience waits and solicits for redress, there is nothing she so much dreads as being put off till *to-morrow*, (a proverbial expression for procrastination.) This was a very proper reply to what the king said last, and is a sentiment worthy the poet. A rhyme too is added as was customary with him, at the closing a scene.

WARB.

Ibid.] It is strange that, when the sense is so clear, any commentator should thus laboriously obscure it, to introduce a new reading; and yet stranger that he should shew such confidence in his emendation as to insert it in the text.

JOHNS.

P. 379. l. 23. *That this his love was an external plant.* The old quarto reads rightly *eternal*: Alluding to the plants of *Paradise*.

WARB.

L. 26. *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain.*] Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating or blasting power, and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why *envy* is mentioned here, or whose *envy* can be meant, but the meaning is that his love is superior to *envy*, and can feel no blast but from the lady's *disdain*. Or, that if *Bona* refuse to quit or requite his pain, his love may turn to *disdain*, though

the consciousness of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of *envy*.

P. 380. l. 21. *You have a father able —*] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topick of reproach.

L. 27. *Thy sly conveyance.*] Conveyance is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud.

P. 381. l. 27. *Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?*] Whom king Edward attempted in the earl of Warwick's house. *Hollingshed*.

P. 383. l. 5. *Go, fear thy king.*] That is, *fright thy king*.

L. 22. In former copies,

I'll join my eldest daughter and my joy,

To him forthwith, ————] Surely this is a mistake of the copyists. Hall, in the 9th year of king Edward IV, says Edward prince of Wales, wedded Anne *second* daughter to the earl of Warwick. And the duke of Clarence was in love with the *elder*, the lady Isabel; and in reality was married to her five years before prince Edward took the lady Anne to wife.

And in king Richard third, Gloucester, who married this lady Anne when a widow, says,

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What tho' I kill'd her husband and her father?

i. e. prince Edward, and king Henry VI. her father-in-law. See likewise Holingshed in his Chronicle; p. 671 and 674.

THEOB.

P. 386. l. 9. — *with the seas,*] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England.

JOHNS.

L. 22. — *you would not have bestow'd the heir*] It must be remembered, that till the restoration the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.

JOHNS.

P. 388. l. 24. *Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.*] I have ventured to make *elder* and *younger* change places in this line against the authority of all the printed copies. The reason of it will be obvious.

THEOB.

L. 29. *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me,*] That Clarence should make this speech in the king's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not see how it can be palliated. The king never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he answers immediately to that which the Post says to the king.

JOHNS.

P. 390. l. 11. — *night's overture,*] The author must, I think, have written *night's coverture*. For though *coverture*, which signifies first an *opening*, then an *offer*, may likewise mean an *opportunity*, yet in an *overture* seems to be an improper phrase.

JOHNS.

L. 13. *His Soldiers lurking in the Town about,*] Dr. Thirlby advised the reading *Towns* here; the guard in the scene immediately following says,

———— but why commands the King,

That his chief Foll'wers lodge in *Towns* about him, &c.

THEOB.

L. 20. *So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,*] This line may confirm the reading of *coverture*.

JOHNS.

P. 392. l. 12. *And come now to create you Duke of York,*] Might we read with a slight alteration?

And come to new create you Duke of York.

JOHNS.

P. 397. l. 3. — *few men rightly temper with the stars;*] I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their temper to their destiny, which King Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate: he gave the management of public affairs to more prosperous hands.

JOHNS.

P. 398. l. 13. *This pretty lad,*] He was afterwards Henry VII. A man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but not otherways remarkable for virtue. Shakespeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was Grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, and the King from whom James inherited.

JOHNS.

P. 400. l. 19. *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The mayor is willing we should enter so he may not be blamed.

JOHNS.

P. 402. l. 26. *Let's levy men, and beat him back again,*] This line expresses a spirit of war so unsuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the first cold speech to the King, and the brisk answer to Warwick. This line is not

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in the old quarto, and when Henry said nothing, the first speech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other.

JOHNS.

P. 404. l. 1. — *My meed bath got me fame :*] *Meed* signifies reward. We should read my *deed*, i. e. my manners, conduct in the administration.

WARB.

Ibid. — *Meed*,] This word signifies *merit*, both as a verb and a substantive ; that it is used as a verb, is clear from the following foolish couplet, which I remember to have read.

Deem if I *meed*

Dear madam *Read*.

A specimen of verses that read the same backward and forward.

HAWKINS.*

L. 14. *Shout within.* A Lancaster!] Surely the shouts that ushered king Edward should be a York, a York. I suppose the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters.

JOHNS.

P. 406. l. 25. *But while he thought to steal the single ten,*
The King was slyly finger'd from the deck,] Tho' there may seem no consonance of metaphors betwixt a *single ten* and a *deck*, the latter word being grown obsolete, and not acknowledged by our dictionaries in the sense here required ; yet *deck*, in all our northern counties, is this day used to signify a *pack* or *stock* of cards.

THEOB.*

P. 408. after l. 5. *A parley is founded, &c.*] This note of direction I restored from the old quarto. And, without it, it is impossible that any reader can guess at the meaning of this line of Clarence ;

Look, here, I throw my Infamy at Thee. THEOB.

L. 9. — *to lime the stones.*] That is, to *cement* the stones. Lime makes mortar.

JOHNS.

L. 11. *Blunt,*] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness.

JOHNS.

P. 409. l. 3. *Passing*] Eminent, egregious ; traiterous beyond the common track of treason.

JOHNS.

L. 13. *For Warwick was a bug that scar'd us all,*] *Bug* is a *Bugbear*, a terrifick being.

JOHNS.

P. 410. l. 8. *Cedes cæmptis saltibus, et demo, Villâque.* HOR.

This mention of his *parks* and *manours* diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,*] The old quarto reads *clamour*, which is undoubtedly right, i. e. a clamour of tongues, which, as he says, *could not be distinguish'd*. This was a pertinent similitude: The other absurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illustrate. WARE.

P. 414. l. 10. K. Edw. *Brave followers, &c.*] This scene is ill-contrived, in which the king and queen appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies. It had been easy to make one retire before the other entered. JOHN.

P. 415. l. 25. *Let Æsop, &c.*] The prince calls Richard for his crookedness, *Æsop*; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach. JOHNS.

P. 416. l. 13. — *thou likenest of this railer here,*] Thou that resemblest thy railing mother. JOHNS.

P. 417. l. 16. — *you have rid this sweet Prince.*] The condition of this warlike queen would move compassion could it be forgotten that she gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief stained with his young child's blood. JOHNS.

L. 25. *'Twas sin,*] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence. JOHNS.

L. 26. — *Where is that Devil's Butcher, Richard?*] Thus all the Editions. But *Devil's Butcher*, in other terms, I think, is *Kill-devil*: rare news for the *free-thinkers*, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the poet certainly wrote *devil-butcher*; and the first part of the compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, *exécrable, infernal, devilish*. THEOB.

Ibid.] *Devil's Butcher* is a butcher set on by the Devil. Either reading may serve without so long a note. JOHNS.

P. 418. l. 18. *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?*] *Roscius* was certainly put for Richard by some simple conceited player, who had heard of *Roscius* and of *Rome*: but did not know that he was an actor in comedy, not in tragedy. WARE.

L. 26. *Peevish fool,*] As *peevishness* is the quality of children, *peevish* seems to signify *childish*, and by consequence *filly*. *Peevish* is explained by *childish*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton. JOHNS.

P. 419. l. 18. *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,*] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. JOHNS.

L. 27. *The raven rook'd her,*] What is rook'd her? Read, croak'd hoarse. JOHNS.

Ibid.] The true reading seems to be at no great distance,
— the tempest shook down trees

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top;
on the top of the chimney shaken by the tempest. JOHNS.

P. 420. l. 3. *And, if the rest be true which I have heard,*

Thou cam'st ———] Had our editors had but a grain of sagacity, or due diligence, there could have been no room for this absurd break, since they might have ventured to fill it up with certainty too. The old quarto would have led them part of the way,

Thou cam'st into the world ———

And that the verse is to be completed in the manner I have given it, is incontestible; for unless we suppose King Henry actually reproaches him with this his preposterous birth, how can Richard in his very next soliloquy say?

Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of,

For I have often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legs forward.

I can easily see, that this blank was caused by the nicety of the players, to suppress an incident idea. But, with submission, this was making but half a cure, unless they had expung'd the repetition of it out of Richard's speech too.

THEOB.

P. 422. l. 10. *Work thou the way, and that shall execute.*] I believe we should read,

——— and *this* shall execute.

Richard laying his hand on his forehead says,

Work thou the way ———

then bringing down his hand and beholding it,

——— and *this* shall execute.

Though *that* may stand, the arm being included in the shoulder. JOHNS.

L. 15. *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.*] This line has been given to king Edward; but I have, with the old quarto, restored it to the queen. THEOB.

VOL. IV. PART II.

B

END of the NOTES on the 3d. PART of HENRY VI.

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LIFE AND DEATH OF K. RICHARD III.

PAGE 425. *The life and death of king Richard the Third,*] The oldest known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wise, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie of Poetrie*, written 1590, and prefixed to the translation of Ariosto, says, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*, wou'd move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrify all tyrannous minded men, &c." He most probably means Shakespeare's; and if so, we may argue, that there is some more antient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at least this shews us how early Shakespeare's plays appeared: or if some other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this subject preceded our author's. WARTON.*

Ibid.] This Tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this Prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time: for it opens with George Duke of Clarence being clap'd up in the Tower, which happen'd in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworthfield, which battle was fought on the 22d of August in the year 1485. THEOB.

L. 11. *To fright the souls.*] This may be right. But I rather think Shakespear wrote the *foule*, French, the crowd or multitude running away in a rout or confusion. WARB.*

L. 12. *He capers—*] War capers. This is poetical, Though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the ante-

cedent is at such a distance that it is almost forgotten. JOHN.

L. 19. *Cbeated of feature by dissembling nature,*] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimular kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

WARB.

Ibid.] *Dissembling* is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful*.

JOHNS.

P. 426. l. 8. *And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,*] Shakespeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake.

JOHNS.

L. 11. *And hate the idle pleasures*] Perhaps we might read,
And *bate* the idle pleasures.

JOHNS.

L. 12. *Inductions dangerous,*] Preparations for mischief. The *Induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHN.

L. 16. ——— *Edward be as true and just,*] i. e. as open hearted and free from deceit.

WARB.

Ibid.] The meaning is only this; if *Edward* keeps his word.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *About a prophecy, which says, that G*

Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be,] These two lines are in all the old books whatsoever, as well as in all the modern ones that I have seen, except the two impressions by Mr. Pope. By what authority he has thought fit to leave them out, I don't know.

THEOB.*

P. 427. l. 12. *Toys,*] Fancies, freaks of imagination.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *Humbly complaining, &c.*] I think these two lines might be better given to Clarence.

JOHNS.

P. 428. l. 1. *The jealous o'erworn widow,*] That is, the Queen and Shore.

JOHNS.

L. 26. — *the Queen's abjects,*—] That is, not the Queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away.

JOHNS.

L. 29. *Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,*] This is a very covert and subtle manner of insinuating treason. The natural expression would have been, *were it to call king*

Edward's wife *sister*. I will solicit for you though it should be at the expence of so much degradation and constraint, as to own the lowborn wife of King Edward for a sister. But by slipping as it were casually *widow* into the place of *wife*, he tempts Clarence with an oblique proposal to kill the king.

JOHNS.

P. 429. l. 22. *More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,*
While kites and buzzards play at liberty,] I have, upon the authority of the old quarto's, restored *prey*, as the most expressive and proper word.

THEOB.*

P. 431. l. 30. *I'll make a coarse of him that disobeys,*] So in Hamlet,

I'll make a ghost of him that holds me. JOHNS.

P. 432. l. 17. — *pattern of thy butcheries,*] *Pattern is instance, or example.*

JOHNS.

L. 19. — *see, dead Henry's wounds*

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh,] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason.

JOHNS.

L. 22. — *where no blood dwells,*] This may be right. But probably Shakespear wrote, *whence* no blood *wells*. i. e. whence no blood has its spring or course.

WARB.*

P. 433. l. 9. *Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,*] I believe *diffused* in this place signifies *irregular, uncouth*; such is its meaning in other passages of Shakespear.

JOHNS.

L. 31. *That laid their guilt——*] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward.

JOHNS.

P. 434. l. 24. *Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect,*] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the *causer* as ill as the *executioner*? She answers, Thou wast both. But, for *causer*, using the word *cause*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or executioner. But the Oxford editor troubling himself with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it.

Thou wast the cause. And most accurst th' effect! WARB.

Ibid.] I cannot but be rather of Sir T. Hanmer's opinion than Dr. Warburton's, because *effect* is used immediately in its common sense, in answer to this line.

JOHNS.

P. 435. l. 28. — *they kill me with a living death,*] In imitation of this passage, and I suppose of a thousand more;
 ——— a *living death* I bear,

Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair. JOHNS.

L. 31. *These eyes, which never, &c.*] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions. POPE.

Ibid.] They were added with many more. JOHNS.

P. 436. l. 26. *But 'twas thy beauty*——] Shakespeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNS.

P. 437. l. 27. — *Crosby-place:*] A house near Bishopsgate-street belonging to the Duke of Gloucester. THEOB.

P. 438. l. 28. *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood. WARB.

L. 29. — *and, no doubt, right royal,*] Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any such hesitation; he could not indeed very properly allow him *royalty*. I believe we should read,

——— *and, no doubt, right loyal.*

That is, *true to her bed*. He enumerates the reasons for which she should love him. He was young, wise, and valiant; these were apparent and indisputable excellencies. He then mentions another not less likely to endear him to his wife, but which he had less opportunity of knowing with certainty, *and, no doubt, right loyal*. JOHNS.

P. 439. l. 6. — *to a beggarly Denier,*] This may be right; but perhaps Shakespear wrote *Taniere*, French, a hut or cave. WARB.*

P. 440. l. 4. *It is determin'd, not concluded yet,*] *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be alter'd by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. WARB.

L. 6. *Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Derby,*] This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run thro' the whole chain of impressions. It could not well be original in Shakespeare, who was most minutely intimate with his history and the intermarriages of the nobility. The person here called *Derby*, was Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of King Edward the IVth's household. But this Thomas

Lord Stanley was not created Earl of *Derby* till after the accession of Henry VII; and, accordingly, afterwards in the fourth and fifth acts of this play, before the battle of Bosworth-field, he is every where call'd Lord Stanley. This sufficiently justifies the change I have made in his title.

THEOB.

P. 441. l. 30. *Of your ill will, &c.*] This line is restored from the first edition.

POPE.

P. 443. l. 14. *Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said,*] This verse I have restored from the old quarto's.

THEOB.

L. 16. *My pains,*] My labours, my toils.

JOHNS.

L. 17. *Out Devil! —*] Read, *no*.

WARB.

Ibid.] There is no need of change, but if there were, the commentator does not change enough: he should read, *I remember them too well; that is, his pains.*

JOHNS.

L. 28. — *Was not your husband*

In Marg'ret's battle,] It is said in Henry VI. that he died in quarrel of the house of York.

JOHNS.

P. 444. l. 25. *A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof.*] I apprehend we should read, *as little joy*, for, *a little joy*, instead of, *little joy*, is scarce English; and the Queen immediately adds, 'that she is altogether joyless.'

REVIS.*

L. 28. *Hear me, ye rangling Pirates,*] This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions.

WARB.

P. 445. l. 1. *Ab, gentle villain, —*] We should read, *ungentle villain*.

WARB.

Ibid.] The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines, *tender* or *courteous*, but *high born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low born wretch*. So before,

Since ev'ry Jack is made a gentleman

There's many a *gentle* person made a Jack.

JOHNS.

L. 18. Q. Mar. *So just is God, &c.*] This line should be given to Edward IVth's Queen.

WARB.

P. 446. l. 1. *By surfeit die your King,*] Alluding to his luxurious life.

JOHNS.

P. 447. l. 1. — *rooting bog!*] The expression is fine,

alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons.

WARB.

Ibid. She calls him *bog* as an appellation more contemptuous than *bear*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. There is no such heap of allusion as the commentator imagines.

JOHNS.

L. 3. *The slave of nature*,—] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the antient custom of master's branding their profligate slaves: by which it is insinuated that his mis-shapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. Shakespear expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors*,

He is deformed, crooked, &c.

Stigmatical in making,—

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery,

Sin, Death and Hell have set their *marks* upon him.

Only, in the first line, her mention of his moral condition insinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the last her mention of his deformity insinuates her reflections on his moral condition: and thus he has taught her to scold in all the elegance of figure.

WARB.

L. 6. *Thou rag of honour, &c.*] We should certainly read,

Thou *wrack* of honour—

i. e. the ruin and destruction of honour; which I suppose was first writ *rack*, and then further corrupted to *rag*. WARB.

Ibid. *Rag* is, in my opinion, right, and intimates that much of his honour is torn away.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *Bottled spider*,] A *spider* is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider.

JOHNS.

P. 448. l. 1. Q. Mar. *Peace, master marquis, you are malapert,*

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current,] Shakespear may either allude to the late creation of the *marquis* of Dorset, or to the institution of the title of *marquis* here in England, as a special dignity; which was no older than

Richard II. Robert Vere, earl of Oxford, was the first, who, as a distinct dignity, received the title of marquis, 1st Dec. anno nono Ricardi Secundi. See Ashmole's history of the order of the garter, p. 456.

JOHNS.

L. 32. *The lips of those, that breathe them in the air*] i. e. Of those who make a practice of cursing their enemies, and do it as often as they breathe. So that the sense is, the curses of such never ascend to the throne of vengeance. *Never pass the lips*, i. e. get past or further than the lips.

WARB.*

P. 449. l. 28. He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains.] A *frank* is an old English word for a *bog-sly*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Whereto relate those famous old verses on Richard III.

*The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog
Rule all England under a hog.*

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of act 4. POPE.

P. 451. l. 14. *Faithful man.*] Not an infidel. JOHNS.

P. 452. l. 13. *That woo'd the slimy bottom.*] By seeming to gaze upon it. Dr. Warburton says *woo'd* signifies *ogled*.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] The figure of *wooing the deep* is as far fetched, as the extremity of metaphorical writing will admit; but Mr. Warburton thinks, there can never be too much of a good thing; and so by his explanation, *woood* for *ogled*, makes downright burlesque of it.

CAN.*

Ibid.] The metaphor appears not only so overstrained beyond all proportion of nature, but so nauseous too, that I can scarce think the common reading genuine, but should rather imagine the poet might have written,

That strew'd the slimy bottom of the deep. REVIS.*

P. 453. l. 4.] *Fleeting* is the same as *changing sides*.

JOHNS.

L. 18. *O God! if my deep prayers, &c.*] The four following lines have been added since the first edition. POPE.

L. 25. *Sorrow breaks seasons, &c.*] In the common editions the keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words: which seem to me a reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and therefore conti-

nued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accordingly in the first edition.

POPE.

L. 27. *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*

An outward bonour, for an inward toil.] The first line may be understood in this sense. *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read,

Princes have but their titles for their troubles. JOHNS.

L. 29. ——— *For unselt imaginations,*

They often feel a world of restless cares.] They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

JOHNS.

P. 455. l. 28. *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not:* he would insinuate with thee, &c.] One villain says, conscience is at his elbows persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, into thy mind, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text should be it, namely, conscience.

WARE.

Ibid.] The common reading was, 'believe him not, he would insinuate,' which Mr. Warburton altered in both places to, *it*, in order to make room in the construction for conscience, which is plainly and undoubtedly intended here. But he forgot to use the same precaution in the reply, which full as much requires it.

I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

This threefold repetition, *bis*, *be*, and, *be*, gives me a strong suspicion, that the mistake is in the first part of this sentence, and not in what follows; and I am confirmed in it by the aukwardness of the expression, 'take the devil in thy mind,' for, 'take the devil for thy counsellor.' I am inclined therefore to believe that the poet might have written, Shake off this devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

With this the reply, according to the common reading, will be perfectly consistent.

REVIS.*

* L. 31. *Spoke like a tall fellow.*] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout*, *daring*, *fearless* and *strong*.

JOHNS.

P. 456. l. 6. *We'll reason.*] We'll talk.

JOHNS.

L. 27. *Are you call'd forth from out a world of men.*] I think it may be better read,

Are ye cull'd forth.

JOHNS.

L. 30.] *Quest* is *inquest* or jury.

JOHNS.

P. 457. l. 29. rejected by

HANMER.*

P. 458. l. 2. *Springing Plantagenet.*] Blooming *Plantagenet*; a prince in the *spring* of life.

JOHNS.

L. 3. *Novice.*] Youth; one yet *new* to the world.

JOHNS.

L. 9. *If you are bir'd for need,* —] I have chose to restore the word, which possesses all the old copies, *meed*; THEOB.*

L. 19. *And charg'd us from his soul, &c.*] This necessary line is restored from the old edition.

POPE.*

P. 459. l. 7. — *and save your souls, &c.*] The six following lines are not in the old edition.

POPE.*

Ibid.] They are not necessary, but so forced in, that something seems omitted to which these lines are the answer.

JOHNS.

L. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. rejected by

HANMER.*

L. 18. *What beggar pities not*] I cannot but suspect that the lines, which Mr. Pope observed not to be in the old edition, are now misplaced, and should be inserted here, somewhat after this manner.

Clar. *A begging prince what beggar pities not?*

Vil. *A begging prince!*

Clar. *Which of you if you were a prince's son, &c.*

Upon this provocation the villain naturally strikes him.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] This and the following line rejected by HANMER.*

P. 463. l. 21. *The forfeit*] He means the *remission* of the forfeit.

JOHNS.

L. 24. *Have I tongue to doom my brother's death?*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others.

JOHNS.

P. 466. l. 22. *His images*] The children by whom he was represented.

JOHNS.

P. 467. l. 11, 12, 13, rejected by

HANMER.*

L. 12. *Being governed by the watry moon*] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and, by the help of that influence, drown the

world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural.

JOHNS.

P. 469. l. 3. *Fortwithb from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd,*] Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow as prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the *Marches*; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holingshead, &c.

THEOB.

L. 27. *To give your censures —*] *censures*, for *counsels*.

WARP.*

P. 470. l. 2. *My other self, my counsel's consistory,*

My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin!] I have alter'd the pointing of this passage, whereby a strange and ridiculous *anticlimax* is prevented.

WARB.*

L. 20. *Which in his nonage*] The word *which* has no antecedent, nor can the sense or connection be easily restored by any change. I believe a line to be lost in which some mention was made of the *land* or the *people*.

JOHNS.

P. 472. l. 17. — *the wretched'st thing*] *Wretched* is here used in a sense yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry*, *pitiful*, being below expectation.

JOHNS.

L. 22. *Been remembered*] *To be remembered* is in Shakespeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one.

JOHNS.

P. 473. l. 15. *For what offence?*] This question is given to the archbishop in former copies, but the messenger plainly speaks to the queen or dutchess.

JOHNS.

L. 22. *Awles*] Not producing awe, not revered. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*.

JOHNS.

P. 474. l. 4. *Or let me die, to look on earth no more*] This is the reading of all the copies, from the first edition, put out by the *players*, downwards. But I have restored the reading of the old quarto in 1597, which is copied by all the other authentick quarto's, by which the thought is finely and properly improved.

Or let me die, to look on death no more.

THEOB.

L. 15. — *to your chamber*] London was antiently called *Camera regia*. POPE.

P. 476. l. 11. *Too ceremonious, and traditional*] *Ceremonious* for superstitious; *traditional* for adherent to old customs. WARB.

L. 12. *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age*] But the more *gross*, that is, the more superstitious the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The question, we see by what follows, is whether sanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The speaker resolves it in the negative, because it could be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither; or by those who had an understanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's case: It is plain then, the first line, which introduces this reasoning, should be read thus,

Weigh it but with the greenness of his age.

i. e. the young duke of York's, whom his mother had fled with to sanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is something nearer the true.

—— *the greatness of his age.*

WARB.

Ibid.] This emendation is received by Hanmer, and is very plausible; yet the common reading may stand. *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age, you break not sanctuary.* That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and licentious practices of *these times*, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are now used to admit. JOHNS.

P. 477. l. 13. *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity;*] And so it is: And, by that means, like most other *retail'd* things, became adulterated. We should read,

—— *intail'd to all posterity;*

which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of. WARB.

Ibid.] *Retailed* may signify diffused, dispersed. JOHNS.

L. 18. *Thus like the formal vice, iniquity,*

I moralize two meanings in one word] By *vice*, the author means not a *quality* but a *person*. There was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *reformation*, which had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jester; (who was to

play upon the devil;) and this buffoon went by the name of a *vice*. This Buffoon was at first accoutred with a long Jerkin, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another Arlequin) he was to make sport in belabouring the *devil*. This was the constant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilst spirits, and witchcraft, and exorcising held their own. When the *reformation* took place, the stage shook off some grossities, and encreased in refinements. The master-devil then was soon dismissed from the scene; and this buffoon was changed into a subordinate fiend, whose business was to range on earth, and seduce poor mortals into that personated vicious quality, which he occasionally supported; as, *iniquity*, in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vanity*, *prodigality*, *gluttony*, &c. Now as the fiend, (or *vice*) who personated iniquity (or hypocrisy, for instance) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character; he must certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention*. If this does not explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it. THEOB.

Ibid. Thus like the *formal* vice, iniquity,

[*I moralize two meanings in one word*] That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain: and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personage of these sins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is the *vice* was always a fool or jester: And, (as the woman, in the Merchant of Venice, calls the clown, alluding to this character) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad, serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name *iniquity*, given to this *vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Johnson's Staple of News, second inter-meane.

M. How like you the *vice* i' the play?

T. Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he

has never a wooden dagger.

M. That was the old way, Gossip, when *iniquity* came in like hocas pocas, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts like the knave of clubs.

And, in *The Devil's an Ass*, we see this old *vice, iniquity*, described more at large.

From all this, it may be gather'd, that the text, where Richard compares himself to the *formal vice iniquity*, must be corrupt: And the interpolation of some foolish player. The *vice* or *iniquity* being not a *formal*, but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, Shakespeare could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have no relation to it; and because it appears from the turn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspense my conjecture is, that Shakespeare wrote and pointed the lines in this manner,

Thus like the *formal-wise* antiquity

I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the *mythologic* learning of the antients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that Richard's ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who so much extol your allwise antiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the Greeks themselves called their remote antiquity, *Διχόμυθος* or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general sense; as to that which arises particularly out of the corrected expression, I shall only observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the speaker, who thought all *wisdom* but *formality*. It must therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other observation is with regard to the pointing; the common reading,

I moralize two meanings ———

is nonsense: but reformed in this manner, very sensible.

Thus like the *formal-wise* antiquity

I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

i. e. I moralize as the antients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the antients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating.

WARB.

Ibid. Thus, like the formal-wise antiquity

I moralize: Two meanings in one word.] As Mr. Warburton in his note on this passage hath been extremely *formal-wise*, and hath wasted a good deal of what looks like literature and reasoning absolutely to no purpose, I am obliged to be the more particular in my examination of it. I shall therefore begin with laying before the reader the ancient text,

Thus like the formal *vice*, *iniquity*,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

That the *vice* was a standing character in our ancient drama; that the vice properly so called, as distinguished from particular vices, was named *iniquity*; that the character of this *vice* was that of a buffoon or jester, hath been fully proved by Mr. Upton, Critic. Observat. and is not only acknowledged, but even confirmed by Mr. Warburton himself. That it is part of the character of a buffoon or jester to deal largely in double meanings, and by the help of them to aim at cracking a jest, and raising a laugh, needs no other proof than the reader's own knowledge and experience. These points being granted, one would imagine nothing more was wanting to establish the truth, and explain the meaning of this reading. But from these very premises Mr. Warburton draws the direct opposite conclusion, that 'it is corrupt, and the interpolation of some foolish player.' And he gives three reasons to support his inference: First, That 'the *vice*, *iniquity*, was not a formal, but a merry, buffoon character:' Secondly, 'That the subject Shakespeare is upon is tradition and antiquity, which have no relation to this character:' Thirdly, 'That from the turn of the passage it appears, that Richard is apologizing for his equivocation, as a reputable practice.' It is scarce possible to find even in Mr. Warburton's works, any thing more weak than these three reasons. The first is founded in a gross ignorance of Shakespeare's phraseology; who by the *formal vice* doth not mean, the stiff solemn vice, but the vice which performs all the functions which properly and peculiarly constitute and distinguish that character. Thus, a *formal man*, according to the poet, is one who performs all the functions proper and peculiar to a man; so in the Comedy of Errors, vol. ii. p. 531.

Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome sirups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.

As to the second; he is quite mistaken in the subject the poet was upon, as he terms it, or rather, in the drift and scope of Richard in these lines, which was not either tradition, or antiquity, but the deceit he had just practised on his nephew the king, by his suddenly giving a very different turn to some dangerous words which had escaped him, and which the latter in part had over-heard. And as to the third, that the turn of the passage shews him to be apologizing for his equivocation, as being a reputable practice; to whom then doth he apologize? to any person present? No; for these words are spoken aside, and as such Mr. Warburton himself hath given them. To himself? No, surely. The reader is by this time too well acquainted with his character, to admit such a supposition, after having seen him so often, deliberately, and without the least scruple or remorse, recognizing, and with satisfaction contemplating the villany of his own heart. The sense of the passage then is this; 'Thus my moralities, or the sententious expression I have just uttered, resemble those of the vice, iniquity, in the play; the indecencies which lie at the bottom are sheltered from exception, and the indignation they would excite if nakedly delivered, under the ambiguity of a double meaning.' After this, it is needless to enter into a particular examination of that salemn sophistry, with which Mr. Warburton endeavours to recommend his own conjecture. It is sufficient to add, that in fact, as the reader must evidently see, Richard doth not in this passage seriously moralize at all, or even dream of so doing, and consequently could not say, that he 'moralized like the formal-wise antiquity,' which, in virtue of its allegorical mythology, might indeed very properly be said to do so. The term, *moralize*, is only introduced in allusion to the title of our old dramatick pieces, which were commonly called moralities, in which the vice was always one of the shining characters. And now, may I not be excused in testifying my astonishment, to find so acute and sensible a writer as Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, p. 27. licking up

this spittle, and applauding this emendation as a most exceeding ingenious conjecture? REVIS.*

Ibid.] Mr. Upton very justly censures Dr. Warburton's alteration, who, in my opinion, has done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really necessary.

To this long collection of notes may be added a question, to what equivocation Richard refers? The position immediately preceding, that *same lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, seems to have no ambiguity. He must allude to the former line,

So young, so wise, they say, did ne'er live long,
in which he conceals, under a proverb, his design of hastening the prince's death.

I shall here subjoin two dissertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and one by Mr. Upton, upon the *vice*. JOHNS.

Ibid. Thus like the formal vice, iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of Shakespeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehension of this whole matter, to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern stage.

The first form, in which the drama appeared in the west of Europe, after the destruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the mysteries. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which last place, as we learn by Stow, they were in use about the time of Richard the second and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient Mimes and Attellanes: By which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to these *mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*:

as may be seen from the following passage in an old French history, intituled, *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprizing absurdity of these strange representations. ‘L’an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la passion de N. S. en la plaine de veximiel. Et fut dieu un fire appellé seigneur Nicolle Dom Neuschastel, lequel estoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s’il ne fût été secourus; & convient qu’un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour porfaire le personnage du crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit curé de St. Victour parfit la resurrection, et fit très hautement son personnage; & dura le dit jeu — Et autre prêtre qui s’appelloit mre. Jean de Nicey, qui estoit chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas; lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li faillit, & fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en voye. Et estoit la bouche d’enfer tres-bien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les diables y vouloient entrer et isser; & avoit deux gros Culs d’Acier, &c.” Alluding to this kind of representations archbishop Harfnet, in his *declaration of popish impostures*, p. 71. says, ‘The little children were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul bottle nose.’ Carew in his *survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller description of them in these words, ‘The *guary miracle*, in English a *miracle-play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in *cornish* out of some scripture-history. For representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of an inclosed playne, some 40 or 50 feet. The country people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear and see it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand, &c. &c.” There was always a droll or buffoon in these *mysteries*, to make the people mirth with his sufferings or absurdities: and they could think of no better a personage to sustain this part than the *devil* himself. Even in the *mystery* of the *passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at by Shakespeare (who

has frequent allusions to these things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players asks for a little vinegar (as a property) to make their devil roar. For after the sponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the representation, they used to clap it to the nose of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diversion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their devil. We have divers old English proverbs, in which the devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of — *Great cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared his bogs*. For the sheep shearing of Nabal being represented in the *mystery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *shearing a bog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous*, in the ancient Mimes, as we learn from these words of St. Austin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi solent, et optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum**.

These *mysteries*, we see, were given in France at first, as well as in England, *sub dio*, and only in the Provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company established in the Hôtel de Bourgogne to represent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the first, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *mysteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the *procureur-general*, in the name of the king, presented a *request* against the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the old-testament-stories inclined the people to Judaism; that the new-testament-stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the charities to the poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded: for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the possession of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, but interdicted the representation of the *mysteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good

* Civ. D. l. 4.

comedy came in amongst them: As appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he shews how the old extravagant romances might be made the foundation of a regular epic (which, he says, *tambien puede escrivirse en prosa como en verso*;†) as the mystery-plays might be improved into artful comedy. His words are, *Pues que si venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, atribueyendo a un Santo los milagros de otro*‡; which made them so fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return;

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themselves from religious to moral farces. And in this we soon followed them: The public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, tho' the Italians at this time afforded many just compositions for better models. These farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of these *moralities*, intitled, *La Moralité de l' Homme Obsiné*. The persons of the drama are *l' Homme Obsiné* — *Punition Divine* — *Simonie* — *Hypocrisie* — and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obsiné* is the atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Punition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheist with punishment. After this scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie* and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Punition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obsiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, tho' in a separate representation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottie*, in which there was *un Paysan* (the clown) under the name of *Sot Commun* (or fool.) But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottie* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sotcommun*, the clown or fool, got a place in our serious *moralities*: Whose business we may understand in the frequent allusions our Shakespeare makes to them: As in that fine speech in the beginning of the third act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have his obscure passage.

————— meerly thou art *Death's Fool*,

† B. 4. c. 20.

‡ Ib. 21.

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.

For, in these *moralities*, the fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour lost*,

So portent-like I would o'er-rule his fate,
That he should be my *fool*, and I his *fate*.

Act iv. sc. 2.

But the French, as we say, keeping these two sorts of farces distinct, they became, in time, the parents of tragedy and comedy; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel species, unknown to nature and antiquity, called Tragi-comedy. WARB.

Ibid. Like the old Vice] The allusion here is to the *vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of ass's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakespeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in Twelfth-Night, Act IV.

In a trice, like to the old vice;

Who with dagger of lath, in 'is rage, and his wrath
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil.

In the second part of king Henry IV. Act III. Falstaff compares Shallow to *vice's* dagger of lath. In Hamlet, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle, *A vice of kings*: i. e. a ridiculous representation of majesty. These passages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention some others, which seem to have escaped their notice, the allusions being not quite so obvious.

The iniquity was often the *vice* in our old moralities; and is introduced in Ben. Jonson's play call'd *the devil's an ass*: and likewise mentioned in his Epigr. CXV.

Being no vitious person, but the *vice*
About the town.

Acts old iniquity, and in the fit

Of miming, get's th' opinion of a wit.

But a passage cited from his play will make the following observations more plain. Act I. Pug asks the devil "to lend him a *vice*."

"Satan. What *vice*?"

"What kind would thou have it of?"

"Pug. Why, any *fraud*,

"Or *covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*,

"Or old *iniquity*: I'll call him hither."

Thus the passage should be ordered.

"Pug. Why any: *fraud*,

"Or *covetousness*, or lady *Vanity*

"Or old *iniquity*."

"Satan, I'll call him hither."

"Enter *iniquity*, the *vice*."

"Ini. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a *vice*?"

"Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his staple of news, act II. "Mirth. How like you the *vice* i' the play? *Expectation*. Which is he? Mirth. Three or four, old *covetousness*, the fordid *Peniboy*, the *Money-bawd*, who is a flesh-bawd too they say. Tattle. But here is never a friend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden-dagger! I'd not give a rush for a *vice*, that has not a wooden-dagger to snap at every body he meets. Mirth. That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in like hokos pokos, in a jugler's jerkin, &c." He alludes to the *Vice* in the *Alchymist*, act I. sc. III.

"Subt. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a *vice*."

Some places of Shakespeare will from hence appear more easy: as in the 1st part of Henry IV. Act II. where Hal. humorously characterizing Falstaff, calls him, *That reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father Ruffian, that Vanity in years*, in allusion to this buffoon character. In king Richard III. Act I: I.

Thus like the formal *Vice*, *Iniquity*,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Iniquity is the formal *Vice*. Some correct the passage,

Thus, like the formal wife *Antiquity*

I moralize two meanings in one word.

Which correction is out of all rule of criticism. In Hamlet, Act I. there is an allusion, still more distant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at first, and therefore is to be introduced with a short explanation. This buffoon character was used to make fun with the devil; and he had several trite expressions, as *I'll be with you in a trice: Ab, ba, boy, are you there, &c.* And this was great entertainment to the audience, to see their old enemy so belabour'd in effigy. In king Henry V. Act IV. a boy characterizing Pistol, says, "Bar-dolph and Nim had ten times more valour, than this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger." Now Hamlet, having been instructed by his father's ghost, is resolved to break the subject of the discourse to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a sort of madman: when therefore the oath of secrecy is given to the centinels, and the ghost unseen calls out *swear*; Hamlet speaks to it as *the Vice* does to the devil. *Ab, ba, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there true-penny?* Hamlet had a mind that the centinels should imagine this was a shape that the devil had put on; and in act III. he is somewhat of this opinion himself,

The spirit that I have seen may be the devil.

This manner of speech therefore to the devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with; and it takes off in some measure from the horror of the scene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the best weapon to deal with the devil. *True penny* either by way of irony, or literally from the greek, *τεύπανον*, *veterator*. Which word the scholiast on Aristophanes' clouds, ver. 447. explains, *τεύμη, ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοῖς πράγμασιν, ὃν ἡμεῖς ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ καλοῦμεν*. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*; if I should not hit on the right, I should only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality personalized as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Hesiod and Aeschylus. *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itself is a person. B. XI. 517.

And took *his image* whom they serv'd, a brutish *Vice*. *his image*. i. e. a brutish *Vice's* image: the *Vice* gluttony; not without some allusion to the *Vice* of the old plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *Vice-devil*, as vice-roy,

Vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *The Vice*. He makes very free with his master, like most other vice-roys, or prime-ministers. So that he is the devil's *vice*, and prime-minister; and 'tis this, that makes him so sawcy. UPTON.

Ibid.] Mr. Upton's learning only supplies him with absurdities. His derivation of *vice* is too ridiculous to be answered.

I have nothing to add to the observations of these learned critics, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustick puppet-plays, in which I have seen the *Devil* very lustily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old *Vice*. JOHNS.

P. 477. l. 30. *Lightly*, commonly, in ordinary course.

JOHNS.

P. 478. l. 3. *Dread Lord*] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*.

JOHNS.

L. 5. *Too late he died*—] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But the Oxford Editor makes him say,

Too soon he died—

WARB.

L. 21. *And being but a toy which is no gift to give.*] This is the reading of the quartos; the first folio reads,

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed, I think erroneously, by all the editors.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *I weigh it lightly, &c.*] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift were it heavier. But the Oxford Editor reads,

I'd weigh it lightly,

i. e. I could manage it though it were heavier.

WARB.

P. 479. 6. *Because that I am little like an ape*] The reproach seems to consist in this: at country shows it was common to set the monkey on the back of some other animal as a *Bear*. The duke, therefore, in calling himself *Ape*, calls his uncle *Bear*.

JOHNS.

P. 480. l. 27. *Divided counsels*] That is, a *private consultation*, separate from the known and public council. So, in the next scene, Hastings says, *Bid him not fear the separated counsels*.

JOHNS.

P. 482. l. 15. *Wanting instance*] That is, *wanting* some example or act of malevolence, by which they may be justified; or

which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, *wanting* any immediate ground or reason.

JOHNS.

P. 484. l. 21. *Have with you*] A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *take something along with you*, or *I have something to say to you*.

JOHNS.

L. 24. *They, for their truth*] That is, with respect to their honesty.

JOHNS.

P. 485. l. 10.] *Hold it*, that is, *continue it*.

JOHNS.

L. 15. *Exercise*.] Performance of divine service.

JOHNS.

L. 19.] *Sbriving work* is *Confession*.

JOHNS.

P. 486. l. 10. *Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter*.

Rat. *Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out*] These two lines Mr. Pope has thought fit to suppress in his editions, for what reason I can't pretend to say; tho' they have the authority both of the old folios, and are likewise in Mr. Rowe, whom he seems generally to follow. Without them, I would observe, that Sir Thomas Vaughan is introduced, and led off to die, without a single syllable spoken by him.

THEOB.*

L. 18. *When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I*,] This verse is likewise tacitly suppress'd by Mr. Pope, tho' it has the same authorities as the former.

THEOB.*

P. 488. l. 3. *Had you not come upon your cue*] This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *Cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consist of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. *To come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *I think, there's ne'er a man, &c.*] This character is what Ennius gives of himself, and in the same words, "Eo ego ingenio natus sum, amicitiam atque inimicitiam in frontem promptam gero. Ap. Non. in Inimic." But this is no imitation: For the thought, which is a common one, could hardly be expressed otherwise.

WARB.*

P. 489. l. 4. *Likelihood*.] Semblance; appearance.

JOHNS.

L. 26. In former copies:

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done] The Scene is here in the Tower: and Lord Hastings was cut off on that very day, when Rivers, Gray and Vaughan suffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkshire and the Tower?

In the scene preceding this, we find him conducting those gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it *ex-
eunt : Manet Catesby with Hastings*. And in the next scene,
before the Tower-walls, we find Lovel and Catesby come
back from the execution, bringing the Head of Hastings.

THEOB.

P. 490. l. 18. So Horace,
Nescius auræ fallacis.

JOHNS.

P. 494. l. 28. *Seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence,
without notice or detection.

JOHNS.

Scene vii. *Baynard's Castle.*] A house belonging to the
duke of Gloucester, in Thames-street; so called from Wil-
liam Baynard Baron of Dunmow, the builder of it.

THEOB.*

P. 496. l. 15. *Intend some fear*] Perhaps *pretend*; though
intend will stand in the sense of giving attention.

JOHNS.

L. 23. *As I can say, nay to thee.*] I think it must be read,
—If you plead as well for them

As I must say *nay* to *them* for myself.

JOHNS.

P. 497. l. 16. *To engross.*] To fatten; to pamper.

JOHNS.

P. 499. l. 9. *And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness*] What it is to be *shoulder'd
in a gulph*, Hanmer is the only editor who seems not to have
known: for the rest let it pass without observation. He
reads,

Almost shoulder'd *into* *tb'* swallowing gulph,
I believe we should read,

And almost *smoulder'd* in the swallowing gulph.

That is, almost *smother'd*, covered and lost.

JOHNS.

P. 500. l. 16. *And much I need to help you*] And I want
much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were
needed.

JOHNS.

P. 503. l. 3.] To this act should, perhaps, be added the
next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts;
and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but
the conclusion will be more forcible.

JOHNS.

L. 4. *Who meets us here? My niece Plantagenet,*

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ster?] Here is a
manifest intimation, that the dutchess of Glo'ster leads in
somebody in her hand; but there is no direction marked in
any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I

have ventured to guess it must be Clarence's young daughter. The old dutcheſs of York calls her *niece*, i. e. Grand daughter; as grand children are frequently called *nephews*.

THEOB.

P. 504. l. 11. *I muſt not leave it ſo*] That is, *I may not ſo reſign my office*, which you offer to take on you at your peril.

JOHNS.

P. 506. l. 8. *But with his tim'rous dreams*] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently diſturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. JOHNS.

L. 21. *Eighty odd years of ſorrow I have ſeen,*

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of anguiſh.]

This, *anguish*, is a word of Mr. Pope's adoption; for all the copies, that I have ſeen, read

—wreck'd with a week of *teen*.

The poet certainly intended, that the old dutcheſs ſhould conclude with a rhyme; and *teen* is a term which he chuſes to uſe elſewhere. So in his *Tempeſt*.

—O, my heart bleeds

To think o' th' *teen* that I have turn'd you too,

Which is from my remembrance.

And in numberleſs other paſſages.

THEOB.*

L. 26.] To call the Tower *nurſe* and *playfellows* is very harſh: perhaps part of this ſpeech is addreſſed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant. JOHNS.

L. 28.] Hither the third act ſhould be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pauſe of action. JOHNS.

P. 507. l. 8. *Aw! Buckingham, now do I play the touch.*]

The technical term is requiſite here. The poet wrote,

—now do I *ply* the touch.

i. e. apply the *touchſtone*: for that is meant by what he calls *touch*. So, again, in *Timon of Athens*, ſpeaking of gold, he ſays,

—O, thou *touch* of hearts!

i. e. thou trial, touchſtone.

WARB.

Ibid.] There was no neceſſity to alter the common reading,

—now do I *play* the touch.

That is, Now do I perform the part of the touchſtone. As I think however Mr. Warburton's emendation recommends itſelf by its ſuperior elegance and propriety, I cannot but ap-

prove of it; but then it ought first to be made English, by substituting the verb, *apply*, for *ply*, which in the sense here required is not so. The reader who hath an ear, will see, that the metre too is much improved by this alteration, as it throws the emphatical accent on the particle, *now*, where the sense requires it to be placed. For the verse ought to be thus pronounced,

Ab! Būckīnghām nōw dō I āpply the tōuch. REVIS.*

P. 508. l. 8. *Close exploit*, is secret act. JOHNS.

P. 509. l. 7. *Uncertain way of gain!*—] *Uncertain* here used for *unconstant*: for he tells us here, that this was the certain way of establishing himself. WARB.*

P. 510. l. 15. *A King, perhaps*—] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever since the first editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. POPE.

Ibid.] The allusions to the plays of Henry VI. are no weak proofs of the authenticity of these disputed pieces.

JOHNS.
P. 511. l. 2. *Because that like a jack thou keep'st the stroke between thy begging and my meditation.*] An image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses of several towns in this kingdom, was usually called *a jack of the clock-house*. See Cowley's Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell. Richard resembles Buckingham to one of these automats, and bids him not suspend the stroke on the clock-bed, but strike, that the hour may be past, and himself be at liberty to pursue his meditations.

HAWKINS.

P. 513. l. 6. — *fearful commenting*

Is leaden servitor.] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNS.

L. 9. *Then fiery expedition be my wing,*

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!] Expedition is here characterized in a very sublime manner. Which, in simple phrase, says no more than that *Expedition is the soul of all great undertakings*. Homer never taught an useful truth more nobly.

WARB.*

L. 17. *Dire induction.*] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time.

JOHNS.

L. 27. —*say, that right for right*] It is plain that Shakespeare wrote *wrong* for *wrong*; but the players thought that a little rhyme was better than all reason.

WARB.

Ibid.] It is so unlikely that words so plain, and so proper, as *wrong* for *wrong* would have been either ignorantly or officiously changed, that I believe *right for right* is the true though not the best reading. This is one of these conceits which our author may be suspected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *justice answering to the claims of justice*. So in this play,

—————That forehead

Where should be branded, if that *right were right*.

JOHNS.

P. 514. l. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, rejected by HANMER.*

L. 20. *Seignory* for *Seniority*.

JOHNS.

P. 515. l. 9. *Pue fellow* seems to be companion. We have now a new phrase, nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in *the same box*.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] *Puefellow* is a word yet in use.

HAWKINS.

L. 16. *Young York be is but boot*] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase.

JOHNS.

L. 20. *Tb' adulterate Hastings*—] I believe Shakespeare wrote, Th' adulterer Hastings,—

WARB.

P. 516. l. 3. *The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant*] Without doubt Shakespeare wrote,

—————direful page.

WARB.

Ibid.] This emendation of Mr. Warburton's gives me no image, nor idea, though I think I very well understand Shakespeare's meaning in the antient reading,

The flatt'ring index of a direful *pageant*.

That is, the flattering induction to a pageant which hath a direful catastrophe. For a pageant is a representation in dumb show.

REVIS.*

P. 517. l. 14. In former editions this line was read thus:

Windy attorneys to *your client's woes*.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's.

JOHNS.

L. 15. *Airy Succeders of intestine joys.*] I cannot understand this reading. I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597,

Airy succeders of intestate joys.

i. e. Words, turned to Complaints, succeed joys that are dead; and unbequeathed to them, to whom they should properly descend.

THEOB.

P. 518. l. 16. *A touch of your condition*] *A spice or particle of your temper or disposition.*

JOHNS.

L. 31. *That ever grac'd me*] *To grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bliss*, to make happy. So *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours.

JOHNS.

P. 519. l. 1, 2, rejected by

HANMER.*

L. 24. *Shame serves thy life*] *To serve* is to *accompany*, servants being near the persons of their masters.

JOHNS.

L. 28. *Stay, madam*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism: part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable.

JOHNS.

P. 521. l. 10. *The high imperial type*] *Type* is exhibition, show, display.

JOHNS.

L. 13. *Canst thou demise—*] The sense of the word *demise* is evident, but I do not remember it any where so used: perhaps it should be *devise*, which the lawyers use, for to transfer, or make over.

JOHNS.

Ibid.] I think it should be *devise*; but not in the sense you suppose. *Devise*, as a mode of conveyance, is appropriated to *wills*, but take it as a synonyme, to imagine, contrive, or invent, and it suggests a new idea, and such a one as the text seems to warrant.

HAWKINS.

L. 20. ————*kindness* do] Grammar obliges us to read, *doth*.

REVIS.*

P. 522. l. 13. *As sometime Marg'ret*] Here is another reference to the plays of Henry VI.

JOHNS.

L. 30. *Bloody spoil*] *Spoil* is waste, havock.

JOHNS.

L. 31. *Look what is done, &c.*] This long speech is not in the Edition of 1598 or that of 1602, but added by the author since.

POPE.*

P. 523. l. 12. *Bid* is the past tense from *bide*.

JOHNS.

L. 31. *Advantaging their love with int'rest,*

Oftentimes double gain of bappiness] My easy emen-

dation will convince every reader *love* and *lone* are made out of one another, only by a letter turned upside down. *Often-times* is a stupid concretion of three words. My emendation gives this apt and easy sense. "The tears, that you have *lent* to your afflictions, shall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of *interest*, with happiness *twenty times* as great as your sorrows have been." THEOB.

P. 524. l. 28. *But how long shall that title ever last?*] I have sometimes suspected, Shakéspere wrote,

But how long shall that *little* Ever last?

At lest it must be owned, that calling—Ever—a *title*—instead of—a *word*—is somewhat aukward: unless it may be understood in a forensic sense. CAN.*

P. 525. l. 8, 9, 10, 11, rejected by HANMER.*

P. 526. l. 4. *two tender bedfellows*] Read rather, *too tender*.

REVISAL.

L. 15, 16, rejected by

HANMER.*

P. 527. l. 26. *Some light-foot friend post to the duke*] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNS.

P. 530. l. 7. *And every hour more competitors*] By the word *competitors*, the speaker would insinuate, that men flocked to the adverse party, as if it had been a competition for interest and for glory. But the Oxford Editor will make Shakespeare speak like other people, and so reads *complices*.

WARB.*

Ibid. more competitors.] i. e. more opponents. JOHNS.

P. 531. l. 19. *Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me*] The person, who is called Sir Christopher here, and who has been stiled so in the *dramatis personæ* of all the impressions, I find by the chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a batchelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the Lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the Countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young Earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. THEOB.

P. 533. l. 5. *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs*] This is nonsense, we should read *respect* of my wrongs, i. e. requital.

WARR.

Ibid.] Hanmer had rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was *respited*.

Wrongs in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices.

JOHNS.

L. 15. *Blame the due of blame*] This scene should, in my opinion, be added to the foregoing act, so the fourth act will have a more full and striking conclusion, and the fifth act will comprise the business of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaster. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into acts, and it is probable that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards distributed by chance, or what seems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the first editors.

JOHNS.

L. 25. *Embowell'd besoms*] Exenterated; ripped up; alluding, perhaps, to the *Promethean* vulture; or, more probably, to the sentence pronounced in the English courts against traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, drawn, that is, *embowelled*, and quartered.

JOHNS.

P. 535. l. 2. *Sound direction*] True judgment; tried military skill.

JOHNS.

L. 23. *Give me some ink and paper*] I have placed these lines here as they stand in the first editions; the rest place them three speeches before, after the words, Sir William Brandon, *you shall bear my standard*; interrupting what there follows: *The Earl of Pembroke, &c.* I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and considering what he has to do that night.

PORR.

P. 536. l. 21. *Give me a watch*] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place not a *sentinel*, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet, a few lines after, he says,

Bid my guard watch.

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a sentinel.

L. 23. *Look that my staves be sound*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNS.

P. 537. l. 18. *By attorney*] By deputation. JOHNS.

L. 26. *I, as I may*—

With best advantage will deceive the time] I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture.

JOHNS.

P. 538. l. 4. —*The leisure, and the fearful time,*

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love] We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem, *I would do this if leisure would permit*, where *leisure*, as in this passage, stands for *want of leisure*. So again,

—More than I have said

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon.

JOHNS.

P. 539. l. 10.] This prophecy, to which this allusion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of Henry the sixth.

JOHNS.

P. 540. l. 11. *Let us be laid within thy bosom, Richard*] This is a poor feeble reading, I have restored from the elder quarto, published in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have seen;

Let us be *lead* within thy bosom, Richard,
This corresponds with what is said in the line immediately following,

And *weigh* thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

THEOB.

P. 541. l. 12. *I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid.*] All the editions concur in this reading, to the absolute detriment of the sense. I restore, with the addition of a single letter, *I dy'd for bolpe*, ere I could lend thee aid; i. e. I perished for that *help*, which I had intended and was preparing to lend thee; tho' I could not essentially give thee any assistance.

THEOB.*

Ibid.] i. e. I died for wishing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured *bolpe* or *aid*; which gave the line this fine sense, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.*

WARB.

Ibid.] Hanmer reads, *I died* forsoke, and supports his conjecture thus :

This, as appears from history, was the case of the duke of Buckingham : that being stopt with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain he was deserted by his soldiers, who being in great distress, half famished for want of victuals, and destitute of pay, disbanded themselves and fled.

HANMER.

L. 16. *Give me another horse*] There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical.

JOHNS.

L. 18. *O coward conscience!*] This is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his *conscience*, and banished it from all his *waking* thoughts. But it takes advantage of his sleep, and frights him in his dreams. With greater elegance therefore he is made to call it *coward conscience*, which dares not encounter him while he is himself awake, and his faculties entire ; but takes advantage of reason being off his guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep. But the players, amongst their other innumerable absurdities in the representation of this tragedy, make Richard say, instead of *O coward conscience*, *O tyrant conscience!* whereby not only a great beauty is lost, but a great blunder committed. For Richard had entirely got the better of his *conscience* ; which could, on no account, therefore be said to play the tyrant with him.

WARB.

L. 22, to P. 542, l. 5, inclus. rejected by HANMER.*

P. 542. l. 15, 16, rejected by HANMER.*

L. 17. *Metbought, the souls, &c.*] These lines stand with so little propriety at the end of this speech, that I cannot but suspect them to be misplaced. Where then shall they be inserted? Perhaps after these words,

Fool do not flatter.

JOHNS.

P. 544. l. 3. ——— *By the foil*

Of England's chair] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obscurity recommends the brightness of the diamond. It must mean the leaf (*feuille*)

or thin plate of metal in which the stone is set. JOHNS.

L. 18. *The ransome of my bold attempt*] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corps.

JOHNS.

L. 22. *Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, chearfully,*

God, and St. George, &c.] St. George was the common cry of the English soldiers, when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Arte of Warre*, cited above, printed in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the use of this cry among the military laws. "84. *Item*, that all souldiers entering into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other fraction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *St. George, St. George, forward, or upon them, St. George*, whereby the souldier is much comforted, and the enemy dismaid by calling to minde the antient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious: and therefore, he that upon any *sinister zeale*, shall maliciously omit so fortunate a name, shall be severely punished for his obstinate erroneous heart, and perverse mind."

P. 47.

WARTON.

P. 545. l. 25. *This, and St. George to boot*] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promises success, and over and above this, is the protection of our patron Saint.

JOHNS.

Ibid. to boot.] i. e. to help, as I conceive, not over and above.

HAWKINS.

P. 546. l. 13. *A sort*, that is, a company, a collection.

JOHNS.

L. 19. *They would restrain the one, distain the other*] *The one* means the lands; *the other* their wives. It is plain then we should read,

They would distrain,

i. e. seize upon.

WARE.

L. 20. *And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,*

Long kept in Britaine at our mother's cost &c.] This is spoken by Richard, of Henry Earl of Richmond: but they were far from having any common mother, but England: and the Earl of Richmond was not subsisted abroad at the nation's public charge. During the greatest part of his resi-

dence abroad, he was watched and restrained almost like a captive; and subsisted by supplies conveyed by the countess of Richmond, his mother. It seems probable therefore, that we must read,

Long kept in Bretagne at *his* mother's cost. THEOB.

P. 547. l. 8. That is, *fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.* JOHNS.

L. 21. Daring an *opposite to ev'ry danger!*] We should read, a daring *opposite.* WARB.*

Ibid.] That is, challenging any of his enemies to encounter him at every danger into which he trusts himself. If Mr. Warburton had understood the text, I suppose he would hardly have attempted an alteration. REVIS.*

P. 548. l. 13. —*and make use of it*] Some old books read, *make much of it*: and therefore Mr. Theobald reads so too: but very foolishly. Without doubt Shakespeare himself thus corrected it, to *make use of it*. Which signifies don't *abuse* it like the tyrant you have destroyed: whereas the other reading *make much of it*, signifies *be fond of it*; a very ridiculous moral for the conclusion of the play. WARB.

Ibid.] After the exhortations to wear and enjoy the crown, the following one, to *make use of it*, is extremely flat. It is an anticlimax with a witness. The reading of the elder editions,

Wear it, enjoy it, and *make much of it*, is liable to no just exception; for the verb, *to make much of* a thing, doth not only signify to be fond of it, but to preserve it with the most heedful care, an injunction which Henry VII. punctually complied with during the whole course of his reign. REVIS.*

P. 549. l. 7. *All this divided York and Lancaster,*
Divided in their dire division] I think the passage will be somewhat improved by a slight alteration,

All *that* divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division,

O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together.

Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaster divided. JOHNS.

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.

JOHNS.

END of the NOTES on RICHARD III.

VARIATIONS

IN THE

LANGUAGE OF THE

PEOPLE OF THE

WEST INDIES

BY

J. H. B. J. B. J. B.

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF

THE

WEST INDIES

IN

THE

WEST INDIES

V

Dr.

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P. 32
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V

VARIATIONS

BETWEEN THE TEXTS OF

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. CAPELL.

THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.

Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P. 321 l. 18 his	your
322 1 hope	end
323 7 you	you both have
8 fav'rites and his	favourers
friends	
14 is	as
324 5 kingdom is	earldom was
20 No	Yes
326 19 thee	all
327 4 but reign in quiet	for this my life time reign as
while I live	King.
330 17 coast	coft
22 as I	I, I
332 7 wealthy	witty
333 19 and drag him	with him
hence perforce	
339 2 fake	death
341 2 should	could
345 29 a lazy	an idle
347 27 throne	King
354 12 we'll	I'll
13 These—this	Thy—to

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VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.	
P. 355	l. 22 give	given	
360	1 soon	late	
	2 late	soon	
	28 Sad	Even	
362	l. 7	rejected.	
364	11 If—would—two	Would— — an	
366	6 to	of	
	26 would	will	
367	18 Not	Nor	
368	3 No,	No, for	
370	17 must	will	
372	28 your prisoners	as prisoner	
374	20 mis-shap'd trunk	head, this mis-shaped trunk	
	that bears this	doth bear	
	head		
	22 a	the	
375	9 e'en	—	
378	3 thee	thy	
379	6 Oxford	lord Oxford	
382	24 thy help to	the help of	
383	22 younger	eldest	
385	18 Pity	Ay, and 'twere	
387	21 sovereign	—	
	25 so tell	Therefore in brief tell me	
388	24 younger—elder	elder—younger	
390	10 friend	Clarence	
	24 to	in	
391	16 keepeth	keeps here	
392	19 Brother	Yea brother	
393	9 you what reply	your Grace what answer—	
395	2 bishop	bishop here	
	17 by—corner.	—corner for you.	
398	1 our	your	
399	23 Ravenspurg	Ravenspurg haven	
402	9 to	unto you	
	16 evil	how evil	
403	30 should	shall	
407	15 being	being but	
409	13 scar'd	fear'd	

Dr.
P. 410. l.
411
412
415
416

417
418

419

420

421
422

Err

P. 33
P. 370. l.
P. 390. l.

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 410 l. 10	might	could
411 4	You all—again	_____
412 20	tackling still	tacklings
415 1	Now here's	Lo, here
416 2	ye	you
	8 you're	you're all
13	GLO.	K. EDW.
14	K. EDW. And	GLO. Sprawl't
	take	
25	some	more
27	man—I'll root	_____
	'em out.	
417 26	devils	_____
418 14	Sir	Sirrah
	16 flock	sheep
419 1	boy	son
	25 tune	time
	27 rook'd	croak'd
420 4	into the world	
	with thy legs	_____
	forward.	
1. 28		rejected.
421 11	the	thy
422 10	that	thou
	30 pleasure	pleasures

ERRATA IN THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

P. 338. l. 23, read, *But bow*. P. 361. l. 3, read, *are fled*.
P. 370. l. 12, read, *that rests*. P. 387. l. 6, read, *but as this*.
P. 390. l. 2, read *was all*. P. 405. l. 32, read, *unbid sight*.

KING RICHARD III.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 426 l. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, Thus arranged, 12, 15, 13,
14, 16.

427	21	day	present day
428	7	your	his
	12	fair	yet fair still
	13	Shroe's	Shore's
	18	What, fellow	_____
	19	you, fir,	thee fellow
	20	were best to	'Twere best he
	22	me ?	me ? ha !
	24	And to—duke	and, withal,—noble duke
430	1	Where	What
431	8	Curs'd—fatal	O curs'd— _____
between 9 and 10			Curled the blood that let this blood from hence !
432	23	deeds	deed
	27	Or	Either
433	7	crimes	evils
334	31	sweet	that
436	12	smoothing	foothing
437	between l. 17 and 18,		ANNE. To take is not to give.
	18	my	this
	21	suppliant	servant
438	9	Sir, take, &c.	Take, &c. Sirs.
439	23	eyes	words
440	27	Madam, we did ; he seeks	Ay, madam ; he desires
441	8	look	speak
	19	person	Grace
	29	Makes him to send	Hath sent for you
442	12	many fair	great
	22	deny—not	deny too— _____
443	9	thus taunted— baited	so baited—stormed
between l. 15 and 16,			I dare adventure to be sent to the tower.

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 443 l. 17	thee	them
444	17 lawful	sovereign
445	between l. 4 and 5,	GLO. Wert thou not banish- ed, on pain of death ;
		Q. MAR. I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment, Than death can yield me here by my abode.
	16 now	all
446	1 If	Tho'
447	4 womb	heavy womb
449	1 believe	think
	17 to you	to yours
	18 BUCK.	HAST.
	19 wonder	muse, why
	23 DOR.	QUEEN.
450	4 we—us	I—me
	5 Madam, we will attend	We wait upon
	9 laid	east
	15 Dorset	Vaughan
	22 handy	hardy
451	5 fear not	tut, tut
	10 business—go	business straight—go, go, dis- patch.
	13 ghastly	fearful
452	1 sought	thought
	3 Lord, lord	O lord
	between l. 9 and 10,	All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :
	24 No, no	O no
	27 grim	four
453	13 that	tho'
	18, 19, 20, and 21,	rejected.
	22 Brakenbury	gentle keeper
454	2 there	here
	3 In God's name	What would'st thou, fellow?
	what art thou	and

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.
P. 454	1. 14 There lies the Duke asleep, and there the keys	Here are the keys; there sits the duke asleep
	22 great	_____
	26 thou	_____
	between l. 29 and 30,	1 VIL. I thought thou hadst been resolute.
		2 VIL. So I am, to let him live.
455	1 holy	compassionate
	5 Faith	_____
	11 when	so when
	16 it is a dangerous thing	_____
	26 'Tis	Zounds, 'tis
	28 Take—in	shake—out of
456	5 shall I strike	_____
	between l. 5. 6,	2 VIL. strike
	6 2 VIL.	1 VIL.
	8 2 VIL.	1 VIL.
	27 call'd—out	drawn—among
457	3 to have redemption	for any goodness
	23 high	dear
458	24 you	come, you
459	4 O—they	Ah—he
	8, 9, 10, 11, & 12,	rejected.
	20 Take that, and that	Ay, thus, and thus, and
	24 guilty—done	_____
460	5 must	will
	11 now in	more at
461	16 and not with	but with all
	23 zeal	love
462	19 and you—and of Dorset	—and, lord Grey, of you
	21 Of you lord, &c.	rejected.
465	17 daily—prayers.	prayers, all to that effect.
467	10 complaints	laments

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 467 between l. 28 and 29, I for an Edward weep, so do
not they :

468	14	help our	cure their
469	17	Riv.	HAST.
	23	HAST.	STAN.
	26	sister	mother
473	18	lady	lord
474	1	blood against	brother to brother, blood to
		blood	blood
	2	most	_____
	14	Go	Come
476	6	to—God	to mild—God in heaven
	8	sanctuary	blessed sanctuary
	12	grossness of this	greenness of his
	26	Good	My
477	24	now	yet
478	2	noble	loving
	17	give—your	then give—
	21	which—gift	it—grief
479	12	you	your highness
	17	needs	here
	19	Why	Why, sir
480	4	Come	Come hither gentle
481	9	man, somewhat	something—determine
		—do	
	24	self	lordship
	25	What then ?	And then
484	27	my lord	let us
485	23	shall not stay	cannot stay there
486	3	Come, &c.	rejected.
	7	keep	blefs
487	1	all	here
488	16	son	child
	23	the duke of Glo- cester	Protector
	24	these	these same
489	12	princely	noble
	26	Catesby	Ratcliff
490	2	our helms	his helm
	14	CAT.	RAT.

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

- P. 491 between l. 9 and 10
 10 Here comes the
 mayor.
 14 Hark
 16 sent
 after l. 18, Enter—Catesby
 19 Catesby
 492 between l. 2 and 3
 496 1 except by the
 497 19 his grace
 20 not
 23 his grace
 498 15 I do
 501 2 of—children
 6 all his thoughts
 503 3 my
 11 Sister well met—
 so fast
 507 8 play
 508 15 hither
 24 is
 25 sick, and like to
 die
 512 13 soon
 513 5 army
 514 20 signiory
 515 between l. 4 and 5,
 26 roar—for ven-
 geance
 516 3 page
 11 children
 17, 18, 19, 20, 22, &
 23,
 l. 21
 517 6 sweeter
 518 5 kind Hastings,

Mr. CAPELL.

- But what, is Catesby gone?
 He is; and see, he brings the
 mayor along.
 Hark, hark
 sent for you
 Ratcliff
 Ratcliff
 That ever liv'd. Look you,
 my lord mayor,
 but by their own
 himself
 ne'er
 my lord
 I rather do
 to—sons
 his degree
 good
 As much to you good sister—
 'ply
 hither, boy
 it
 very grievous sick
 —————
 strength
 seniory
 That excellent grand tyrant
 of the earth,
 That reigns in galled eyes of
 weeping souls,
 roar for him—to have him sud-
 denly convey'd from hence
 pageant
 two sons
 Arranged thus, 17, 19, 18,
 22, 20, 23,
 rejected.
 fairer
 gentle

P. 4

5

5

5

5

5

5

52

52

52

53

Vol

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CAPELL.

P. 518 between l. 6 and 7,

DUT. Where is kind Hastings?

between l. 17 and 18,

DUT. O, let me speak.

K. RICH. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

between l. 29 and 30,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

519 5 your grace

you, madam

14 grief or

grief and

520 13 No

Lo

521 20 kindness do

kindness' date

522 4 so, how—it

I; what—it, madam

16 tide—bodies

sap—body

17 therewith

withal

524 9 garlands

laurels

525 1 now

love

9 Two—their grave

Too—your graves

l. 9, 10,

10, 9: thus arranged.

16 The—holy

Thy—lordly

17, 18, The—The

Thy—Thy

26 thyself misus'd

is self-mis-us'd

29 with heav'n

by him

30 my husband

thy brother

31 Thou hadst not—

Had not been—brother slain

brothers dy'd

32 with heav'n

by him

526 11 fathers

parents

527 16 shortly.

very shortly,

between l. 16 and 17,

And you shall understand from me her mind.

between l. 18 and 19,

How now? what news?

529 22 Ay,

Ay, ay,

24 thee

you, sir

25 mighty

most mighty

28 Go then and muster men, but

Well, go, muster thy men.

But, hear you,

530 3 Edmund

Edward

9 the duke of

great

21 liege

lord

VARIATIONS.

Dr. JOHNSON.		Mr. CAPELL.	
P. 531	l. 24, 25 and 26,	These lines Mr. Capell introduces after l. 9, in p. 532.	
532	7 power	course	
	9 I kiss his hand	commend me to him	
	10 My letter	Those letters	
533	6 which	whom	
	11 head	neck	
534	7 fly	turn	
	19 gracious	loving	
535	between l. 8 and 9,	Here Mr. Capell inserts l. 23, 24, 25, 26, of this p. and adds,	
		My lord of Oxford—you sir William Brandon,	
		And you, sir Walter Herbert,	
		stay with me :	
	13 Blunt, before	Captain, do for me	
	thou goest		
	15 quarters	colours	
	between l. 22 and 23,	And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !	
		RICH. Good night, good captain Blunt,	
		Come, gentlemen,	
536	1 our	my	
	l. 6	rejected.	
	10 charge	charge, away	
	15 Catesby	Ratcliff	
537	9 There	So	
	13 me	me, Ratcliff	
	17 fares	fares it with	
	25 staring	fearing	
540	2 lance ! Richard	hurtleis lance—	
	11 I ad	I lay'd	
541	12 for hope	forfook	
542	21 Who's	Zounds, who's	
	22 Ratcliff my lord.	My lord, 'tis I.	

V A R I A T I O N S.

Dr. JOHNSON.

P. 542 between l. 24, 25,

- 546 1 not so
 4 go each
 16 destruction
 21 his mother's
 547 10 come
 11 off
 548 13 use
 15 first is young
 19 the lord Ferris
 549 5 rashly
 6 sons — butchers
 —their

Mr. CAPELL.

K. RICH. O, Ratcliff, I have
 dream'd a fearful dream !

What thinkest thou ? Will
 our friends prove all true ?

RAT. No doubt, my lord.

not too
 every
 assured destruction
 our brother's
 come to you
 off instantly
 much
 is your son
 lord Ferrers
 madly
 son — butcher — the

E R R O R S I N K. R I C H A R D I I I.

P. 442. l. 9, read, *God grants.*

483 10, read, *very day.*

535 20, read, *some good.*